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The Rushford Centennial

1808-1908

Rushford, New York

August 16-21, 1908

Vol. 1

With other Data and Reminiscences



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SHIRT CASE

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Page 103
Mrs. Grace Taylor Brooks
Rushford, N. Y.

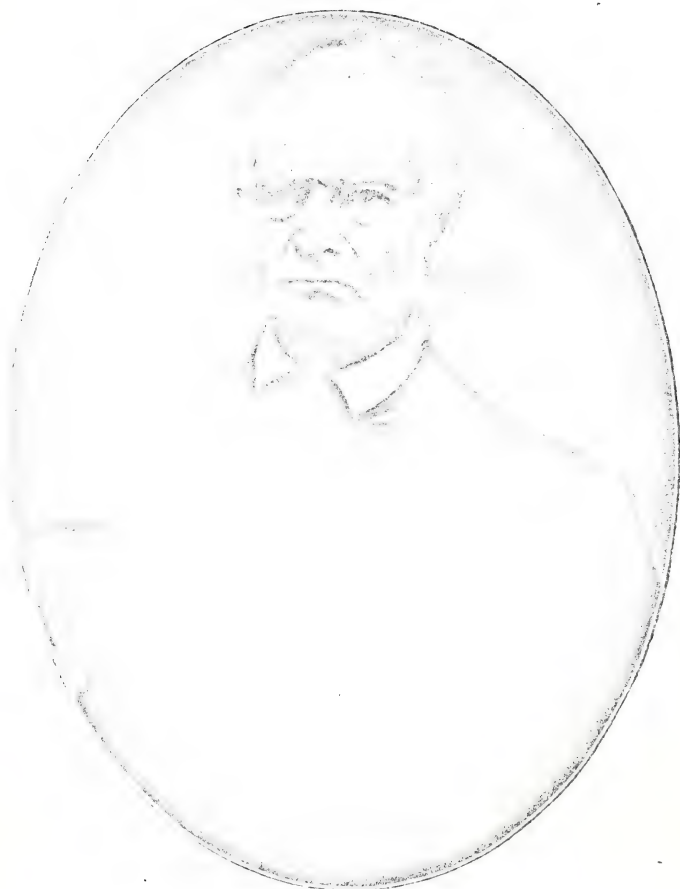


MRS. ELY WOODS
(NANCY GEAREY)

THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN WHO SPENT THE NIGHT IN RUSHFORD SO FAR AS KNOWN.

“Remembrance is that power of the human spirit by which the past is made present and the dead alive again. Remembrance is that secret charm by which the absent is recalled and the lost found. All great art is full of remembrance. All poetry is the musical expression of powerful emotions, recollections in tranquillity. All true and deep love is saturated and made fragrant with memories too dear for words.”

H. V. D.



JUDGE JAMES MCCALL

COMMITTEES APPOINTED
FOR
ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
Founding of Rushford, N. Y.
and Home Coming Week

Members of the following committees are requested to meet with the Executive Committee at Agricultural Hall, Saturday evening, July 11th, at 8 P. M., sharp:

Executive Committee—W. W. Bush, J. G. Benjamin, L. J. Thomas, R. B. Laning, O. T. Wilmot.

General Committee—One from each school district:

- | | |
|--------------|-------------------------------------|
| District No. | 1, E. C. Gilbert and H. B. Ackerly. |
| " | 2, R. M. Wilmarth. |
| " | 3, D. W. Gilbert. |
| " | 4, S. B. Williams. |
| " | 5, J. D. Hill. |
| " | 6, B. F. Babbitt. |
| " | 7, Frank Hogg. |
| " | 8, Newell McCall. |
| " | 9, Grant Smith. |
| " | 10, Albert Warren. |
| " | 11, Roy Taylor. |
| " | 12, Dean Gordon. |
| " | 13, C. C. Proctor. |
| " | 14, Charles Moon. |

Committee for Farmer's Day—Dean Gordon, Roy Taylor, O. T. Wilmot, S. E. Kilmer.

Historical Committee—Mrs. Helen Gilbert.

Committee on Program for Historical Day—Mrs. Helen Gilbert, W. W. Bush, Jas. G. Benjamin.

Committee on School Day—Miss Ellen Lyman,

Mrs. Catherine Tarbell, Miss Katherine Baldwin, Greydon Davis.

Committee Church Day—Miss Ellen Gordon, M. E. Church; Mrs. S. E. Taylor, Baptist Church; Mrs. D. S. Damon and Millie Metcalf, Free Methodist Church.

Committee G. A. R. Day—A. L. Litchard, John R. Heald, W. W. Bush.

Village Improvement Committee—The Executive Committee.

Committee on Streets and Walks—B. D. Kyes, District No. 4; Thomas Atwell, District No. 6; W. S. Mulliken, District No. 6½; Claud Nye, District No. 12; Will Cooper, District No. 32.

Committee on Music—W. W. Thomas, W. F. Benjamin, A. J. Lyon.

Committee on Amusements—Wm. W. Bush, L. E. Hardy, John Benjamin.

Auditing Committee—L. E. Hardy, W. H. Thomas, Charles Weaver.

Committee on Refreshments—W. H. Thomas, F. G. Gordon, E. C. Gilbert.

Committee to see to Collecting Old Papers, Magazines, Books, etc., and to sell same and hand proceeds to the Treasurer—L. J. Thomas, John Benjamin.

Committee to look after Old Relics and to care for them and to appoint or select such assistance as he may need—Frank Board.

Rushford's Centennial and Home Coming Week

***** 1808-1908 *****

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

W. W. BUSH, *Pres.*

J. G. BENJAMIN, *Sec.*

L. J. THOMAS, *Treas.*

R. B. LANING

O. T. WILMOT.

THE Executive Committee of the Rushford Centennial and Home Coming Week, in behalf of the people of Rushford, extend to you a cordial invitation to be present at the anniversary exercises to be held August 16-21, 1908. The undersigned will be pleased to entertain you for the week. Kindly sign and return before July 10th.

To Rev. and Mrs. Henry C. Woods.

Accept with pleasure.

MR. and MRS. H. C. WOODS.

Written for the Rushford Centennial, 1908.

Mortuus, Ave!

G. W. F. BUCK.

From afar to my mountain dwelling
 Come letters my heart that thrill,
 Of gentle speech they are telling
 By friends who remember me still,
 Through the century's half, since together
 We carolled youth's glad refrain
 Through all that changeful weather,
 Its sunshine, its cold, fierce rain.

Love me, love me a little blindly,
 Dear ones who have loved me so long,
 If ye think of me too kindly
 God will say " 'Tis no terrible wrong."
 Of each other the worth, not weakness,
 We please Him best to learn,
 Very sad must be the bleakness
 Of souls that are swift to spurn.

With tenderness, "How faring?"
 Friends mine, ye would ask, I know;
 How sure we were once of sharing
 Each day's delight and woe!
 Very old, a trifle weary,
 Not eager to go or to stay,
 Seem never these calm years dreary
 As above me they roll away.

We agree, life and I, much better
 Since 'tis plain that soon we must part,
 Beats now against his fetter
 Not so recklessly, quite, my heart.
 Shine the spheres seven more brightly
 These nights than they shone in the Past,
 They're bending down to me slightly,
 That my route there may seem less vast.

I must tell you the supreme blessing
 That has been to my ownership brought,
 'Tis the home of my possessing;
 None finer by gold can be bought.
 Building slowly, we braced it securely,
 Shrewd builders, my soul and I!
 For this mansion we know full surely
 We'll inhabit it after we die.

Not a stick or a stone that can perish
 Allowed we from basement to peak.
 "We will use what we always can cherish,"
 Thus each to the other would speak.
 This abode, I fancy, is quaintest
 That whirls round with our whirligig ball,
 "Heart's Home"—not a sign of it, faintest,
 Would you notice, if coming to call.

The framer, I term it so, merely
 Vista, cleft through my vanishing days,
 And the reason I dwell there so cheerily
 Is that all the broad space is ablaze
 With memories; here of Beauty and Splendor
 I sighed for, or tried for, or shared,
 And there of a Pathos so tender—
 Fit to chant it, not born yet the bard.

Faults, follies, all those are excluded;
 Not mine only; especially those
 That into my being intruded
 Friends thoughtless, or too thoughtful foes.
 For why should we care to remember
 The Darkness, the Doubt and the Doom,
 When for every dull December
 There are months so many of Bloom!

Oh, the glow, oh, the gleam of my treasures
 As I move through my magical hall;
 But a scene of the Northland o'er-measures,
 Quite o'er-measures the others all.

Not of sea, or of mountain the glory;
 Mid the upland a valley fair
 Too meek for song or for story
 Softly nestles a hamlet there.

Oh, the dear, dear forms that wandered
 Long ago down that quiet street!
 Oh, the mad, mad love we squandered
 That no answer in love would meet!
 I must dream, must dream no longer;
 Regrets long dead arise;
 Forgive that I am not stronger,
 That my world is a wild surmise.

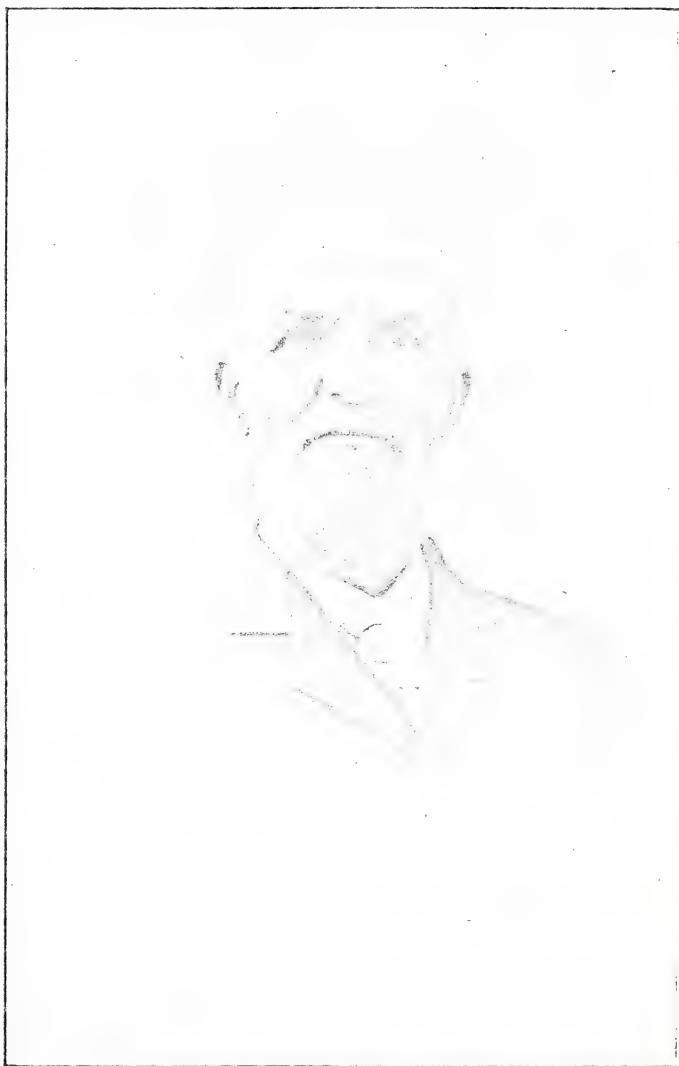
That I need not your Rushford, the real,
 Its autos and trains rushing through;
 That I yearn for a Rushford ideal,
 Knowing well it has faded from view.
 Ye longed for, here they sever
 Us harshly Time and Space,
 But we learn of a fair Forever
 Where friendship will find more grace.

Moriturus, Ave! saying,
 I salute thee, O Rushford the New,
 And while Death still deigns, delaying,
 Receive this fond adieu!

Mt. Lookout, Ga.

The Rushford Centennial.

The Rushford Centennial began with religious services on Sunday, August 16th, 1908. The Committee for the program of the Platform Meeting on that day were Mrs. A. M. Taylor, Miss Ellen Gordon, Mrs. D. S. Damon and Miss Millie Metcalf. Rev. H. C. Woods preached a most interesting sermon to a large congregation in the Methodist Church, and Rev. E. O. Taylor preached the Centennial Sermon, which follows.



WATSON W. BUSH
(CHAIRMAN CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE)

The afternoon exercises were held at the Academy Hall, which was crowded with people. There was a song service, of which mention is made in the article on music. The Revs. Poate and Johnson took part in the service. Rev. N. E. Heald gave a short address, as did Rev. Arthur Warren. Mrs. Minerva Roberts expressed appreciation of the early residents who had been helpful to her, and was followed by Rev. H. C. Woods, who pronounced the benediction. Services were also held in the Free Methodist Church in the morning, the history of the Church being read, and in the evening Rev. H. C. Woods preached a fine sermon.

The Spiritual Builders of Rushford.

Rev. F. E. G. Woods.

Our fathers builded well. They laid the corner-stones of Rushford's moral and religious life and reared thereon the superstructure that has stood in honor, good name and fame until this day. The chief glory of this township has ever been the elevated tone, the spiritual atmosphere which everyone felt in coming to this locality. Peace, order, friendliness, prevailed.

The founders brought with them from New England the influence of Plymouth Rock that flowed over all these Northern States and produced the highest civilization the world has ever known.

On the Rock, Christ Jesus, they laid the second foundation stone, the doctrine of Christian experience, that is: conversion, assurance and prayerful life. Experience is vital; for to be a Christian the heart must be brought to God to receive his Spirit's renewing influence and remain in communion with Him. Our fathers used to ask: "Have you *experienced* religion?" And the next stone of their foundation was *not* "gain the world

first and then give attention to religion," but it was this: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

Secluded somewhat from the rush of world-wide affairs that crowd the present-day life, their religious gatherings assumed a special interest and prominence.

Preaching services being less frequent, the talent of the laity had free exercise; lay preaching was much in use, and the whole church gave testimony. Their lively and well attended prayer-meetings, their hearty amens, their enthusiasm for earnest preaching of the Gospel, their exhortations to the unconverted, publicly and privately, betokened such a sincerity that we are here this day to commemorate them and long for their spirit. When Recollection fondly turns over those brightly illustrated pages of the past, I see them still, that sainted band; I hear their earnest prayers; before my vision they still stand and testify or sing their spiritual melodies, but their raiment is white and glistening; their faces have a heavenly radiance, and the Vision brightens with the passing years.

Extracts from Centennial Address.

RUSHFORD, N. Y., AUGUST 16, 1908.

Rev. E. O. TAYLOR, D.D.—Boston, Mass.

Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations; ask thy father and he will show thee; thy elders and they will tell thee.

One generation shall praise thy name to another and shall declare thy mighty acts.

Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following. For this God is our God forever and ever; He will be our God even unto death. Deut. 32, 7; Ps. 145, 4; 48, 12-14.

These words suggest the course of our meditation on this memorable occasion—the centennial of the founding of the town of Rushford.



JAMES C. BENJAMIN
(MEMBER CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE)

To consider properly the years intervening between the *then* and the *now*, imagination must supply what the records lack in giving us a clear perspective of conditions in the dawn of our history. The beginnings were primitive in the absolute sense.

A section of "The Holland Purchase" had been "laid out" to be subdued by the hand of civilization. There was wildness equal to that of the "wild and woolly west" of a later day. Indeed, this was then "the west." Forests were to be felled; log-piles to receive the torch; potash to be made from the ashes; the potash to be transmuted into a little money, or exchanged for its equal; cabins to be built; bachelor kitchens to be established, perchance awaiting brides to be; virgin soil to be tickled with the teeth of the "brush drag," or to receive the wooden ploughshare, and the varied machinery to be started with which to build a Christian town. Hundreds of miles intervened between the homes to be and those left behind; journeying, some on foot, others on horseback, or with ox teams, the hardy pioneers made their way. Mail routes were limited, post offices were many miles away, postage \$1.00 per letter for every 400 miles of carriage, whereas by the fall of this year a letter can go from San Francisco to London, a distance of 6,000 miles, for 2 cents. Facing such conditions our honored forefathers and foremothers came with as brave hearts and holy purposes as ever inspired the Knight Crusaders of old.

It is natural and inevitable that the character of the first work of a town, in the order of its building, should be largely material, commercial, industrial. Everything is in a formative state; but after lands are taken, homes made, schools established, churches built, wheels of commerce well under way, then comes the period of reflection, culture, art, and at last, ancestral pride.

Eyes are turned backward to the great sources of prosperity. Centennials come pressing the questions: Where did all these advantages come from? Who started all this machinery? To whom is the largest credit due? What were the sacrifices made to bring it all to pass? How do I stand related to it? Were my father and mother among those first people? And, withal, what essential agencies were combined in producing the conditions of to-day?

In trying to answer such questions, we, the children of succeeding generations, are glad to journey back to the old homesteads to see for ourselves where our fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, wrought in our behalf, here to weep over their graves, rejoice over their triumphs, kodak the scenes of our childhood, at least upon our memories, receive fresh inspiration for life's duties and learn where to place the *emphasis* necessary to make a human life worth living, and a civilization worth perpetuating. In doing so, we are only paying a debt of honor we owe to ourselves, as well as one of gratitude and loyalty to an honored ancestry. Duty and pleasure, therefore, combine in summoning us here to-day; even common decency requires that we shall not let the names and achievements of our sires perish from the earth.

Patriotism, self-respect and religion unite in demanding a study into the philosophy involved in the processes of those early days, the products of which have been transmitted to us as a glorious heritage. The history of civilization shows that the character of the factors entering into the founding of a town impresses itself upon all its future history.

I desire, therefore, to lay particular stress upon the prominence of the *religious element* in determining the character of the civic life of our town, that we may tell it to the generations following.



OBED T. WILMOT
(MEMBER CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE)

The Baptist Church was organized in December, 1815, seven years after the founding of the town. They by no means claim a monopoly of the responsibility and honor of shaping the religious character of the town. Every denomination which has found a place anywhere, at any time, in the warp and woof of our civil fabric should, and doubtless will, receive its own just meed of praise on this occasion.

It belongs to us here, however, to make a careful study of the human agents and instrumentalities used by Baptists, under God, in founding this Christian community.

The mother of our civilization is the Christian church. The outside critic, non-church-goer and non-supporter of religion may deride the church if he pleases, the impression yet prevails, and always has prevailed, more or less potent, among all classes of men, that among the first things to do in establishing a town is to build a meeting house.

No man wishes to settle in a community where there is no church. Local governments accordingly, have well nigh universally admitted the practical value of the church to a new community by granting concessions of land for building houses of worship. The Baptist Church records show that in 1821 the trustees of the Church were instructed to select 100 acres of land, offered by the Holland Purchase Company to the first church organization applying, and to obtain a deed of the same; the land selected is involved in what is now known as the A. W. Litchard farm. The *Christian pioneer* takes God into account from the start, makes provision for the needs of the spiritual nature, for the blessings of religion, in order to endure suffering and hardships, to comfort the sorrowing and the dying, to promote public morals, public peace, and to secure domestic happiness—which in part, at least, indicates the

purposes of God distinctly recognized in Christian government.

Our fathers were no exception to the rule. From all the evidences at hand, the men whose influence dominated the establishment of the new community were God-fearing, Bible-loving, Sabbath-keeping men.

What transpired religiously between the time of the first comers and the organization of the Baptist Church does not appear in the records, except that missionaries, supposedly from the Baptist State Convention, made occasional visits to the new town. Indeed, it would seem that no sooner was the first cabin built than that the first missionary knocked at its door.

Throughout the history of the world, great commonwealths, as well as great religions, have been built around great personalities. Men project themselves into the product of their own genius.

Rushford, from the time of its founding up to the time, at least, when it was isolated by railroads on every side, was noted as one of the most intelligent, thrifty, moral, religious, law-abiding and influential towns of its class in Western New York. The men who stood in her pulpits embodied in their lives and preaching these characteristics. Honor to whom honor is due, requires at least the mention of their names.

The following is a list of pastors of the Baptist Church in the order of succession from the first to the present incumbent :

Titus Gillet, Eliab Going, Absalom Miner, a graduate of Hamilton College ; Simeon G. Miner, Absalom Miner, second pastorate ; C. Wardner, first pastorate ; E. L. Harris, E. J. Scott, Ira W. Simpson, A. T. Cole, A. V. Eddy, M. Livermore, P. S. Everett, W. L. Munger, C. B. Smith, A. R. Spencer, T. P. Poate.



RALPH B. LANING
(MEMBER CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE)

The following is a list of those whom the Church has either licensed, or ordained, or both:

Peter Freeman	licensed	ordained
Ezra Going	licensed	
James Going	licensed	ordained
Eliab Going	licensed	ordained
Simeon G. Miner		ordained
Elijah W. Freeman		ordained
R. Cherryman	licensed	ordained
Elbert Clark		ordained
C. Wardner	second pastorate	ordained
James McIntyre	licensed	
Ira W. Simpson		ordained
I. H. Foster	licensed	
Peter Mead	licensed	
Charles Wilkinson	licensed	
Elbert O. Taylor	licensed	
A. V. Eddy		ordained
Frank F. Himes	licensed	
Arthur W. Warren	licensed	
Edward James	licensed	

George Gould went out from the Church and was licensed and ordained by some other church.

The impression has quite commonly prevailed that Eliab Going was the first pastor of the Church. He was among the first subscribers or founders. The records of the Church clearly show that Titus Gillet was the first pastor chosen in 1818 to preach one half the year. James Going was licensed to preach this year and was Clerk while Jonathan Going was Moderator, Levi Benjamin Deacon. Eliab Going became his successor as Pastor in October, 1821, to preach one half the time. His work bore fruit and he was correspondingly prominent. In September previous eighteen were candidates for baptism and were baptized by two missionaries, Elders Bradley and Morris.

Those who have had opportunity to trace the history of churches other than this, and to study

the characteristics and lives of their respective preachers will not fail to discover at a glance that the line of pastors which this Church presents is far above the average in many respects. Studying these men more closely, there was not a "poor stick" among them to cut down the general average; they were "all-around" men. The preacher and the pastor were happily combined in each. Some were more impulsive than others, but zeal was according to knowledge. Some were more logical and conservative than others, but their reasoning took on a practical, spiritual tone. There were Peters, Pauls, Johns, and Apolloses among them, but all alike gloried most of all in the Cross of Christ. Not all were evangelistic in method, yet none were failures in soul winning, and all were builders of spiritual, moral and civic character. Negatively speaking, it is a fact to enter into the centennial history of the Church that no one of its leaders showed a weak spot in the armor of Christian doctrine. The records give no account of any trial for heresy, no suspicion lurked in any mind of unsoundness in the faith, and no breath of gossip was breathed against the character or private life of any one of this honored list.

No doubt each had his weaknesses peculiar to common humanity. They were not saints. But this centennial is not concerned with the incidental mistakes and failures of men. We of to-day wish to emphasize the qualities they possessed which are worthy of imitation by the generations that are to follow. Nor are we compelled to believe that they were superior to the men of to-day. What the records imply is this: That, for their day and surroundings, they were an unusual group of men.

In order to place this history in more concrete form, let us divide the time period of the Church into two parts, approximately of fifty years each (for the Church has to run its course only seven



LUTHER J. THOMAS
(MEMBER CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE)

years more to celebrate its one hundredth anniversary). We will then place Eliab Going, who was substantially, not really, the first pastor, at the beginning of the first period, which we may properly denominate ancestral history, and Ira W. Simpson at the midway point closing up the old and introducing the modern era.

Parenthetically, I may be allowed a personal statement in this connection. The reason, as I understand it, for imposing upon me the responsibility, with its honor of addressing you on this occasion, was the simple fact that I am the oldest living licentiate of the Church, and therefore would supposedly be more familiar with the remote past. It seems even to me to be a strange yet pleasant coincidence, that as a convert under the preaching of Ira W. Simpson, who also baptized me, and a licentiate through his influence and teaching, I can stand at his side at the dividing of the times, and reaching backward, shake hands in personal acquaintance with Eliab Going, the first clerk of the Church, the first man whom the Church ordained out of its own ranks to be its pastor, and then forward to include in the sacred fellowship the present incumbent—an honored man in an honored line of Gospel Messengers. In fact, I went from the close of Ira W. Simpson's pastorate in 1863, with license in hand, granted at a special session of the Church, on Sunday, at the noon hour, directly to Eliab Going's home in McHenry, McHenry County, Ill., where he was then pastor, and for whom, two weeks thereafter, I preached my first sermon. Stranger still it seems, that in less than a month after my first sermon for Eliab Going he had secured for me a pastorate and installed me over the First Baptist Church of Richmond, Ill. It is also a matter of surprise to discover that I have personally known every pastor in the history of the Church with two exceptions, viz., Titus Gillet and Simeon G. Miner;

and every licentiate who has gone out from the Church with three exceptions, viz.: Ezra and James Going, and Elbert Clark, whose name I bear.

It is an incident appropriate to recall that during my last visit to Eliab Going, not long before he passed away, he expressed to me his great interest in having his experiences as a pioneer preacher in Western New York written out and put into form for preservation that generations of younger ministers might profit thereby. Accordingly, an agreement was entered into whereby he was to prepare the sketch as rapidly as failing health would permit, and I was to superintend its publication in case he should not live to oversee the work himself. But God took him almost before the work began, preceded only two or three days by the death of his wife, when I was summoned to assist in laying them side by side in the same grave.

Had he lived to see the fulfillment of his plans this Church would doubtless have in its possession now an invaluable historic record, and we would have to present you to-day facts, incidents and appeals which would alike enkindle gratitude for the men of the past, and inspiration for the men of to-day and of the future.

The Church records show that on the 7th day of November, 1815, Brethren James McCall, Levi Benjamin, Eliab Going, J. L. Delano and Aaron Capen, together with Elder Beckwith, a missionary, organized themselves into a Conference under the name of the "Caneadea Regular Baptist Conference," James McCall as Moderator and Eliab Going as Clerk. Elder Beckwith and Eliab Going were appointed a committee to draft Articles of Faith and Practice, and report at the next meeting. They met the following day, November 8, and accepted the report of the Committee, which consisted of twelve "Articles of Faith" and

twelve "Articles of Practice," the same remaining unchanged to this day.

It is a most happy coincidence that while we are now dealing with Eliab Going and Ira W. Simpson as the two representative ministers of this Church, we should have with us to-day, without prearrangement, the eldest daughter of Eliab Going—Mrs. Harriet Going Colby, of Holland, N. Y., born in Rushford 84 years ago, on what is well known as the Talcott farm, in a house which is still standing on the original site.

There is present also in this audience Miss Alice Simpson, daughter of Ira W. Simpson.

Mrs. Colby contributes an item of important and interesting history, quite distinct in her memory, which we are glad to give in this connection for purposes of permanent record. She locates the original Baptist meeting house on the west side of the Creek and north side of the street, about midway to the foot of the hill, and the original Methodist meeting house on the opposite side of the street, a little nearer the Creek.

Referring again to Eliab Going and Ira W. Simpson as ushering in two distinct periods in the life of the Church, each was peculiarly suited to the period which he represented. Elder Going was strong in intellect and personality, logical, judicial, conservative, impressing himself upon the Church and community in no uncertain way. Educated, but largely in a "self-made" sense, although receiving more or less of special training at Middlebury Academy, N. Y. Faulty in utterance, stammering, he could not be an orator. He was a teacher—a man qualified to lay the foundation of a spiritual and civic structure, and he did it well.

On the other hand, Elder Simpson was the scholar resultant from the modern college and theological school, quick, yet sound in judgment, happily fitted to stir the latent energies of the

Church into greater activity by applying its knowledge of doctrine in practical ways of salvation; an orator of impassioned eloquence, a born indoctrinator and an adept in soul winning. But once before in the history of the Church was there experienced a more powerful revival than that of 1857-8 under his ministry. The exception occurred under the ministry of Absalom Miner, when the entire community seemed to be moved to lay hold on God for salvation, and people came to the meetings, it was said, from "everywhere."

It may be because of personal contact, experience and affectionate relationship, that Elder Simpson seems to be exalted in my own estimation of him, but no man ever succeeded in getting a stronger hold on my life than did he.

I recall distinctly an incident which illustrates Elder Simpson's power as a preacher in dealing with sin and salvation. It occurred in the old schoolhouse on "Taylor Hill." He was preaching from the text, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." His descriptions of sin and the sinner were so clear, his assurance of God's mercy through Christ was so pronounced, his eloquence was so impassioned, that his audience seemed transfixed and hung in breathless silence upon his words, when in the midst of that awful hour, awaiting decisions for eternity, a woman suddenly arose, broke the stillness and the sermon, and cried in the language of the text, "God be merciful to *me*, a sinner." It is hardly necessary for me to say to those who knew Elder Simpson that such a cry was his opportunity. The sermon broke into a prayer meeting and a soul was saved. Who the woman was by name has long since gone from my memory but my impression is that she was baptized and joined the church.

Another incident has been related to me since coming to this meeting. A young man, not in

the habit of attending the Baptist Church, strayed one Sunday into the old gallery. Elder Simpson was preaching from the text: "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." The sermon was so direct, searching, earnest and pathetic that the young man was deeply moved thereby. Upon returning home he went into his father's barn and there upon the hay-loft committed himself to God. That young man is here to-day—Paul Dow.

Both Going and Simpson were alike at least in two important respects. They were men of one book—the book. They knew the Bible. They laid due emphasis upon civic righteousness, and entered practically into the merits of the civic reforms of those days. Indeed, Simpson finally gave himself up in Christian duty to the cause of moral reform and died from overwork in his assaults against the saloon.

He stood upon the world's broad threshold; wide

The din of battle and of slaughter rose;

He saw God stand upon the weaker side,

That sank in seeming loss before its foes:

* * * * *

therefore he went

And humbly joined himself to the weaker part,

Unhappily named, and fool, yet well content

So he could be the nearer to God's heart,

And feel its solemn pulses sending blood

Through all the widespread veins of endless good."

But what these men were as forerunners of their respective periods, their successors have been to a greater or less degree. These were *types* of the men called to be leaders in the religious sphere of the town's history.

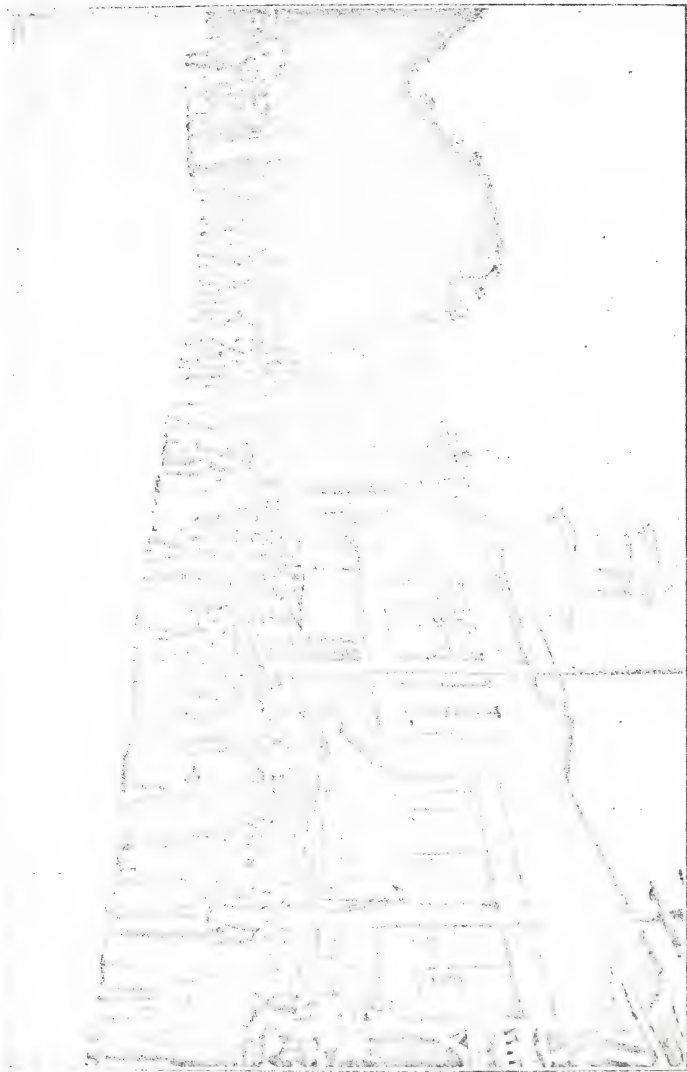
THE MESSAGE.

Such men could but have a message. They could but speak the things they had seen and heard. To silence them was as great an impossi-

bility as it was in the case of Paul and Silas. They came into their pulpits with something to *say*, and they said it earnestly and took time enough to say it all. Sermons in those days were longer than the average sermon of to-day. Instead of the twenty-minute sermon they preached for one hour, every Sunday morning. This was followed by the Sunday School, with a few minutes in which to give the youngsters a chance to munch a doughnut, or eat a cookie; then came another sermon of equal length. Not too much for the fathers and mothers of those days, who were hungry for the bread of life, but rather hard on the little chaps who were not old enough to comprehend the meaning of it all, and out of sheer exhaustion fell asleep in their mothers' laps, for those were days when children were taken to church.

There were two things about Elder Scott which I shall never forget. First, the impression he made in handshaking. The second thing about him, no less impressive, was his sermons. They were written, read, scholarly, very profound, and very long. On one occasion while he was preaching I fell asleep, as usual, when upon being awakened at the end of the sermon, I found myself in as much of a quandary as to time as another youngster did in a similar situation, when he asked, "Mamma, is it this Sunday or is it next Sunday?"

But if the sermons were long, they had a glorious gospel ring in them. The burden of the messages of those men was that of *the personality of God—the reality of and accountability for sin—potency of salvation through the atonement of Jesus Christ, and the fact of immortality*. Other phases might be specified, but these were the mountain peaks of the doctrines they preached. And what a message! In exact proportion that the message of the preacher emphasizes the verities alluded to, in the same proportion will



the complex demands of the individual and of civic life be met.

The Rushford Church in its early membership well illustrates this law. Elder Wardner testified of those people as follows: "It is unusual for a church to start on her career with so much talent, worth, and influence as this possessed. When I came to this Church in my youth, in 1842, my great embarrassment was attempting to preach to so ripe and intelligent a people."

How faithful and consistent was the watchcare of the Church over its members! What exactitude of conduct was required! Here are a few examples taken from the early records: one was excluded for not paying for a cow he had contracted to buy from another member; two for intoxication; another was made to retract publicly concerning some "impudent speeches" she had made at a former meeting; a sister, a member of another church, but living in this vicinity, was found to be "mixed up with the vanities of the world" and was "labored with" for not attending the "Covenant Meeting," and when she failed to improve under the admonition, the Clerk was instructed to report her case to the Church to which she belonged.

Justice was sought in equalizing the financial burdens of the membership. In 1821 a resolution was passed that every male member of lawful age shall pay the sum of \$2.00 as a poll tax towards defraying the expenses of the Church, and the remainder of such sums voted to be raised shall be made out on the property he is actually worth. Then follows the valuation of property:—Land, \$1.00 per acre; improvements, \$1.00 per acre; money at interest, \$4.00 per hundred; oxen, \$6.00; horses, \$10.00; two-year-old colts, \$4.00; one-year-old colts, \$2.00; colts and calves, \$1.00; framed barns, \$25.00."

All this was in keeping with the 8th "Article of

Practice," viz.: "Every church member ought to communicate of his substance according to his ability; and the church has a right to judge of his ability, and ought to deal with those as covetous who neglect this duty."

The practical as well as the spiritual life of the Church was above the average. Nothing strange that the people knew their Bibles. Quite unlike the case of a young man, member of a Bible class, who recently, when his teacher spoke of taking up the study of the Epistles of Paul and Peter, remarked, "Why, I always supposed that the Epistles were wives of the Apostles"; and worse still, the incident of some theological students who were testing one another as to their knowledge of the Bible, when the question was propounded, "What book follows the book of Hezekiah?" After much guesswork, imagine their confusion when told that there was no such book as Hezekiah. I imagine that such ignorance did not prevail in the earlier days of this Church.

Nor is it surprising that the deacons and superintendents of those days present an unbroken line of superior men "able to teach others also."

The present and future generations should hold in special honor the names of Kimball, Hapgood, the Westcotts, Persons, Mason, Sill, Gould, Himes, Taylor, and doubtless others, who served the Church in the office of Deacon; and the names, among others, of Nelson McCall, Elder Harris, Persons, White, Sill and Taylor, who served as Superintendents.

The home life of those early days, patterned after the scriptural order as many in our day are not, deserves special mention. How savory the discipline! What care was taken in training the conscience in all things! How persistent the instruction in the Bible! One verse must be memorized each day, or seven in the week, to be recited, and explained and enforced by the teacher

on the following Sunday. Many here to-day will remember how, under the teaching and inspiration of Elder Simpson, whole chapters and books of the Bible were voluntarily memorized by the younger members of the congregation.

Many of us will never forget how sacredly the Sabbath was kept, how regularly we all went to Church. Rain, snow, hail, wind, drouth, flood, these were no obstacles in the way. Somebody from each home was sure to represent it at the Church, and at prayer meeting as well.

And what mothers God gave to the homes of those days! Their teaching, discipline, sacrifices, love, prayers, patience, faith and hope—what a galaxy of virtues! Such was your mother and mine.

May I not be permitted herein to memorialize the mothers of those early homes in terms of a personal tribute written of my own mother:—

MY MOTHER.

Mother! Mother! Wondrous name!
 No other word is just the same,
 No other ever won such fame,
 And nothing sets the soul aflame
 As does the name—that blessed name—
 The name of sainted Mother.

The name that echoes back her prayer,
 The very words she used, and where
 She knelt, and plead, and wept, and there
 Found grace to live, and help to bear
 The load of life. She had her share.
 No one e'er prayed like Mother.

My Mother's love! And, oh, what love!
 Un-wea-ry-ing, born from above,
 That follows me where e'er I rove,
 A pardon-bearing, white-winged dove,
 Such was, forsooth, my Mother's love.
 No one e'er loved like Mother.

My Mother's song! And what a song!
 In lullaby, 'mid choral throng,
 In sacred hymn on Sabbath dawn,
 To strengthen faith or curb a wrong;
 Enchanting, heavenly was her song.
 No one e'er sung like Mother.

My Mother's book! Of books the book!
 Its truth her compass whence she took
 Her course. Through lens of which to look
 Beyond. Then once for all forsook
 The fashion of the world; God's book!
 The well-worn book of Mother.

My Mother's life! How full of care!
 Her willing hands how quick to share
 The hardship of each one—to bear
 The galling load. How quick to hear
 The cry at night, in play, on stair,
 To dash through flame, and death, and dare
 To save her child. Oh, wondrous care!
 Unfaltering care of Mother!

My Mother's death! Her last farewell!
 No human tongue can ever tell
 Of rising tides that surge and swell,
 Which, summoned from the soul's deep well,
 Can never pass from mem'ry's spell
 Of that good-by—her last farewell.
 There is no death like Mother's.

My Mother's home! Her heav'nly rest!
 Mansion prepared for all the bless'd,
 Where never come the care-oppressed.
 Her ministry, henceforth, expressed
 In terms of heaven's own bequest—
 Redemption's legacy—the best.
 God give us rest with Mother.

Nor is it strange that under such standards set by the Church a comparatively large percentage of the population became law-abiding, church-going people; that the house of God was revered as a sacred place.

I shall never forget how, when I had grown to be quite a lad, and consent had been given that I should sit one Sunday in the old gallery, while in the act of whispering, Nelson McCall, who was a member of the choir, left his seat during the sermon and, coming down on me from the rear, putting his hand upon my shoulder, said—"Stop it!" and I stopped it. It didn't take a second to do it, and it was done once for all.

And then how natural that righteousness and justice should characterize in large measure the legal affairs of the town. Arbitration has been a prominent method of settling differences through all the history of Rushford. It has been said that for the first fifteen years of that history the town did not develop an indictable offense. Who can tell how far-reaching in such matters was the influence of the Christian jurist, Judge James McCall, whose legal advice and judgment were sought in both local and State matters.

Under such conditions it could not be otherwise than that education should receive its proper emphasis, and adequate provision be made for the same. The records of the town show that Judge McCall was largely instrumental in beginning the public school system. Bates T. Hapgood was a member of the first Board of Academy Trustees. Such men as these were the balance of power that tipped the scale of every great cause in favor of a higher citizenship.

Business integrity and religion walked arm in arm to a marked extent. Bates T. Hapgood and Judge McCall were notable exponents of such a type of life. Think of Deacon Hapgood, in his place of business, which was the rendezvous for the ablest thinkers of the town, advocating on the one hand the claims of Christianity, and on the other the demands of justice and righteousness among men in civic and commercial life. His advocacy and exemplification of Christian in-

tegrity and honor were such that his judicial advice was often sought in arbitration of disputes.

He was not a lone star of this magnitude. Many others of this Church belonged to the same constellation. To speak only the family names of some of those worthies is but to summon before the mind similitudes of sternest honor in business, coupled with deep, intelligent piety; McCall, Benjamin, Hapgood, Freeman, Going, Gordon, Hardy, Kimball, Kendall, Searle, White, Taylor, Lewis, Westcott, Warren, Davis, Ames, Sill, Gould, Claus, Himes, followed by a host of others as brave, capable and honorable as they.

Moreover, if the pulpit, coupled with home life and its teachings concerning rectitude and honor in business and civic life, counts for anything, may we not with especial pride hold before us to-day in concrete form a noteworthy example of their influence finding its way down to the second and third generation, in the person of the grandson of Bates T. Hapgood—our late and lamented fellow-townsmen—Senator, and Governor of New York—Frank Wayland Higgins. Bates T. Hapgood had just been baptized when that giant in logic, Eliab Going, began his ministry, advocating the practice of righteousness alike before God and among men. Who shall say that the stern integrity and high business ideals which were always accorded to Frank Wayland Higgins by all classes of men, exemplified alike in private business and in public trust as the State's chief executive, were not the natural and logical product, in large measure, of the standards held sacredly and rigidly by the Baptist pulpit and Baptist homes in the early church, transmitted through grandsire to grandson?

The political critics of Governor Higgins' administration concede the fact that for businesslike integrity and just enforcement of law, he gave to the State a public service which has not been sur-

passed by any of his predecessors; and here in his native town, whose centennial we are now celebrating, and where he had more or less to do with its public affairs very early in life, we find everywhere prevalent evidences of his influence in the ideal standards which he set up.

When recently in Saratoga attending the World's Temperance Centennial Congress, a resident of that city related to me an incident illustrating Governor Higgins' force of character and determination, under his oath of office, to see that the laws of the State were properly enforced. A notorious gambler of Saratoga built a million-dollar gambling house and defied the gambling laws of the State for many years. Governor Higgins sent word to the sheriff of Saratoga County to close this place in twenty-four hours or he would send a man who would. It is needless to say the establishment closed its doors forthwith and forever. In that particular Governor Higgins was the "John the Baptist" of Governor Hughes, whom the nation delights to honor for the reforms he has inaugurated.

But we must not fail to note that what is important in the building of a town is equally important in perpetuating its institutions. What now of the future? Speaking broadly, the church, which alone can suit eternal verities to the human soul must ever be a necessity to the higher interests of human society. The Christian Church is by no means an incident in civilization. It is not a barnacle on the keel of the good ship of state. It is rather the heart of civilization. It is the sail that catches the breeze of heaven, wafting the vessel onward towards its divine destiny.

The wisdom and knowledge of God is of greater importance than grammar, geography and arithmetic. "The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom." Note—the beginning, not the end of it. The need of the church is cumulative. The

present needs it more than the past, and the future will need it more than the present.

President Roosevelt has recently said: "Education in things spiritual and moral—even more than education of the hand and head—are necessary to make the highest type of citizen." A man is not educated until his triune nature of body, soul and spirit are drawn out in equal balance. How to develop and care for the body and brain belongs to the physiology and psychology of the schools; but it is left for religion expressed in the corporate life of the church to train the everlasting spirit of man.

Daniel Webster said: "The most important thought I ever had was that of my responsibility to God."

Thousands of parents would consider it barbarous not to use every influence and provide every necessity to put their children through an academic or normal course of study, while with ponderous stupidity and indifference they neglect to use equal influences and make equal provision to place their children under the teaching and atmosphere of the Christian Church.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, recently gave utterance to the following statement: "There can be no true social reform without education, and there can be no true education except it be deeply rooted in a religious life." That was a great saying by a great man—one of the greatest educators in the history of our country. Here again the necessity of the church is seen, as it deals with the source of power and purity in the spheres of social, educational, and civic life.

Recently a great convention of governors met in the White House at Washington to plan for the conservation of our forests. It has been discovered that the ruthless destruction of timber lands has resulted in drying up streams, consequently closing up factories, parching great

tracts of arable land, ruining markets, spoiling trade, depopulating towns, changing thrift to poverty and bringing homes to want. While these forests stood, their leafy branches reaching out toward heaven, they gathered the dew from the atmosphere and drew the rains from the sky. The streams were kept full of refreshing water, and all the machinery of the towns below was kept busy. Markets were stocked, trade was brisk, farms, homes, schools, churches, all were prosperous. No greater cause could have called together the greatest men of the country. They were there to protect the sources of wealth and power. The wisdom of President Roosevelt in that matter has been commended by wise men—even beyond the limits of our own country.

But what those forests were to the towns below, the churches are to the civilization of to-day. While the trees of yonder mountains stood side by side in large acreages of forests, they were sources of power, wealth and prosperity. But when thinned out so that branch could not touch branch to form shade, condense atmosphere, control winds, bring rain, and fill the streams below, the sources of prosperity were destroyed and desolation took its place. When Christian men stand together in associate church capacity they become sources of power for the spiritual and civic processes of an entire community. As the President and Governors are credited with far-seeing wisdom in conserving the forests of the country, although not till after great damage had been done, so the work of conserving the church must be regarded as of a much higher type of wisdom, notwithstanding its neglect on the part of many otherwise good citizens.

What is needed most of all in conserving the forces of the church is *a better conception of the place the church holds in the building of a Christian community.*

What transformations would at once take place in this old town if every family in the village, and every home on the hillside, should make it its business to be represented at church every Sunday! The sheds would be full of teams; homes full of blessing; trade full of honor; schools full of children with highest and purest ideals, and the whole civic life of the town would be a full tide of influence, carrying the hopes of the people ever upward to their highest fruition.

It is a matter of exceeding pleasure on the part of the home-comers to note the painstaking preparations which have been made by nearly all homes, and citizens generally, to place the town in suitable order for our welcome. Houses have been cleansed within and painted without; furniture dusted and repaired; carpets renovated; cobwebs brushed from the ceilings; larders stocked with extra provisions; lawns mowed; highways repaired; streets cleared of rubbish, and everything put into "spick and span" order for the noteworthy occasion. Rushford would not be true to her time-honored record did she not do just such a beautiful thing. But more truly magnificent would it be for Rushford to make this Centennial the occasion for putting her house in better order on the social, civic, moral, spiritual side of her life; for every household to lift the standards of home life a little higher; for every Christian to mend his broken vows; for every young person to seek the companionship of those who serve the Christ, and for every citizen to take God into his account.

By the record which this Church has made, by the influence for good it has exerted, by the truth it has represented and proclaimed, by the exemplary lives it has produced, by the faith, hope, prayers and sacrifices of the fathers and mothers who worshipped here, long since gone to heaven; by the clouds of witnesses surrounding us now,

and by the cross of Christ, we beseech you all—
 "Be ye reconciled to God."

In closing, let me remind you that as we thus point to the imperishable monuments, preserve the memories and recount the deeds of those who fought valiantly in the former days, which we usually do to-day, let us not forget that what would please them most, were they here, would be that we should re-dedicate our lives to the religion they represented, the Church they served, and the civic life they produced.

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Ancestral Hymn.

God of our fathers, hear
 The prayer to Thee we bear,
 Thou God above;
 We bring our offering now,
 While we before Thee bow,
 And here renew our vow
 Of faith and love.

Thou didst to them of old
 Give light and might untold
 While here they trod;
 Thou art the same God yet,
 Nothing can turn or let,
 Help us to ne'er forget
 Our fathers' God.

They toiled and prayed and wept,
 Thy laws and ways they kept,
 For us to-day;
 That we might happy be,
 And in Thy truth be free
 To all eternity.

For this we pray.
 Inspire in us new zeal,
 In mercy with us deal,
 While thus we pray;
 Keep us as in Thy sight,
 Protect us by Thy might
 While we pursue the right,
 And serve as they.

Reception and Registration Day.

Monday, August 17th, was Reception and Registration day. Most cordial greetings were exchanged on that day and during the week. The Centennial Register contains the names of hundreds who were present to take part in the various exercises, and many more came whose names do not appear at all in this book. There was a large attendance at the W. C. T. U. medal contest, at the Academy Hall on Monday evening. The program consisted in an entertaining musical service, and there were seven contestants for the medal. Clare Davis, Florence Brady, Newton Hadley, Helen Taylor, Ethel Stearns, Layton Morris and Imogene Lane. The judges awarded the medal to the latter.

The Farmers' Day Parade, August 18th.

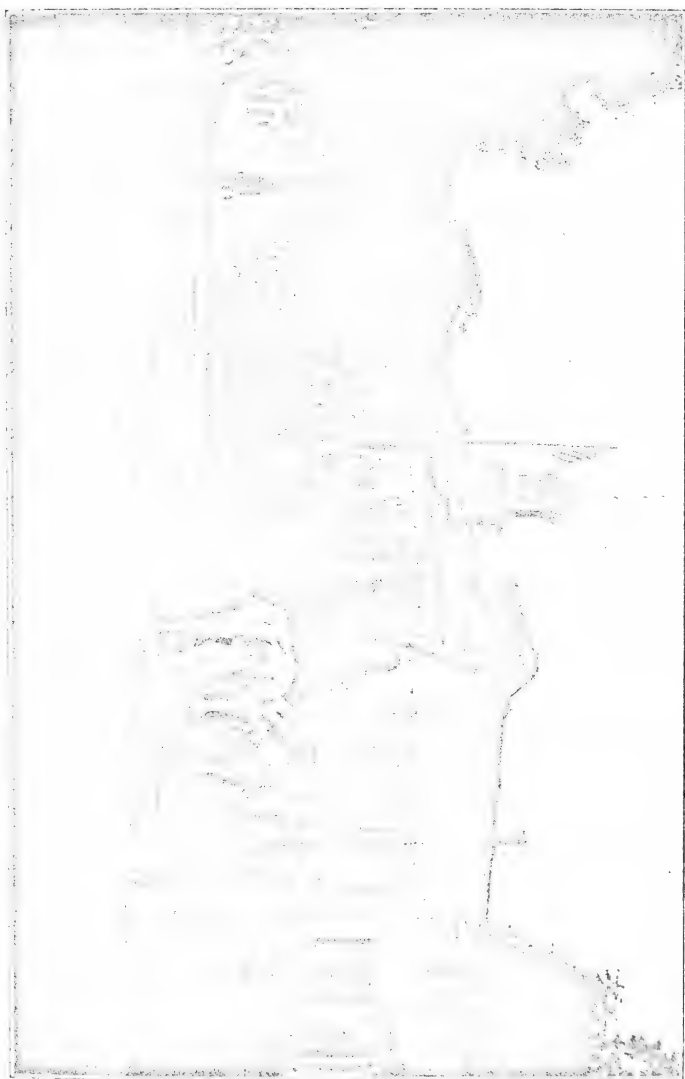
JULIA TARBELL MERRILL.

Old Home Week in Rushford was a succession of pleasant surprises, and in some instances absolute wonder as to how it all came about. Perhaps no one thing excited more wonder and admiration than the beauty and painstaking care which were bestowed upon the planning and arrangement of the floats in the different parades.

Tuesday, August 18, 1908, dawned bright and beautiful, a veritable farmers' day. Rushford looked at her best and just what it is, a country village well kept. With her wealth of shade trees, broad streets and long stretches of cement walks, the appearance was certainly inviting. The business places and many private dwellings were lavishly and tastefully decorated with bunting and Japanese lanterns, while the Stars and Stripes seemed to be floating everywhere.

The different school districts planned and arranged what they should represent. Obed T. Wilmot had general charge of the farmers'

FARMERS' DAY PARADE



parade, and the success was in a large measure due to his careful forethought and management. In some way pioneer life, experiences, social entertainments and the improvements down through the century were portrayed. Romaine W. Benjamin, mounted on a Shetland pony, was marshal of the day, with Fred McElheny, Reuben Lewis and Russell Wilmarth as assistants, while several well-mounted young men dressed in Indian costume composed the marshal's staff. The floats were preceded by the Rushford Cornet Band. We do not recall any floats picturing the future settler as a babe in his eastern home. District No. 2 furnished three floats. The first represented a wedding. On the float a bride and groom attended by groomsmen and bridesmaids, all dressed in costumes of one hundred years ago, were going through the marriage ceremony. The tall, lank parson somewhat resembled the description of one of our early circuit riders. A goodly company of guests similarly attired accompanied them. As the parade covered a long distance the ceremony was of necessity somewhat lengthy.

Following this came a covered immigrant wagon with the wife and several children looking out through the openings in the canvas of what was to be their home during the long journey. Pails and kettles hanging underneath, and within the bare necessities for a home in the wilderness.

The next living picture was a wagon with trees that had just been cut down and the pioneers busily preparing them for use in the building of a cabin.

District No. 1 represented the improvements. We saw the same settler a few years later in possession of a horse and a very high-wheeled sulky with a seat for two more arranged on the back. In the costume of that time he and his

wife, with two children, were on their way to a "merry-making," eating their lunch from "a calamity box" as they drove along. In striking contrast we had the twentieth century turnout almost covered with artistically arranged flowers, the occupants up-to-date in dress and appearance.

The float from District No. 5 represented butter and cheese making in pioneer days. On the float were an old-fashioned milk heater and a hand cheese press operated by a young man who acted the part of an old-time cheese-maker, while a young lady presided at the tin cheese vat and wielded the hand curd cutter. The butter-making apparatus consisted of four wooden troughs for milk, pans, wooden pails, a small dash churn, the dash of which was vigorously plied by a young girl, who was at the same time rocking with her foot a little wooden cradle. Another young woman with an old-fashioned butter ladle in her hand stood beside a huge butter bowl working over butter; all were clad in extremely plain costumes typical of those early days.

Following directly behind this district, Taylor Hill had a large float illustrating a modern dairy scene; at the front of the platform a centrifugal cream separator was in operation. Little Allen Taylor was busily churning with a revolving barrel churn, while a young matron was using a butter worker and molds for fancy butter prints. As the golden bricks were turned out a little girl wrapped them in oiled paper ready for market. Another was washing pails and milk cans, while a pyramid of cheese boxes of various sizes adorned the back of the float. The ladies in their neat shirtwaist dresses and work-aprons, the men in the costume of the day, emphasized the fact that this was a twentieth century scene. The decorations of bunting and flags were profuse.



District No. 8, East Rushford, furnished a float representing an old-time paring-bee. The float was twelve by twenty feet, surrounded by a railing wound with red, white and blue bunting, and decorated with strings of apples. Bunting was draped round the wagon and the big bay horses had each a blanket of the bunting with "East Rushford" in large white letters. Horses and wagon were also decorated with flags. A dozen people, dressed in old-fashioned clothes, were engaged in paring, quartering and coring apples, while some of the younger ones were stringing them; after the apples were finished, pumpkin pie, fried cakes and cider (cold tea) were passed and much enjoyed. Then the platform was cleared and, to the music of a fiddle, the occupants were soon engaged in dancing an old-fashioned cotillion. Some of the bystanders began to comment on good Methodists dancing and taking their parts as though used to it. Rev. Henry Woods said, "Every one is justified in dancing Old Home Week," and that settled it.

District No. 7, Rush Creek, had a float showing the old style of threshing; men with flails were threshing out the grain, while the hand-fan or winnowing board, over one hundred years old, was manipulated by a sturdy farmer with the skill of an old-time settler. An old fanning mill was in evidence and old-style implements. Directly behind this float was modern threshing, the apparatus consisting of a traction steam engine, with tank wagon and separator.

A large float drawn by a yoke of oxen was of much interest. Hardy's Corners, District No. 10, represented a husking bee. Right diligently the young men worked and, like their grandsires of old, claimed as their prerogative a kiss for every

red ear found. A surprisingly large number of red ears were brought to light. The second time they passed the reviewing stand the husking bee was over and, to the music of a violin, the Virginia Reel was danced with a spirit that would have done credit to their ancestors, while the sound of the familiar tune made many of the gray-haired onlookers unconsciously keep time with them. It was very realistic with the old-style clothing and even the cider jug in evidence, the early curse of the country.

In line were a company of about twenty men carrying sickles, scythes, grain cradles, wooden pitchforks, old two- and three-tined steel forks, flails, winnowing scoops and, in fact, all those old utensils for cutting, gathering and threshing the crop in the primitive farmer's style. The guards for this company carried flint-lock muskets and old-time lanterns. After these came a fine display of up-to-date machinery, including sulky plow, disc-harrow, grain drill, mowing machine, reaper and binder, side-delivery rake, hay loader and corn harvester. Following the floats came a long line of carriages, double and single, of the most modern style, carrying farmers and their families.

Farmers' Day Program, August 12, 1902.

AFTERNOON PROGRAM, 1 P. M.

Music.	Band
Prayer.	Rev. T. P. Poate
Music.	Orchestra
Address.	Surface, Soil and Forests Eugene Hammond, Cuba, N. Y.
Song.	Choir
Address.	The Dairying Industry D. B. Sill, Cuba, N. Y.
Recitation.	Miss Kate Proctor
Music.	Orchestra

PAINTER'S DAY PARADE



History Rushford Cheese Factory

Dr. H. C. Elmer, Ithaca, N. Y.

Five Minute Speeches by Old Resident Farmers

Music Band

EVENING PROGRAM, 7.30 P. M.

Music Orchestra

Recitation Miss Imogene Lane

Song Quartette

Address Eugene Hammond, Cuba, N. Y.

Recitation Ely Mulliken

Music Orchestra

Address Rev. Arthur Warren, Butler, Pa.

Music Band

History of the Rushford Cheese Factory.

H. C. ELMER.

When I was invited by your Committee to address you to-day, I was as much surprised as I was flattered. Some of you may know that I am by occupation a teacher of one of the dead languages. How this occupation makes me a proper person to address a gathering of farmers regarding the cheese industry is somewhat of a conundrum. The connection between ancient languages and modern cheese-making is surely not clear. You have every reason to fear that the wrong man has been chosen for the occasion, and that he probably knows nothing about his subject. In self-defense, however, I feel that I ought to say that I am not to blame for the choice. The guilty man is O. T. Wilmot, who invited me to speak. When I get through with my remarks, if you feel that you must swear at somebody, swear at him—not at me.

I think of only one or two facts that may, to some extent, make it seem appropriate for me to say a word on the subject assigned me. The most important of these facts is that my father, C. J. Elmer, has been closely identified with the en-

tire history of the Rushford factory, and I have myself lived, as it were, within smelling distance of it, during a good part of my life. One of the very earliest memories of my childhood is the memory of a wonderful ride I once had up through Main street of Rushford. I had just emerged from babyhood, and was now some four years old. All other memories of the time seem to have faded away, but the memory of that ride even now stands out clear and distinct. It was a ride in the old pineapple cheese factory when it was being moved up the hill. It had previously stood just south of the spot now occupied by the old Academy building. Here Norton and Elmer had been engaged in the manufacture of pineapple cheese in the only factory devoted to that purpose, with one exception, in the United States. But my father had just acquired what has since been known as the Rushford Cheese Factory, situated on the spot it still occupies. As the pineapple cheese business was to be continued, it seemed more convenient to have the two factories together. Hence began the slow process of moving the old pineapple building up through the streets, and annexing it to the new factory. In memory I seem to see it for the first time just as it was passing my old home--the house now occupied by D. C. Woods, directly opposite the school building. With many a creak and groan, it was crawling, inch by inch, up the street and, with my father's permission, I was on board taking it all in and seeing the sights. You may talk all you please about your fast express trains and your mile-a-minute automobiles. I have tried them all. But to me no other ride was ever half so thrilling as that ride of my childhood up through Main street in the old pineapple cheese factory. Verily, such a ride deserves to be chronicled, and as I was the only passenger on board, so far as I can remember, it seems appro-

FARMERS' DAY PARADE.



priate for me, above all others, to hand it down to the memory of posterity.

Soon after the pineapple factory was established on its new site, my father took up his residence on the corner where he still lives, just across the street from the factory, where I spent my entire boyhood. I was always near enough to the factory to throw stones at the windows, to help catch the rats and mice, and to steal rides on the milk wagons. I was near enough and rash enough to make frequent raids on the curd sink—sometimes, alas! with disastrous results. But, fortunately, Dr. Bixby happened to be living next door to me, always ready to patch me up. In spite of the curd sink and other temptations on one side of me, the good Doctor on the other side managed to keep me as comfortable as could have been expected of a wide-awake boy in such a dangerous neighborhood.

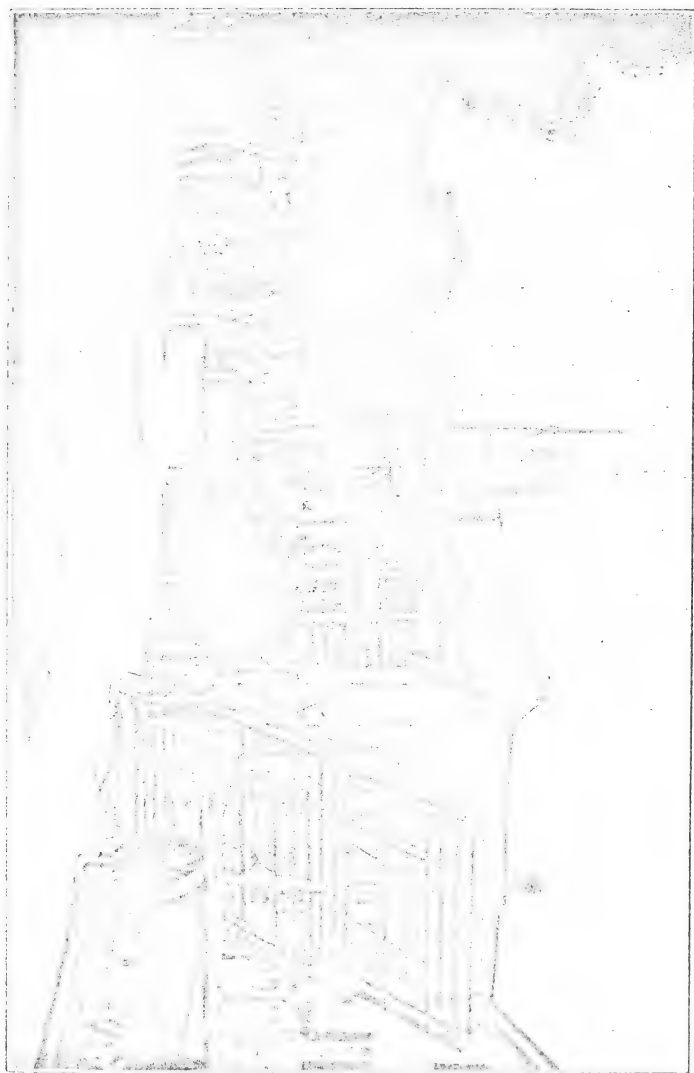
In those days there was a good-sized pond within a few feet of the factory, and the older boys had constructed a raft with which they navigated its waters. I remember that I took this raft one day, unbeknown to my fond parents, and attempted a lonely sail all by myself. I remember, too, that I soon found myself floundering in the water up to my neck. And I remember best of all the sound spanking that followed soon afterward, during a painful interview with my father.

But I hear you asking the question, "What is the connection between all this and the history of the Rushford Cheese Factory?" On second thought, I fear there is none. Let me, therefore, go back to the beginning, get into closer touch with my subject and give you a brief historical outline of a few of the essential facts.

The old pineapple cheese factory was built by Robert Norton in 1851, and continued to be managed by him until 1857. In that year it was turned over to my father, who continued the busi-

ness on the original site until 1864. In those days no milk was brought to the factory, and no curd was made there. Each farmer made his own curd and sold it to the owners of the factory. The business of the factory, therefore, was merely to receive the curd and make it into cheese. The pineapple cheese business continued to flourish, but its prosperity was temporarily threatened in, 1863. In that year Charles Benjamin, while visiting at Herkimer, became very much interested in a Cheddar cheese factory that had just been started in that place. Upon his return to Rushford, he persuaded Robert Morrow and H. K. Stebbins to join him in the project of building a similar factory in Rushford, and no time was lost in constructing the building. The factory was opened for business in July, 1864, with Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin as the cheese makers. Now, for the first time, the farmers, instead of making their own curd, brought their milk to the factory and the curd was all made in the factory itself. This, of course, was a revolution in the methods of conducting the dairying business. The farmers, naturally enough, were pleased with the change. But trouble began to brew at the other end of the business. Mr. Benjamin and Mr. Morrow became dissatisfied and sold out to Mr. Stebbins. Mr. Stebbins, in his turn, began to have trouble with the farmers, which became so serious that he finally sold his factory at cost to my father, who took possession in October, 1864. The old pineapple factory was at once moved up the hill, as I have already stated, and attached to the new building, and from that time on the two kinds of cheese continued to be made side by side for many years. Mr. Robert Norton, however, continued to be half owner of the pineapple cheese part of the business. Mr. Norton was a Presbyterian clergyman, pastor of a church in St. Catherines, Canada. He devoted his entire time and attention to the ministry,

FARMERS' DAY PARADE

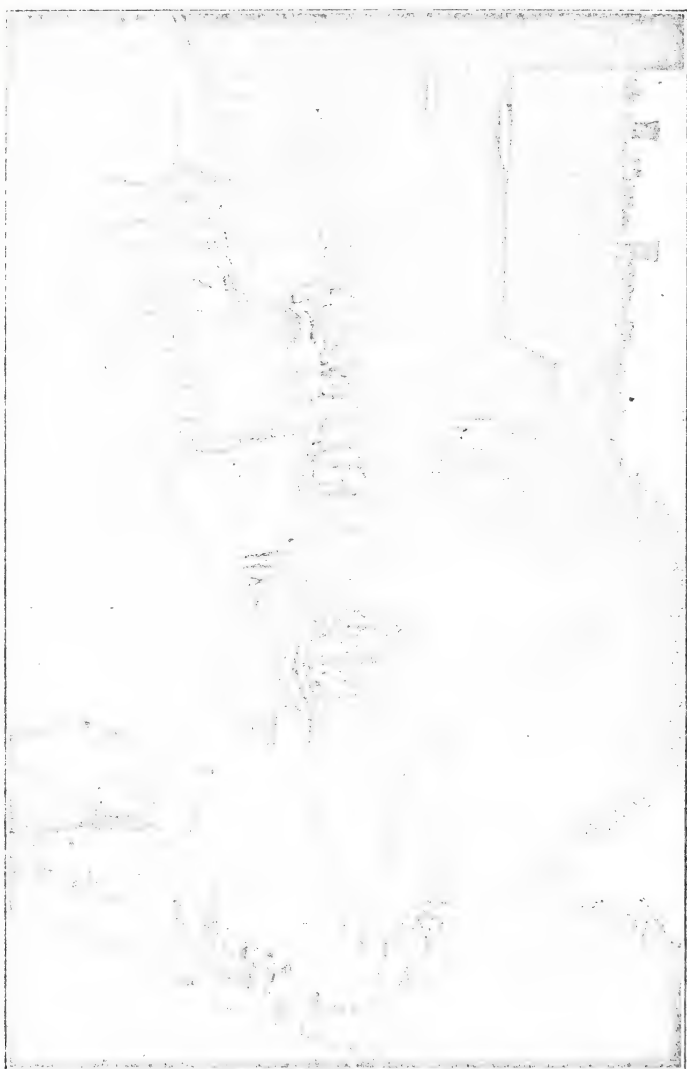


and entrusted his interest in the manufacture of cheese entirely to my father. Mr. Norton was a man of sterling worth, whole-souled and large-hearted. He was very generous to the poor, and is said to have devoted most of his salary to charity. The result was that he depended for his support upon the income he received from the cheese factory. It may not be generally known that the Rushford Cheese Factory was for many years run partly in the interests of the Presbyterian Church. Other factories may have contributed as much to the general prosperity of the community they have served, but, as far as I know, the Rushford factory is the only one that ever supported a minister of the gospel. Possibly this may account for the fact that, for many years, the Rushford cheese was the best cheese on the market, and brought the highest price. However that may be, there can be no doubt that the Rushford factory flourished from the start. Milk was brought from many miles around. At first there were only two vats and ten presses, and each cheese was made to weigh one hundred and twenty pounds. The second year the factory had to be enlarged. Five vats and thirty presses were put in, and the size of the cheese was reduced to seventy pounds. The business continued to grow, and during the winter of 1866 sixty presses were put in. Even with sixty presses the facilities were inadequate to take care of the business, and finally it was found necessary to run the factory nights as well as days, and for three or four years the factory was kept running night and day. By this time other factories had been built in the surrounding country, reducing the amount of milk brought to Rushford, and making it unnecessary to continue the night work.

While the Rushford cheese from the first had the reputation of being of good quality, they were, nevertheless, somewhat inferior to the best of

English cheese. My father, therefore, conceived the idea of going to England to investigate English methods of manufacture. This he did in 1873. As a result of this investigation, certain changes were made in the methods of manufacturing Rushford cheese, and the quality was very much improved. Indeed, from this time on the Rushford factory had the reputation of making the best cheese manufactured anywhere in the United States. There was always a strife each week among buyers to see which should get these particular cheese, with the result that they commonly brought a higher price than any other cheese in the country. Men who had worked in the Rushford factory began to be in great demand, and many went out to take charge of similar work elsewhere. Thus the influence of the Rushford factory was felt far and wide, and it has been an important factor in improving the methods of cheese manufacture throughout the country.

One somewhat remarkable thing connected with the history of the Rushford factory is the fact that since it opened in 1864 the cheesemakers in charge of the factory have been changed only five times. Martin Barnes managed the factory for one year (1865); Andrew Kimball for two years (1866 and 1867). Then came John G. James, who remained at his post for twenty years. His remarkable success in this position is a striking example of what can be accomplished by thrift, fair dealing and devotion to work. After John James came Lincoln Olthoff, who ran the factory for two years. Since then J. S. McMurray (Joe, as we all call him) has been in charge. This is Joe's nineteenth year. It looks as though he had set out to beat the record. It would be hard to imagine now what the old factory would do without Joe at the helm. Here is a man who was never known to do a mean or unfair thing in his life, level-headed, large-hearted, faithful and de-



FARMERS' DAY PARADE

ayed to his friends, charitable to all. Health and prosperity be his to the end of his days.

Before I close, it may be interesting to say just a word about the influence the factory has exerted upon the prosperity of this particular community. We may safely say that no other local industry has served the community so faithfully, or so well. To begin our reckoning with the pineapple factory, the Rushford factory has been doing its work for fifty-seven years. During each of these years it has brought into Rushford from the outside world a very large amount of money. One year this amount reached the sum of eighty-six thousand dollars. A rough calculation shows that the total amount of money brought into Rushford from the outside world during the entire fifty-seven years would probably be enough to board at the Tarbell House every man, woman and child in Rushford for about twenty years. Surely an industry that can make such a showing as this deserves at least honorable mention on Farmers' Day of this "Old Home Week."

With this honorable mention I take leave of the old factory. And, as I do so, I express the hope that, while the days of its glory may belong to the past, the days at least of its usefulness may never end.

Extract from letter Rev. R. Norton.

About the Pineapple cheese—My father's point was issued in 1808, and bears the autograph of President James Madison. As to the long-keeping qualities of the cheese, the incident you allude to was a veritable fact.

My wife was born December 21st, 1822. About the time of her birth, my father, who was indebted to the skill of her mother (Mrs. Harford, the wife of Hon. J. Harford) for the making of the first pineapple cheese net in 1808, sent Mrs.

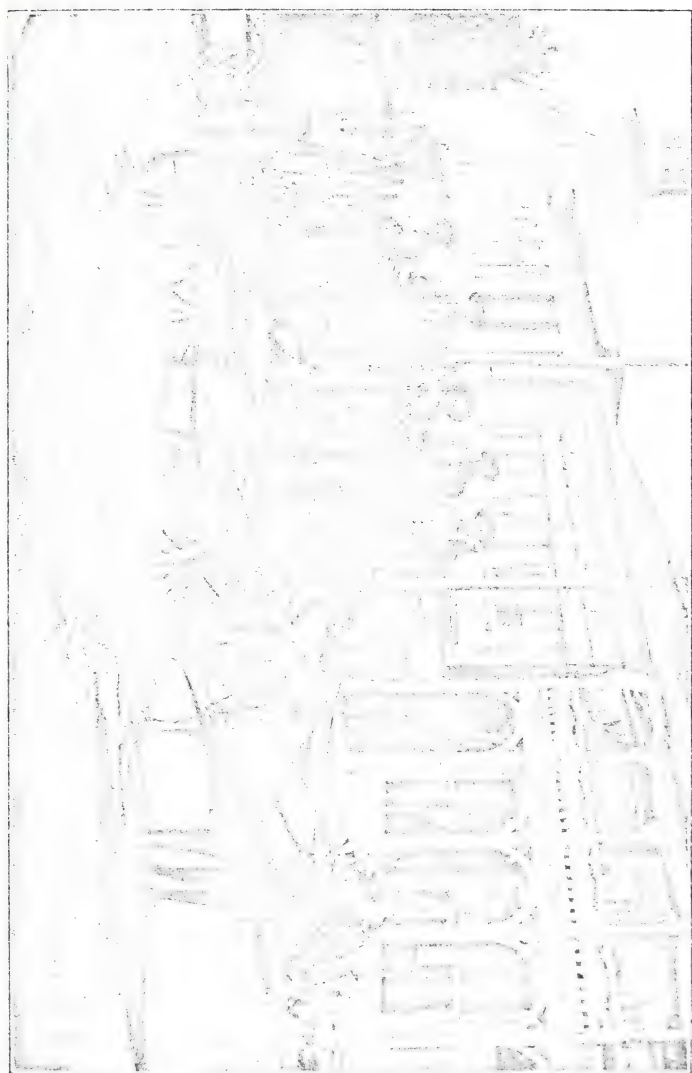
Harford a present of a pineapple cheese. The cheese was placed on the mantle-piece, and was regularly varnished with the furniture. Nearly twenty-six years afterward on the morning of my wedding day, September 8, 1847, I aided in the cutting of the cheese. It was in perfect preservation, as perfect as any Egyptian mummy. It was hard, but not unpalatable. From its crystalline structure I judged that chemists would have detected a large percentage of ammoniacal salts. But I was content to regard it as an omen of the durability of the love that there asserted its supremacy.

As you infer, my remembrances of old Rushford friends are as pleasant as they are vivid. They were noble, true-hearted men and women, just the ones to rear such sons and daughters as our country needs.

You inquire as to my son. He was born in 1851 in the small house directly in front of the Academy. He graduated from Hamilton College in 1872, and was chosen valedictorian. Making choice of chemistry as his profession, he went to Europe and entered Heidelberg University, where his career in chemical research began. He was there awarded "P. H. D. *summa cum laude*." After several thousand miles of pedestrian travel through central Europe, Greece, Turkey, Palestine, Egypt and Italy, he entered the Berlin University as an assistant. Thence went to Paris and became manager of a large chemical manufactory. In 1882 he returned home, married and was elected to the Chair of Chemistry in the University of Cincinnati. His department has been one of the largest of all chemical departments in the country

* * * * *

Thomas Norton is now Consul at Kiel, Germany.



FARMERS' DAY PARADE

Your Representatives Abroad.

Extracts from Address.

REV. ARTHUR L. WARREN.

It is, indeed, a sincere pleasure, and a great privilege as well, to be able to enter into fellowship with you all, and participate in the celebrating of Rushford's one hundredth anniversary. While it is not ours, to catch the spirit of the song "Going Back to Dixie," we all have drank deeply of the spirit of a grander one—"Home, Sweet Home," and, be the dwellings plain or otherwise, to us, the sons and daughters of Rushford, there is "No place like home."

With our coming back to our native soil, to the inhaling of pure air, the viewing of familiar landscapes—to the hum of the bees and the lowing of the kine, to the cackle of the hens that denotes fresh eggs for breakfast, and the song of the splashing brooks, where the speckled beauties used to dwell, and to the familiar faces we love, we say with Longfellow, "Ah, how good it feels, The hand of an old friend," and we shall go back into the world's arena of activities with new life and renewed zeal, and a more definite purpose, and a stronger determination than ever before to be more worthy of the confidence and love of kindred and friends, and worthier to emulate the godly example of those "hewers of stone and drawers of water" who have passed on before; not dead, but just away. The men and women of yesterday, who blazed out the paths that led to their success, along which we travel to reach a greater usefulness, and who laid deep and secure the foundation upon which our successes shall rest, did their work faithfully and well, and we trust passed on into the rest that remains for the people of God—"Into those everlasting gardens, Where Angels walk, and Seraphs are the wardens"—leaving to

us a richer heritage than silver or gold, with which *we*, their representatives of to-day, are to exemplify their character and magnify their achievements, and attain a greater and more lasting success. And shall not Rushford be pardoned if she boasts a little in the achievements of her children? Are not your boys and girls of yesterday, who are the men and women of to-day, filling the positions and callings of life as successfully (and we trust as profitably to all) as the fathers and mothers did?
* * *

First, allow me to say, that *Rushford's representatives of to-day* are what we are, largely, because of the *stable* and *exemplary* characters of the men and women of yesterday. * * *

Enterprise marked the life of those of yesterday. They were not satisfied with that which surrounded them, or with their then present attainments, but pressed on to greater achievements in order that others might be benefited through their labor. Their thought was, "I may not enjoy this, but others coming after me will." * * *

Again, we of this generation ought to live a higher and a nobler life, being ambitious to acquire true greatness, and reach lasting success.

Notwithstanding what we are, we, your representatives of to-day, cannot acquire true greatness and lasting success by the heritage bequeathed to us by our forefathers, but by our own individual achievements. True greatness does not spring from worldly power or amassed wealth, but from pure and noble thoughts. Thought, then, is the making of the individual. He who spake as never man spake declared: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Is it, then, saying too much if I say that by thinking pure thoughts one only becomes truly great? Emerson says: "There is no prosperity, trade, art, city or great material wealth of any kind, but if you



PARLIAMENTARY PALACE

trace it home, you will find it rooted in a thought of some individual." This being true, the opposite is true also—that avarice, crime, immorality and evil in general, if traced to its source, would be found intrenched in the thought. How well then does one need to guard his thought. Sincere thoughts are the wings of lofty aspiration, with which we mount up to reach a lasting success. Right thinking leads mankind to true greatness. * * *

There are no obstacles great enough to keep one from attaining success if determination possess the heart. * * *

Again, if we, your ambassadors of this generation, are truly to succeed, we must possess the chief characteristic of success, which is love. This grace of all others pre-eminently determines character. That which one loves unmistakably reveals what one is. Love is the touchstone of character. Love for humanity is not only the heart of the Eternal, but it is the soul of individuality and the mainspring of successful living. * * *

And, having thought a little concerning the past and present, shall we not glance a moment into our future? Some one has said: "There is no time like the present, the future is not ours." But I am quite sure that that which the future will have in store for each of us—and those who follow after—of good or ill is contained in the present. In other words, the future will be what we have made the present, in profit or loss, joy or sorrow, bane or blessing. If we have bought up every opportunity for doing good, have cornered every chance to minister to the needy humanity around us by giving them the "bread of life," though it be but the giving of a cup of cold water to a thirsty soul, its influence will not be lost but still live on; and like bread cast upon the waters "return after many days" with hands filled with blessings for us.

Centennial Day, August 12, 1908.

AFTERNOON PROGRAM, 1 P. M.

Music..... Orchestra
 Address by President..... W. W. Bush
 Response... Rev. H. C. Woods
 Song, Home Sweet Home..... Double Quartet
 Eneas Garey..... Rev. F. E. G. Woods
 The Gordons..... Miss Ellen Gordon
 Reader, Miss Genevieve McCall
 Song, The Old Oaken Bucket... Double Quartet
 The Woods..... Mrs. Ira Calkins
 Song, Away to the Woods..... Double Quartet
 The Pioneers..... Mrs. E. C. Gilbert
 Recitation from Snow Bound. Miss Mary Johnson
 Song, Annie Laurie..... Double Quartet
 The McCalls..... Mrs. A. M. Taylor
 Reminiscences..... J. B. Jewell
 Reader, Allan H. Gilbert
 Song, Cousin Jedediah..... Double Quartet
 Casualties..... J. G. Benjamin
 Music..... Orchestra

EVENING PROGRAM, 7.30 P. M.

Music..... Orchestra
 The Early Settlers..... Mrs. E. C. Gilbert
 The Old Time Customs.... Mrs. W. W. Merrill
 Song, Home Again..... Double Quartet
 Movements..... Miss Ellen Lyman
 Reminiscences and Characteristics
 Mrs. Helen M. Judd
 Reader, Mrs. A. E. White
 Song, Comin' Thro' the Rye.... Double Quartet
 Recitation, The Old Band.... Greydon R. Davis
 Music, Poor Nellie Gray..... Band
 Reminiscences..... Mrs. Cornelia G. Green
 The Semi-Centennial..... Mrs. E. C. Gilbert
 Reader, Allan H. Gilbert
 Poem by Mrs. Cynthia Woodworth
 Mrs. R. T. Brooks
 Song, Auld Lang Syne..... By the Audience
 Our Bells..... Miss Katharine Baldwin

Our Newspapers.....	E. C. Gilbert
Song, Long, Long Ago,.....	Double Quartet
Reminiscences of East Rushford, Kelloggville and Rush Creek.....	H. B. Ackerly
Reader, Mrs. Newman M. Woods	
Music.....	Band

Address of Welcome.

CAPTAIN W. W. BUSH, PRESIDENT OF THE RUSH-
FORD CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE, 1908.

FELLOW CITIZENS, SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF RUSH-
FORD, FROM ABROAD:—

The occasion which has called together this assembly is one which will ever be remembered as the brightest period of our earthly existence. To-day Rushford welcomes home her sons and daughters, and as one who still lingers upon this soil, consecrated by the sacred ashes of your fathers, I have been commissioned by the present citizens of Rushford, without distinction of party, creed or location, in their behalf to express their most sincere and cordial greeting, to extend to you who have come hither from every quarter of our great and glorious land, the hospitalities of our town, to assure you that every door in Rushford is thrown wide open to receive you, and that you may feel the same degree of freedom that a child would, upon returning after a long absence to visit the parental roof. Thus are you welcomed; yet the occasion is so fraught with recollections of our early life, and so eminent are the characters of those who have come back to honor the place of their nativity, that I cannot dismiss the subject without briefly expressing a few thoughts that seem to me appropriate. You are welcomed, not as the prodigal son, yet with an equal degree of affection. Unlike him, in poverty you left us, with nothing but your unblemished reputations, which you have kept pure, and your stern purpose and firm resolves to do and conquer upon the

battle-fields of life. Unlike him, you have not spent your substance in riotous living, yet, while plenty has crowned your efforts, in the various appointments which you have been called to fill, and want goes from your door, we have killed the fatted calf, and upon it you will be feasted, in token of our appreciation of your exalted worth; and as you surround the table of reunion with loved and cherished friends and companions of your youthful days, you will find, while joy and gladness shall abound, and mirth and song and dance shall speed on the happy hours of this reunion, that this is not entirely an occasion of unmixed festive enjoyment. Room will be left to drop the tear of affection over the vacant chair, and over the graves of those we loved and honored twenty, forty, sixty years ago. To them is due much of your success in life. Their careful supervision of your early education, the sterling worth of the early settlers of Rushford, their examples of economy, virtue, honesty and strict integrity have left an imperishable impress upon your characters. And so we find that this reunion of Rushford's sons and daughters is composed of an array of talent seldom equalled, and it impresses the mind with the transcendent value of our institutions, which open to the rich and poor alike throughout our vast domain opportunities to acquire fortune and fame. Rushford with her academic halls has furnished members to our State Legislature and to our National Congress and United States Senate, and also a Governor to the Empire State, and many to other positions of trust and honor. She has also furnished her full quota of officers and men for our victorious armies, many of whom now sleep beneath the sod of a southern clime, with nothing but the green and waving grass to mark their resting place. We have heard with pleasure and pride of the promotion of many who have left their Rushford homes, to posts of trust

and honor in other States. In addition to all these, the agriculturists, artisans, commercial men, citizens who represent all the industrial pursuits of life that Rushford has thrown forth upon the world, challenge the respect and admiration of every community from Plymouth Rock to the golden shore on the Pacific. Nor are the learned professions wanting in illustrious examples reared upon this sacred soil. Of them I need not speak, for they will speak for themselves during their stay with us, in strains of native eloquence. And yet again, Rushford's sons and daughters have plucked the fairest roses from the field of science. While all I have said, and more, is true of Rushford's children, I am not left in wonder that in your hearts welled up a yearning desire to visit once more the magic spot that has given to the world so rich a legacy. There is a philosophy closely connecting a people with the land of their birth. God, Nature, divine revelation and humanity in its normal condition are all in harmony. Hence the lovely scenery, beautiful landscapes, healthful, invigorating breezes, enlarged and comprehensive views of nature in her sublimest moods, witnessed and enjoyed by your mothers and yourselves during your early existence, have left an impress upon your minds and assisted to form characters that will continue to exert a salutary influence which will reach ever onward and upward throughout the boundless cycles of eternity. This glorious old town of Rushford, with landscape views extending into several towns, itself but a succession of lofty, luxuriant hills and fertile valleys, with its beautiful rivulets, in its original form, separating the waters upon its summit, to find their meandering way to replenish the exhausted streams under the burning sun of a Southern clime, or to mollify the freezing current of our Northern lakes, is one of the spots upon this green and rolling earth where the true

lover of nature would like to be born; therefore, in conclusion, I repeat, Welcome to these sylvan shades and cool retreats; welcome to these academic halls, where, under the tuition of Sayles, Buck and scores of other learned instructors, you together learned to climb the hill of science; welcome to the holy places where sleep your buried dead; welcome to our mountain homes; welcome, yea, thrice welcome to our hearts; and should we never meet again on earth, be assured that this reunion we to-day are permitted to witness and enjoy is typical of that never ending reunion that God, the Father of our spirits, has reserved for all his children.

Response in Welcome of President M. W. Bush.

REV. H. C. WOODS.

Mr. President:

This is the highest peak of privileged honor in a life time, to be permitted the rare enjoyment of such an eloquent, enthusiastic, whole-hearted and warm-handed welcome to our native town, and then to stand here for all the thousands and voice their acceptance in this great Centennial celebration. I was in this hall fifty years ago a lad. Before forgetting it, let me say we accept this welcome, and with all the eagerness of the girl, Mary, who had been courted for seven years without a definite word from John, when she said to him one Sunday night at 12:45: "John, I've been thinking it over, and have made up my mind that if you want me you can have me." To which he very suddenly said, "Why, yes, Mary, that's just what I do want. Why didn't you say so long ago?" We have been waiting and longing for this invitation, and here we are, and we are yours. It is quite apropos that the Bush should welcome the Woods. Soon after the war this gallant Captain so admired the natural advantages of Rushford that he went out foraging



REV. HENRY C. WOODS

and confiscated one of its loveliest Hills for the culture of an improved variety of Bushes.

You invited us to come back, and here we are, like the new baby, "From out of the Everywhere into the here."

From all the century's increase and scatterings of migration, in the cities of the east and beyond the Mississippi, we put ear to the ground and heard sounds of a stir in Old Rushford. It was as earnest as those familiar lines in the Old Town's 4th Reader:

"Come back! Come back!" He cried in grief,
Across the stormy water,
'And I'll forgive your Highland Chief,
My daughter! Oh! my daughter.'"

For one hundred years you have been preparing for the event; and coming back into this valley over the hills that kept out railroads so long, we find the purest air, the sweetest spring water, the most restful religious peace and enthusiastic devotion, the finest singers and players, the best cooks, the prettiest girls, old and young, we have ever found in all our wanderings. We do not forget those earliest sunrises, and most welcome sunsets of farm life, with the sweetest tones of the old tin horn at high noon.

It seems easy to believe here and now in these glad reunions that "The whole round world is every way bound by golden chains about the feet of God." The first comers of a century ago, my own distinguished great grandsire and his daughter, Nancy, my father's mother of sainted memory, came thro' the snows of mid-winter bringing coals of fire in a kettle of ashes. They also brought the fires of patriotism, Grandsire, himself, a veteran of the Revolution from Connecticut, and of devotion to God's Word and Son, whose loyal liege lords they were, a heaven-patented nobility, from New England's rugged hills and with its sterling character. They went out like Abraham

from Chaldea "not knowing," except it was to Range 2, Town 5, of the Holland Purchase, and into the virgin forest to carve out homes. That ancestor, who lived here until eight days after I came myself (he doubtless thought it safe to go then), has been succeeded by a lineage of over two hundred. The largest number, as far as I can learn, being seventy-seven and in the branch of the famous "First White Woman." And she was white, and one of the first and best in the land. The only living grandchild is here, Mrs. Champlin of Cuba.

Again—Here we are, and glad we are to be here. You will say, perhaps: "Glad to see you're back from the front," as to the starved Irish soldier, who replied, "Bedad, I know I'm thin, but didn't think you'd see clear thro' me like that." What books of remembrance are being opened and read here this week. The wireless reports that will go on the Recording Angel's pages for eternity were never so pathetic and sweet as these greetings with tears and kisses this day in one-hundred-years-old Rushford. Like the time of return from the captivity in Jerusalem, the noise of them that wept over the loss of old friends and the old temple and the shouting of joyous youth could not be distinguished. The yarns and folk-lore of a century are reproduced, but of them all the *Rushford Spectator* has gotten the start with the fishiest fish story of all. If I had only known of this way fifty years ago!

"FISH MILK COWS.

"Mr. Atwater, whose pasture is along Canandaigua Lake, found that the flow of milk was rapidly decreasing. He watched his cows as they went into the lake to get rid of the flies on their legs, and discovered that they were being milked by carp."

We think of many who are not here to-day, for they went never to come back to this royal wel-

come. God bless their sacred and precious memories. Over two hundred men of Rushford served in their country's armies, seven in the Revolution (before coming here, of course), ten in the war of 1812, and 187 in the Civil War. Many went into the ministry. People usually feel safe about such, tho' not always. The old mother hen consoled herself about the loss of her best chicken, Billy, after a convention of ministers had been held in the town, saying that Billy had entered the ministry, and he never would have been of much account in the laity, anyhow. In many occupations others have proved themselves worthy and merit our praises. We recall lawyers, teachers, bankers, and especially our own great and distinguished first citizen, who became one of the best and purest Governors this Empire State ever had, Frank Wayland Higgins. I would he were here to-day! For six years I lived near his home and found him a true man, one to be proud of!

We thank you for this welcome, and feel a new birth of love for our dear old Rushford home.

Movements.

ELLEN LYMAN.

MORMONISM.

The Mormon, or Latter Day Saint, movement, under Joseph Smith, the Prophet of the Lord, began in 1830, and when it will end no man can prophesy. The first regular church was instituted at Manchester, New York, in April, 1830, and contained only six members, of which Joseph Smith was the chief. Soon after Sidney Rigdon and a man by the name of Pratt joined the ranks and were made elders. The first of these, Rigdon, was famous throughout this region as a powerful expounder of the faith, and a very successful proselyter. A few years ago there were many living here who could testify to his wonderful power. At the time of Joseph Smith's death, he

claimed the right to the presidency, but was defeated by Brigham Young, and cut off from the church.

For a time Rushford seemed to be a center of their activities. Meetings were held by Rigdon and others in the school houses of the town, and in many private houses. Just at this time fashion decreed that the coats worn by gentlemen should have the sleeves full at the top. The resident minister of the Methodist denomination bought a new coat. As it had the fashionable sleeve, to which many of the members objected, it caused a division in the church. The elders of the Mormon faith were not slow to take advantage of it. Converts were numerous, and many were baptized near the place where the old school house on the Creek Road stood. It was there the cavalcade formed when they started on their journey to Kirtland, O. Most of the converts were strong, robust men and women, determined to make a success of the new doctrine, but the citizens of Kirtland were not well-disposed toward them, and soon they removed to Nauvoo, Ill., where they built a famous temple. Polygamy dates from about this time.

Among the many to whom the new doctrine strongly appealed were Mrs. Eliza Ann Phelps and Fraser Eaton, the first of whom, Mrs. Phelps, went as far as Nauvoo, but, becoming disaffected by the new teaching, polygamy, returned to Ohio, renounced the faith, and later joined the Methodists.

Mr. Eaton was a prosperous farmer, occupying and owning the place now known as the Clark Woods farm, and a prominent member and worker in the Methodist Church. He disposed of his property, which was large for the time, and joined the numbers who gathered for their then long journey. It was said he converted all his means into silver, of which he had a peck. Not many

years after he returned poor in purse and broken in health and spirits, and never seemed to regain his former thrift. There are no members of that belief living here now, though there are some in the County.

TEMPERANCE.

Next in point of time comes the temperance movement, which in origin, rapid spread, influence and enthusiasm, was the wonder of the day. The prohibition laws of 1840 were inseparably connected with the name of Neal Dow. It was during this year that the old Washington Society was formed, and Rushford contained many members. In fact, it has always as a town been allied with all temperance movements, the Sons of Temperance, the Good Templars (during the sixties there was a flourishing lodge in town), and now the W. C. T. U., an organization which has come to stay. The local union was instituted in 1882 by Mrs. Rosina Damon Evans. Mrs. Harvey Alderman of this village was its first president. It has done good work for the temperance cause, and is still laboring for its best interests. The first years of its existence it was instrumental in securing the services of Horace Bemis, a prominent jurist of western New York, and none who heard him will easily forget his brilliant addresses, delivered in the Methodist Church. Later, in 1887, P. A. Burdick of Alfred was here for some time, and during his stay there occurred a great religious as well as temperance revival. The town is without license, and has been for a number of years.

SPIRITUALISM.

To the little village of Hydeville, in Wayne County, New York, belongs the distinction of being the place where originated the most mysterious, wonderful and wide-spread phenomenon since the world began. In less than ten years its avowed adherents were estimated at one and one-half million.

The revelations were introduced into Rochester from Hydeville; they acquired great notoriety, and came to be known as the "Rochester Knockings."

Rushford had much to do in this movement called Spiritualism, though many who gave this matter attention, and listened to the so-called manifestations, were only investigators and some of them quite skeptical. They knew there was much claimed by mediums that was not real, not from those departed, but there were messages, such as automatic writing and table-tipping by alphabet, that seemed to come from the other side of existence.

About the year 1852 or '53 a young girl of about twelve years, by the name of Cora L. U. Scott, whose mother was Lodency, a daughter of Oliver Butterfield, began speaking to small gatherings of so-called Spiritualists in Cuba, Rushford and adjoining towns; a few years later she spoke in the old Rushford Academy on Correlation and Conservation of Force, the subject being given her at the time by Professor Buck, who was then in charge. Those who heard her were greatly interested, and considered the subject handled eloquently and logically. She is now Mrs. Cora L. U. Scott Richmond, of Chicago.

Some of us are accustomed to consider the bloomers worn by some of the women, the long hair of the men and other fads as a part of the spiritualist belief, but it was not. A portion of the members considered the dress more cleanly and convenient, so adopted it.

About fifty years ago, many of the members here and in the adjoining town of Farmersville thought it best to build a hall or temple, in which to hold meetings, and on what was known as the old Hubbard place in Farmersville, a room was built sixteen by thirty feet, and was peculiar in this, that it had no windows and was entered by a trap door. Many of our townspeople attended the meetings held here.

The "*ism*," if we may so call it, has been violently opposed and ridiculed, but notwithstanding all this, there is a large number who believe that the mind, after leaving the body, still knows, and can, under favorable conditions, manifest itself through human mediumship.

REVIVALS.

Revivals of religious feeling and interest, attended with great accessions to the various denominations of Christians, have not been infrequent from the earliest period of the country's settlement, and our town has had a part in most of them.

In 1857-58 occurred what was called the "Great Awakening." It did not depend so much upon any leader or preacher, however eloquent, and was far from being denominational, but seemed to be an outgrowth of need felt in common by the people who had just passed through that financial tornado of 1857, which swept over the land and gave weight to the truth that "the things which are seen are temporal." Old residents have told us that, though our town felt the depression, yet the religious awakening was of incalculable benefit. The meetings held here at that time were mostly in the Baptist Church, and resulted in the organization of religious societies in the near-by towns, as well as large additions to the membership of the local churches. The rite of baptism was administered nearly every month.

About thirty-eight years ago a company of men, old and young, called the Praying Band, came into the County to hold meetings. The people of this town felt the necessity of a more general attention to religious matters, so they were invited to come to Rushford. Warren Damon and W. H. Leavens went to Wiscoy, then Mixville, after them. The band consisted of eight or nine members, of which Bolles, Corey

and Father Hard are distinctly remembered. The meetings were successful, arousing the whole town, and many were the accessions to the churches.

Later, in 1875-6, the waves of the great revival movement under Dwight L. Moody reached even our little town. Since then there have been local revivals under different evangelists, and as an outcome there have been additions to the churches, possibly as many in proportion as in larger communities.

POLITICS.

Politics, as one of our old residents was accustomed to say, are the worst kind of ticks that ever troubled man or beast; but, much as they may annoy, there is a sort of satisfaction in belonging to one of the organizations, especially if it happens to be the one that is popular.

The town has always been enthusiastic over the political issues of the day, and many have been the battles of words between the opposing parties. I remember hearing some of the first settlers discussing the views of the Federalists and Anti-Federalists of the days of our first Presidents; later the Anti-Federalists became the Democrats, and at the time of William Henry Harrison's election the political parties were Whigs and Democrats. That campaign of 1840, the result of which made Harrison President, was a year of great excitement, and differed from previous years in, at least, one respect, the number of political songs that helped arouse the country,—“Tippecanoe and Tyler too—”Tis then we will beat little Van,” being specimens. Some writers claim that Harrison was literally sung into the presidency. Beside the parties mentioned as belonging to that time, we have the Free Soilers, the Know-Nothings or Americans, and numberless parties of later times. In fact, all organizations

of whatever stripe have had their adherents among us.

During some of the campaigns societies of men and boys were formed, going from town to town attending the political gatherings; those of note were the *Barn Burners*, the Silver Greys, the Rail-Splitters, the Wide Awakes, etc. Even the campaigns had names, the Log Cabin and Hard Cider being memorable.

I must not forget the Abolitionists, of whom there were a number in our midst and many were the colored people who found friends, John Holmes being one, to help them by way of the underground railway to Canada and freedom.

Bells of Rushford.

KATHERINE BALDWIN.

For over sixty years there has dwelt in our midst an old pioneer. To-day his voice rings out as full and clear as in the days of our fathers. Faithful indeed has he been to his abiding place!

The sons and daughters of the town have grown from childhood to age and gone their way into the world, yet the old town Bell still rings in the belfry tower. How closely is its history woven into the history of our town! Before the Academy was built, and while the Methodist Church was still a cherished dream, when those whose hair is now white were in their youth, the village Bell became a part of Rushford.

Purchased by public subscription, and placed with our Baptist friends as the most convenient and safe dwelling place, the old Bell holds a place not alone in the town's history, but in the hearts of the people as well. And what interesting bits of legend and history might it not tell us, if only the sounds from its iron tongue were intelligible to us!

In olden times people rose and slept, went to their daily duties, attended church, celebrated their festivities; yea, even passed into the great un-

known at the ringing of the Bell. We are told that at the early hour of five the call came for apprentices to arise; at nine o'clock it was rung for school, at twelve o'clock for noon, and at nine for apprentices to stop work. I doubt not that the youth of to-day are counting themselves fortunate indeed not to have lived in the good old days, when people rose with the lark and retired with the chickens.

And those of you who are more than forty years young can remember with what awesome feelings and deep solemnity you listened to the tolling of the Bell when a friend or neighbor had passed away. Ten rapid strokes, and then the slow and measured tolling, telling one by one the years of the departed. A most solemn reminder of the passing from life to eternity! "Forever and ever," it seemed to say, "Passing away! Passing away!"

After awhile the old Bell had a duty to perform, a grave responsibility; namely, to tell the passing hours for the new Town Clock. Everyone is familiar with the incident which occurred soon after its arrival. It seems a part of the townspeople thought we were more in need of a fire apparatus than a clock, and when, soon after the purchase of the clock, the flames broke out in the Globe Hotel, the anti's yelled, "Bring up your clock and put out the fire!"

The great events of the town have in no way interfered with its performance of duty. Floods, fires, frosts and droughts have come and gone. Its face has thrice been blackened by smoke, but it has never failed to respond in time of need, not excepting the Fourth of July, when its old heart throbs vigorously, and it loudly voices its patriotic sentiments. The peacefully disposed inhabitants, aroused from sweet slumber, are wont to wish then that the old Bell was tongue-tied.

It has almost as many variations of tone and

expression as has the human voice. Who has not felt a thrill of terror at the first rapid stroke of the fire alarm, or caught the spirit of wild enthusiasm at a presidential campaign blow-out, or felt the deep peace and sweet-toned invitation of the Sabbath morning Bells?

Who knows but it has its days of sorrow and its days of mirth, along with the rest of us! It must have its playful moods, for we all remember the time when a wedding was about to take place in the Baptist Church, and promptly on the stroke of twelve the "Wedding March" was to announce the arrival of the wedding party, but alas! the old clock, which up to that moment had ticked faithfully, now failed entirely to strike, thus causing dire confusion. It was whispered that a spirit of mischief had taken hold of one of our village youths that day, and that he was in league with the Town Clock. At any rate, the *Spectator* thought it necessary to remark, the following week: "Seems as tho' the Old Clock would be 'most ashamed to show its face after the caper it cut up last week."

Not far from the Town Bell, and still nearer in the hearts of the people, is the Academy Bell. The Academy, itself, has been altered much, and many improvements have been added since the time it was built. No doubt to the scholars of many years ago, who have returned to visit old scenes, the interior at least will appear new and strange; but one thing remains unchanged—the sound of the School Bell will bring back old memories and old associations that nothing else could call to life. "Do you remember," we all say when we hear the bell, "how we sat in that seat, and the pranks we played on the teacher, the initials we cut on the desk, and the time we were locked up in the belfry?" Oh! those were happy, care-free days, and it is strange that at the mere chiming of the bell so many seemingly forgotten things should flock to our minds.

Of more recent years are the Presbyterian and Methodist Bells, the Presbyterian having come and gone with the rise and fall of its denomination in our village, and now graces a church in Houghton. The Methodist Bell was purchased but a short time ago, and while it is lacking in the time-honored associations of the others, yet it is dedicated to the memory of two men, of whom Rushford has ever been proud: Milton Woods, whose life was a sweet song, the echo of which never dies away, but reaches even to the Glory Land; and Alamanzo Litchard, whose name is a synonym for the virtues that belong to a God-fearing, public-spirited gentleman.

THE BELLS OF RUSHFORD ARE TO US ALL MEMORY
BELLS.

Sweet Memory Bells! Their witching chimes
Have charms as dear as olden rhymes.
We hear them oft at twilight hour,
When sets the sun and shuts the flower.
Oh, happy bells! Oh, chiming bells!
The clear, sweet bells of memory.
When Luna's mystic silver light
Bathes hill and dale at noon of night,
Men's voices ring with magic strain,
Breaking the calm with sweet refrain.
Oh, happy bells! Oh, chiming bells!
The pure, sweet bells of memory.
Telling of childhood's joyous days,
And hopes and fears of by-gone days,
Of bridal vows and farewells said,
And solemn dirges for the dead.
Oh, mournful bells! Oh, chiming bells!
The sad, sweet bells of memory.
Soon, soon our weary feet shall tread
That land where no sad tears are shed.
Soon we shall clasp the hands of friends,
Where with the song no discord blends.
Oh, happy bells! Oh, chiming bells!
The dear, sweet bells of memory.

Old-Time Customs.

JULIA TARBELL MERRILL.

It seems unfortunate that we are able to obtain only meagre accounts of the old-time customs and conditions, and these were largely gathered by inducing the older inhabitants to drop their fish lines into memory's pond for stories and incidents which were left there long ago. However, it needs no written history to prove that the hardships were great and that there were many amusing as well as perilous experiences. Primitive indeed were the beginnings, scarce and rude the implements with which to work, both indoors and out. This must of necessity have been so, as some, like Oziah Taylor, who began life in the woods with only what he brought on his back and seventy-five cents in money. He spent the money for an axe. Others came here from Vermont, Massachusetts and other Eastern States, bringing their families, all their possessions and provisions to last for months, on a single sled or wagon. On arriving at their destination the first thing was shelter; trees were felled, the logs made ready, and as soon as possible the house was built. Oftentimes the roof was of branches or bark, and blankets supplied the place of doors; holes were sawed through the logs for windows, and in place of glass oiled paper was used, or white cloth if they had it; in some instances a hole in the roof served for a chimney, later chimneys were built on the outside of basswood slats filled in with mud. The floors were of logs split in half and hewed down smooth; these were called puncheon floors. The bedsteads were poles placed on long pegs, with boughs of trees in place of straw for beds—a rude cross leg table was made, and also stools for chairs. At first no ploughs were needed, nor could be used, the settlers simply planted their grain among the roots and stumps; when ready to harvest it was

cut with a sickle and threshed with a flail on hard ground, which was previously prepared and swept smooth for that purpose; sometimes small quantities were pounded out in wooden troughs. The first plows were rude wooden affairs, the first drags were made by cutting a crotched tree of such shape that two of the branches would lie flat, the body being used for a tongue; across the branches another piece was fastened in which holes were bored and wooden pegs driven through for teeth. The early settlers had at first to go to Batavia to mill, and a little later to East Pike for grinding. As it was so far, they would often pound up some of their rye or corn in wooden troughs or in a hollow stone. It would take a woman all day to pound enough for a loaf of bread. It was a long journey for a man to take a bag of grain on his back and carry it to mill; sometimes a neighbor would lend his oxen and sled, and frequently several neighbors would hire one who had a yoke of oxen to take their grain to mill. The sleds were made by cutting a small tree with limbs peculiarly shaped to form runners, a cross piece put on and the bags of grain piled up; the body of the tree was used for the tongue of the sleds. Being obliged to stay over night they slept on beds extemporized from bags of grain.

The housewife also worked under many difficulties; pancakes were baked in a spider with legs three or four inches long, bread and johnny cake in an iron bake-kettle with legs and cover; coals were placed under and on the top of the kettle; sometimes pancakes and johnny cakes were baked on a plank in front of the fire; a lug pole was fastened up over the fire place with long iron hooks on which meat was hung to cook, with a dish underneath to catch the "drippings." As conditions improved, brick and stone ovens were built, and a crane with its hooks adorned the fire-

place. To bake in these ovens, they would build a fire, and when the stones or brick were hot, rake out the coals, sweep out the oven, then put in their meat, bread or cake, and shut it up. Brooms were made of swamp birch and hickory; the piece of wood cut in splints, turned up and tied, then the splints turned down and tied again, but very often hemlock or pine branches were used for brooms. For a mop, a piece of board was utilized, if they could get it; if not, a stick as long as the mop was to be and about a foot in diameter, hewn down at one end, through which auger holes were bored and rags tied through them, the other end shaped for a handle.

In place of soda or salaratus for use in baking the housewife burned corn cobs, poured hot water over the ashes and used the lye to raise her bread or cake. Money was scarce, and about the only way of obtaining it was in selling black salts. Trees were felled, piled and burned; from the ashes a lye was made, and then boiled down until it crystallized into a hard substance called black salts, or later pearl ash (it would be interesting to know that our salaratus is made from this same "pearl ash" by another process). The making of black salts was a common source of revenue, but the price paid, two dollars and a half or three dollars per hundred pounds, was hardly commensurate with the labor required, and it also had to be taken many miles to market, at first as far as Buffalo; later asheries were built. Black salts, pelts and sugar were the chief articles with which the settlers had to procure the necessities of life, and only the black salts brought money.

Sugar making was difficult; the sap was caught for the most part in wooden troughs with wooden sap spouts; sometimes a deep notch was cut in the tree to form a basin and the sap dipped out. Sap troughs were used as cradles for babies and smaller wood troughs used in place of dishes on

the table. Many times there not being stools enough for all to sit down, the children would stand around the table, take their rye bread or johnny cake and dip into the central dish of venison, or whatever it happened to be.

The first potatoes were brought to Rushford by Holton Colburn in a pair of boots; he came on foot from Rochester with a pair of boots slung over his shoulder, filled with potatoes which a friend gave him; they were blue potatoes, and considered a fine variety for many years. In 1811 or 1812 Wm. Vaughn brought from Vermont some apple seeds in his trousers pocket. From them many of the orchards in the south part of the town sprang; the orchards on the Wilmarth, Bosworth and Vaughn farms especially. The trees years ago used to bear better, for in after years seventy or eighty bushels of apples were gathered from a single tree, and from one tree on the Vaughn farm one hundred bushels were gathered. Mrs. Abigail Bowen Gordon also brought apple seeds from Vermont, raised the trees which form the orchard on the farm where Bowen Gordon now lives; many of these trees are still standing.

Very early, stewed pumpkin was used for sauce and considered a treat. Many times when the larder was nearly empty, a circuit rider stopping for the night at the home of a settler had nothing to eat but stewed pumpkin and milk. When blackberry bushes sprang up the settlers were much pleased, as they enjoyed the fruit. Some had friends back at the old home who would send a few dried apples. Fathers and mothers would go without bread for weeks so the children could have it—the bread was usually made of rye flour or corn meal, there was no bolted flour in those days.

Deer were plentiful, and venison formed the chief article of diet, but some men were not good hunters. David Vaughn was a "mighty hunter" and often neighbors, when hard pressed for meat,

would get him to go hunting for them; all he asked was that they should work on the farm in his place. We are not told what was done in case he failed to obtain any game, the supposition is, he never failed. The deer were so tame they were often seen near the houses, and at the deerlicks sometimes a long line of them could be seen. The skins of deer were used for whip-lashes and for clothes. We are told a young man had a pair of deer skin pants made without tanning the hide; he wore them in the rain and when they dried they shrank all out of shape.

When a settler owned a cow he was well off; the cows were pastured on the common and usually wore a bell so they could be found. To churn, the cream was put in a large bottle or jug and was shaken until they had butter. Sometimes two or three neighbors who owned cows would put the milk together and make cheese; it was pressed in a four-quart or peck measure, according to size, and for a press placed under a log. It was often a long time before a barn was built, and some men would get up nights to chase their cows around so they would not freeze. Near every cabin a small patch of flax was raised; the women spun and wove it into cloth for clothes and general use. Sheep were soon brought and then woolen clothes were also made, but wolves were so numerous that at first it was very difficult to keep sheep. Women spun flax and sold it for five cents a knot; they spun tow, wove it and then made bags for which they received twenty-five cents each. They also braided whip-lashes; David Vaughn bought a horse for sixty dollars and paid it all by selling whip-lashes. They killed the deer, tanned the hides, then cut and braided lashes of six or seven strands each. A settler's daughter braided and sold whip-lashes enough to buy a silk dress. Mrs. Wm. Weaver made a coat for a neighbor, receiving one dollar for it, bought a bushel of

wheat and her husband cleared off enough land to sow the whole of it that year.

The wash-boards of early time were simply a piece of board and with a paddle called a "battle" they pressed out the dirt. The time of day was told by cutting notches on the door sill, if it faced the south or was on the south side of the house; this would answer well when the sun shone so they could keep track of the shadow.

We must not think of the people as being discouraged; they were doubtless as happy as we of to-day are. Their social life combined healthfulness with fun; log-rollings, husking-bees, spelling schools, raisings, besides the evening visits. We are told that after log-rolling, when supper was over they would sing hymns and songs and visit. The nearest neighbor might be three or four miles distant; they had no conveyance but an ox team and sled, no road but blazed trees, yet they would go for the evening; oftentimes there was very little to offer a guest, but they did not worry; they had as good as their neighbors, which was sometimes only potatoes and salt. Mrs. Chapman Brooks often told of the first time she was invited out to tea; it was at Samuel Person's, who then lived where Dr. Bixby's house now stands, Mr. Person's family were considered well-to-do, and had the best things of any one around; they had wooden plates and wooden forks and some pewter dishes. For supper there was johnnycake, sage tea and fried pork. The pork was fried, cut in small pieces and put on the pewter platter in the centre of the table; as there was no butter, each would reach over, take a small piece of pork as a relish for the johnnycake; a lump of sugar was suspended by a string and hung over the table; each in turn would take a bite as it was swung to and fro. Cow cabbage, called poor man's cabbage, was cooked and eaten; and some, at times, had little else. The first hen on record

here was brought by a woman on the Centreville road. Some one gave her a hen and fifteen eggs; she set the hen and raised the first chickens in Rushford. Chas. Swift is said to have had the first horses here.

When the settlers began to build barns and larger houses, it was customary at a "raising" to have a keg of whiskey. Wm. Weaver decided to omit the drink when his barn was raised and have a good supper; the men gathered and began to inquire for a drink; finding there was no whiskey, many said if he was too stingy to furnish drink they would go home, and they went, but enough remained to raise the barn. Usually a bottle of whiskey was broken on one of the plates and the building named; that day the young men broke a bottle of water and named the barn the "Flight of the Drunkard."

After a few years, spelling schools were common and in 1822 the school at Cady-town sent a challenge to several schools and among them to Rushford; Julana Perry, of Rushford, only 12 years old, spelled the schools down. School houses were made of logs, and in case of spelling schools or preaching were lighted by torches in the evening; there were benches around the sides and no desks. To go with ox sleds, whether the ground was bare or not, was common for there were no roads, only bridle paths, blazed trees and Indian trails, and so many mud holes or stumps and logs, it was safer. When horses were to be had, young men would go to the merry-makings on horseback, taking their best girls up behind them. Wolves and bears were plentiful and occasionally a panther was seen; the wolves were very troublesome and a law was passed giving a bounty for the scalps of wolves and panthers. A young man by the name of Wilson living at Canadea came to Rushford to see a Freeman girl whom he afterwards married; he was a "fiddler"

and often played for dances. Going home one night after a dance the wolves chased him; he took refuge in a deserted old hut and the wolves followed. Wilson began playing, and was obliged to play until daylight when the wolves slunk away. He played first for the boys and girls, then for the wolves.

The settlers were kind to one another. Potatoes were scarce and many had none at all. Chas. Swift, who kept a tavern on the English farm, had a quantity; a stranger offered him a good price for all he had and pay the money down. "No," said Mr. Swift, "my neighbors have none, and they are in need of them and can pay me in work." Postage on a letter was twenty-five cents; the one to whom it was addressed having to pay. Often no money was to be had to pay the postage and sometimes it would be weeks before they could get it. Ozial Taylor hewed out sap troughs and sold them in order to get the money for a letter. Many others went through similar experiences. We are also told that some had arrangements made that a little mark on the letter would mean "All well," and the one to whom it was addressed would look at it and seeing the "All well" sign, would get some satisfaction in case he had no money and could not get the letter.

Although there were no churches, the settlers were for the most part not forgetful of God and the Sabbath day. Saturday afternoon many quit work and prepared for Sunday. The blessing was not only asked at the beginning of the meal in many families, but the head of the house arose and returned thanks at the conclusion.

Many amusing incidents occurred. Rev. Tom Pratt used to tell that a young couple came to him to be married; the young man said, "I have no money, nothing to pay you with but if you will marry us I will bring you a pig." The Rev. Pratt married them and three or four months later the

young man appeared with a blue spotted pig under his arm and gave it to Mr. Pratt.

One day Warren Bannister was dressing a sheep. A neighbor seeing him said, "What, Elder Bannister, meat again?" "You should not say 'meat again,' that implies we were out of meat; you should say 'more meat,' that would imply we had meat," replied Mr. Bannister.

Mr. Gary kept a hotel and used to say he brought the fire from beyond the Genesee river and had never let it go out. The Indians used to buy bread of him, and would sometimes ask for bread, promising to bring venison later; they always brought it. At one time the Indians took sixpence worth and would pay in "two moons"; when the time was up they left two quarters of venison hanging on a post. The Indians were very glad to exchange venison for pork, which was a scarce article. Rev. Tom Pratt used to say that the pork barrel was often nearly empty and as it neared the last the pioneer would reach down, take up a piece, look at it and then drop it back. All he could think of was, "Hark from the tombs a doleful sound."

My grandmother, Hannah Walker Tarbell, used to feed the Indians as they passed her cabin on their way back and forth from the Genesee to the Allegheny rivers, and the Indians thought much of her. The "white woman," Mary Jamison, and one of her children called there once. Ben Hudson, the chief, with a party of Indians often would stop and the Indians called her the "good squaw," and sometimes she would find a quarter of venison hanging near her door.

Many can remember when the first matches were brought here. Samuel Persons was much interested in the novelty and starting to light one burned up the whole box. At one time tobacco was very scarce; the nearest distributing point where supplies could be obtained was Cuylerville.

A young man wanting to go to a dance had no shoes; he cut off some leather from a saddle and made himself a pair of pumps. When they killed hogs, they would blow up the bladders, tan them in some way and make children's nightcaps of them, fit to the head and bind around with a little slip of cloth. Mrs. C. M. Alley says she has heard her mother, Mrs. Chapman Brooks, tell of going to East Pike on horseback and of buying blue calico for a dress, paying fifty cents per yard; she also bought a half yard of factory cloth to make Mr. Brooks a dickey.

Lonely indeed must have been their lot at times; the wolves howling around their log cabins, their nearest neighbor two or three miles away, and sometimes farther. The comforts and many of the necessities of life were lacking. The first settlers, before they started, obtained information and descriptions of the country from the land office or of some surveyor, and armed with this plunged boldly into the woods, having to make their own roads after leaving the last settlement behind them; one would choose a valley, the next wanted his home on a hill, but the site for the house was usually near a spring. If it was a long distance from any neighbor, a cabin built of poles was made first, simply because a man could not build a log house alone. In case of sickness or of trouble it was customary to blow a horn to call neighbors, providing the neighbor was within hearing distance; also when members of the family or other friends expected, did not arrive on time, a horn was blown to guide them. A young couple going to a wedding, lost their way; knowing that they intended coming and had not arrived, a horn was blown at intervals which the lost ones heard, and, guided by the sound, arrived safely. As it was some time before a physician located, near even, a woman, who happened to be a good nurse in sickness, would be called upon to go miles to care

STREET SCENE, CENTENIAL WALK



for the sick. It was so thinly settled that for several years they had to go as far as "Morgan Stand" to get men enough for a raising. Rushford grew beyond all other places around and in a few years many of these difficulties had vanished.

In telling the story we have to take the conditions of the earliest settlers and that of the majority into consideration. Even the few, who came here with means, were obliged to put up with many discomforts; it could not be otherwise when they journeyed to Albany for supplies, three hundred miles away.

I want to go back to Rushford—back to the old home town,

Where the friends I knew were true as blue, and some of great renown;

Where the grasp of a hand was rugged, but the clasp was firm and true;

And the eyes of the man behind them, looked honest and frank at you.

I want to go back to Rushford, back among the hills,
Where one can remember the pleasures and banish the world's ills;

To sit under the spreading elm tree, so tall and stately yet,
Where we romped and played as children—those joys we'll never forget.

Back to dear old Rushford, where a fellow has elbow-room,

Where he's never afraid to cross the street for fear he'll meet his doom.

I want to hear the music of the dear old Rushford Band,
And in the old Academy I long once more to stand.

I want to go back to Rushford and visit the little band,
And help loyally to commemorate the settling of the land;
Back to the dear old home town, and the streets I've often trod—

For that was as near, I reckon, as I've ever been to God.

School Day Parade.

ARRANGED BY CATHERINE HYDE TARBELL.

Line of March.

From Agricultural Hall down the north side of Main Street, crossing in front of the Tarbell House to the south side of Main Street, and to the school grounds.

Marshal Romaine Benjamin,
The Rushford Cornet Band,
The Pupils of each district of Rushford,
The Alumni of the Rushford High School,
The Philomatheans of the Rushford Academy.

The pupils were divided into companies, carrying United States flags, each company headed by one of the High School boys acting as marshal. They marched up the school walk to the reviewing stand—the school building porch—then faced to the left and marched to the center space on the east side of the campus.

The Alumni and Philomatheans marched by classes to the space on the east side of the campus next the street. As each class was called the members marched to the reviewing stand, where they performed their stunts and then returned to the space at the left of the pupils.

CLASS OF 1908. 11 MEMBERS.

Represented by

Edith Poate,	Jennie Wilmot,	Ruth James,
Martha Williams,	Gertrude Crowell,	Estella Crowell.
Ethelyn Woods,	Edith Howard,	

Costume—Dressed as children, in white dresses with crimson sashes.

Stunt—Class Yell

Clickety, Clackety, Rickety, Rate!

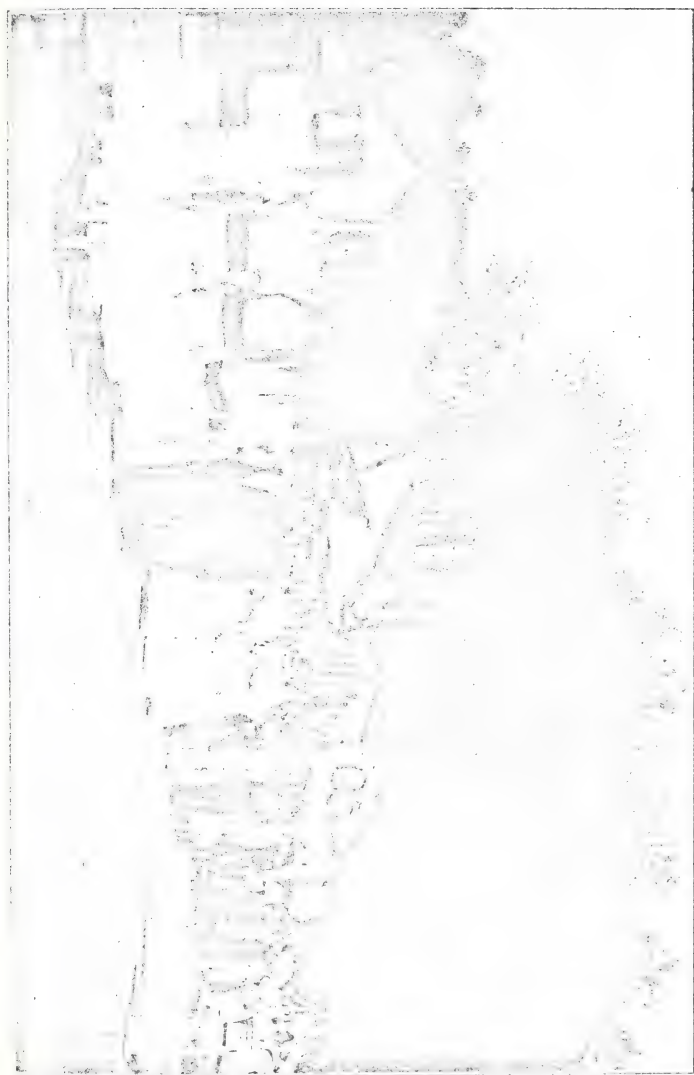
We are the class of 1908!

Loyal we'll be to the crimson and white

Rough though the storm and raging the fight.

Gladly we welcome you home for this day,

May you be happy in your lot alway.



CLASS OF 1907. 9 MEMBERS.

Represented by

Archie Lewis, impersonating Wm. J. Bryan—16 to 1 banner.
 Mary McFarland, G. N., impersonating Mrs. Bryan—Class
 banner, gold and white.
 Harrie Hall, impersonating Wm. H. Taft—G. O. P. banner.
 Gwendolin Gibby, impersonating Mrs. Taft.
 Stunt—One of us will occupy the White House. Which will
 it be?

CLASS OF 1906. 6 MEMBERS.

Represented by

May Brady, Millie Metcalf, B. N.,
 Louisa Harris, Winifred Merrell, G. N.,
 Helen Murray,

Misses Brady, Metcalf, Merrell and Murray were dressed in
 blue sprigged muslin made in the short waist and straight skirt
 style of one hundred years ago. They were preceded by Miss
 Harris, dressed in white with purple cap and sash, bearing a
 large gold banner with purple streamers.

Stunt—The minuet curtsey.

CLASS OF 1905. 13 MEMBERS.

Mother Goose Characters.

Mother Goose.....Grace Hardy
 Red and black peaked cap; red and black gown; large gray goose.
 Little Bo-Peep.....Marena Woods, G. N. '08
 Pink and white shepherdess' costume, crook.
 The Maiden All-Forlorn.....Cora McElheny
 Light blue gown, white cap and apron; milk pail.
 Red Riding-hood.....Frona Brockway, G. N. '07
 Red cloak with hood; basket.
 Little Miss Muffet.....Winifred Hill, G. N. '08
 Child's costume; spider.
 Little Jack Horner.....Elliott Gibby, B. and S. '08
 White ruffled blouse; knickerbockers; large sailor hat; pie.
 Queen of Hearts.....Elizabeth Poate, F. N. '07
 White dress decorated with red hearts; gilt crown.
 Tom the Piper's Son.....Charles Damon
 Brown Russian suit; with pig under arm.
 The Fat Man from Bombay.....Grover Babbitt
 Appropriate costume.
 Little Boy Blue.....William Calkins
 Little boy's suit of blue; tin horn.
 Simple Simon.....John Brady
 Little boy's suit; burlesque Merry Widow hat; fish pole.
 Old King Cole.....Greydon Davis
 Gray wig and beard; blue and tan suit; black cape with ermine
 border. Followed by the Messrs. Babbitt with violins
 as his fiddlers three.

Old Mother Hubbard.....Clare Mason, Br. N.
Black peaked cap; black gown; cape; dog.

Class Banner—Large blue and gold banner.

Stunt—Each recited the couplet belonging to the character he represented; then all gave the class yell:

Razoo, Razoo, Rip, Rah Ree!

We beat the record, ten plus three.

Clickety, clackety, we're alive,

Rushford High School, Nineteen five!

CLASS OF 1904. 3 MEMBERS.

Represented by

Anna Merrill.

Genevieve McCall.

Miss Merrill wore a Spanish costume. Red silk skirt heavily spangled; black velvet bodice; black lace mantilla over head; cymbals. Miss McCall wore a red silk skirt; white waist; black silk laced girdle; black lace mantilla over head; banjo.

Stunt—The Spanish song, "Juanita."

CLASS OF 1903. 9 MEMBERS.

Represented by

Allan Gilbert, C. U.....Impersonating Daniel Webster.

Mr. Gilbert explained that the rest of his class represented famous American women, and called the roll.

Pocahontas.....Grace Fuller, G. N. '07

Beautiful Indian costume.

Response—"Ugh! Me big Injun!"

Priscilla.....Katherine Baldwin

Puritan costume.

Response—"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Martha Washington.....Ethel Tait, B. N. '07

Martha Washington costume.

Response—"First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Barbara Fritchie.....Genevieve A. Pratt, B. N. '08
1860 costume.

Response—"Shoot, if you will, this old gray head, but spare my country's flag, she said."

Carrie Nation.....Kate Proctor, C. U.

Plain black dress and bonnet; hatchet.

Response—"Down with the saloon, smash the saloon!"

Class Yell:

Flippity, Flippity, Flippity Flop!

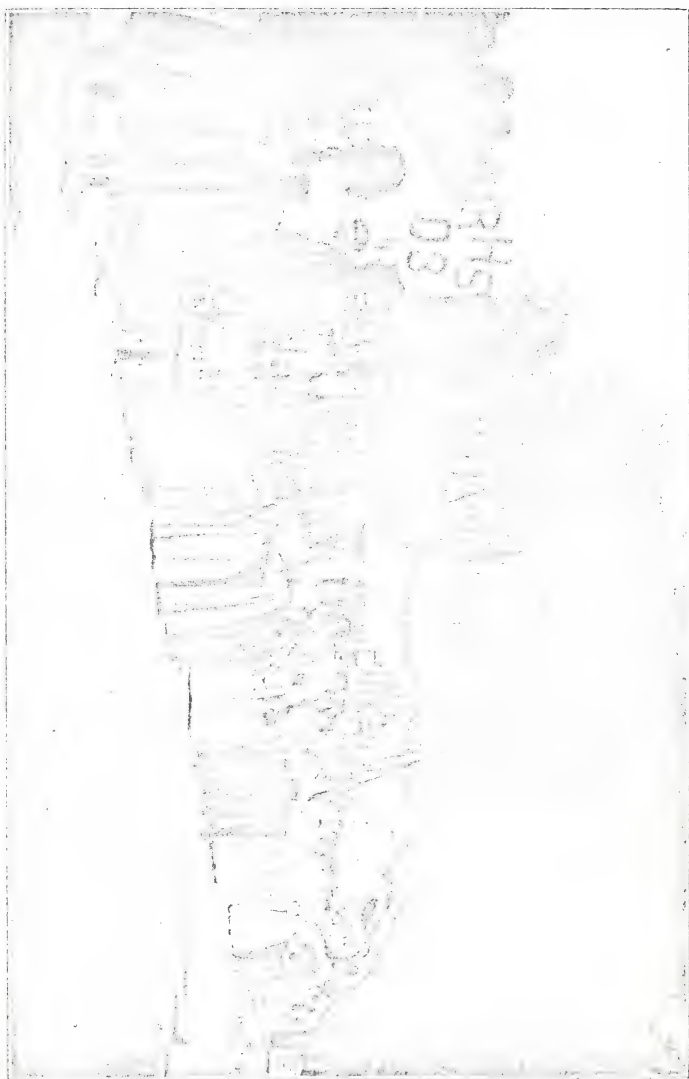
We are, we are, at the top.

Zip, Boom, Za,

Rip, Rah, Ree

Rushford High School

1903!



THE SCHOOL DAY PARADE

CLASS OF 1902. 1 MEMBER.

Represented by

Lucy Poate, F. N. '04.

Beautiful gold embroidered Oriental costume.

Donald Leavens in Japanese costume preceded Miss Poate. He carried a Japanese lantern, upon which was the year '02.

Stunt—Obeisance and salutation in ceremonious Japanese.

CLASS OF 1901. 5 MEMBERS.

Ruth Laning, G. N. '07, Ethel King Babcock, B. N. '04,

Myrtee Metcalf Bush.

Silk gowns and straw bonnets of 1850.

Stunt—Deep curtsy.

CLASS OF 1900. 3 MEMBERS.

Represented by

Earl G. Taylor, R. B. C. '02....."Uncle Sam"

Star and stripe costume.

CLASS OF 1899. 5 MEMBERS.

Represented by

Carrie M. Tarbell, G. N., I. C. N.,

Frances M. Merrill, S. U.

Red Cross nurses' costume. Each carried a large bouquet of purple clematis and golden rod.

CLASS OF 1897. 8 MEMBERS.

Represented by

Bessie Thomas, M. Raymond Atwell, S. U., '03.

S. Archie Taylor, Earl D. Kilmer, U. of B., '04.

Clarence H. Thomas, U. of B. '03.

Miss Thomas was dressed in white, large white hat trimmed with red, riding a Shetland pony. Over her head a canopy of red and white, from which depended streamers carried by four young men of the class dressed in red trousers, white shirt waists and red ties.

Stunt—Class Yell:

Are we in it?

Well—I guess!

Ninety-seven, ninety-seven,

R. H. S.!

CLASS OF 1896. 12 MEMBERS.

Represented by

Mary F. Calkins, G. N., '99, Grace Farewell-Lynde,

Grace Claus-Taylor, Ednah Merrill-Thomas, G. N., '99.

Edith Kendall-Pettit.

Costume—White dresses; garlands of large white daisies with yellow streamers over right shoulder and crossing to left side.

Banner—White and gold.

Stunt—Class Yell:

Tu Lah, Tie Lah,
 Tu Lie Tah!
 Rushford, Rushford,
 Rah, Rah, Rah!
 We are, we are,
 Two times six,
 Rock Chalk, Jay Hawk,
 Ninety-six!

CLASS OF 1895. 11 MEMBERS.

Represented by

Inez L. Leavens, G. N., '98,	Rena N. Taylor,
Delia L. Mason, A. N. C., '02,	Rene Merrill-Grove,
Grover Hall.	

The ladies wore white dresses and large pink hats with green tam crowns, trimmed with pink roses.

Mr. Hall—Light flannel suit.

Mr. Hall preceded the ladies, bearing a large pink and green banner, heart shape. Four wide pink streamers, fastened to the banner, were carried by the ladies.

Stunt—Song, "School Days" and Class Yell:

Kee-i, Kee-i, Kee-i Ki!
 We are eleven of the Rushford High.
 Are we in it?
 Well, I guess,
 Ninety-fivers, R. H. S.!

CLASS OF 1893. 4 MEMBERS.

May Gordon-Wilmot,	Talcott Brooks, C. U., '01,
Margaret Kendall-Pratt,	John A. Bush.

Costume—College cap and gown.

Large red and white banner with streamers.

Stunt—Class Yell:

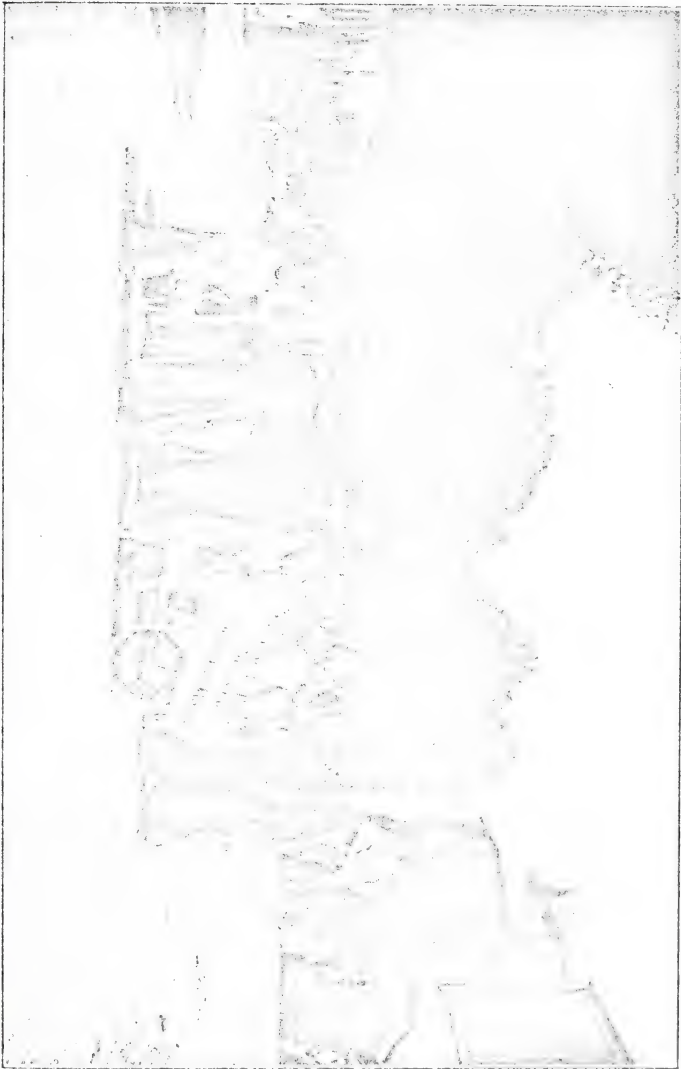
Zepala, Zepala,
 Boom, Hah, Hah!
 Rushford, Ninety-three,
 Rah, Rah, Rah!

CLASS OF 1889.

Cora Beaumont, G. N., '91.

Costume—College cap and gown.

Marched with Class of 1893.



THE SCHOOL DAY PARADE

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

Represented by

E. F. Babbitt,	William Ingleby,
W. H. Benson,	B. D. Keyes,
Lucian Benjamin,	W. H. Leavens,
Alex. Conway,	R. B. Laning,
E. C. Gilbert,	Homer Tarbell,
F. G. Gordon,	L. J. Thomas.

Costume—Calico dress; sunbonnet; broom.

W. H. Leavens, hand organ; F. G. Gordon, leading dog.

Stunt—Song, "We are Yankee Doodle Dandies."

Note 1.—Graduates who have spent at least a year in a higher institution of learning, also those who have not yet finished their course, have the initials of their school placed after their names. Those who have finished their course of study are credited with the year of graduation.

C. U.	Cornell University,
S. U.	Syracuse University,
U. of B.	University of Buffalo,
A. N. C.	Albany Normal College.
B. and S.	Bryant and Stratton Business College.
R. B. C.	Rochester Business College,
I. C. M.	Ithaca Conservatory of Music,
Br. N.	Brockport Normal,
B. N.	Buffalo Normal,
F. N.	Fredonia Normal,
G. N.	Geneseo Normal.

Note 2.—The Rushford Band played while the classes were marching to the reviewing stand. Mrs. Talcott Brooks was the pianist.

School Day, August 29, 1908.

AFTERNOON PROGRAM, 1 P. M.

Grand Parade, headed by the Rushford Cornet Band, the pupils of each district in the town of Rushford, the graduates of the Rushford High School and the Philomathean Society of the Rushford Academy will march the length of Main street to the school grounds, where short exercises will be held.

Music Duet

Anna Merrill and Elsie Tarbell

History of the School Miss Ellen Lyman

Music Solo

Robert Woods

Remarks by Representatives of the Several
School Societies.

Philomathean.....W. F. Bement

Mystic.....Mrs. M. B. Roberts

Polyhymnian.....Miss Myrtie E. Nye

Present Philomathean..H. Kendall Hardy

Music.....Duet
Anna Merrill and Elsie Tarbell

Reminiscences of school life by former Principals
and Students.

Music.....Quartette

Millie C. Metcalf Jennie Wilmot

Charles Damon Robert Woods

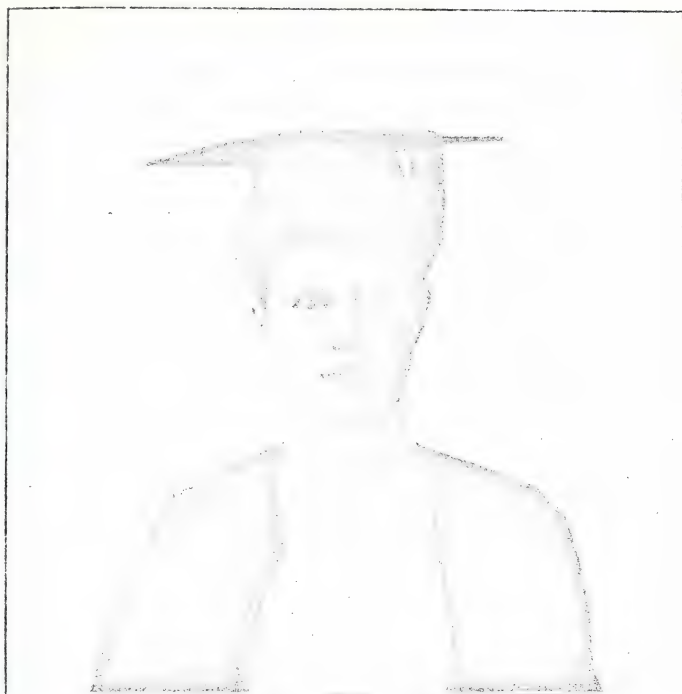
History of the School.

ELLEN LYMAN.

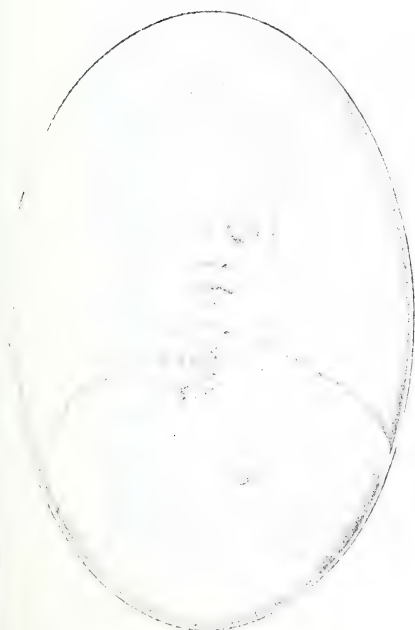
Some one has well said that the early settlers of a locality have a far-reaching influence on the growth and prosperity of a community. They sow the seeds of their characteristics, which are just as sure to grow and produce after their kind as the corn and potatoes they plant.

Our schools are the result of good ancestral blood. The early settlers, nine-tenths of whom were of sturdy New England stock, struggling in a half-cleared wilderness, with debt and heavy taxes to open roads, a necessity they could not get along without, seeming to have a comprehensive and practical grasp of the matter, resolved—come what would—education should not be neglected. They prepared, as soon as possible, to build school-houses, then churches.

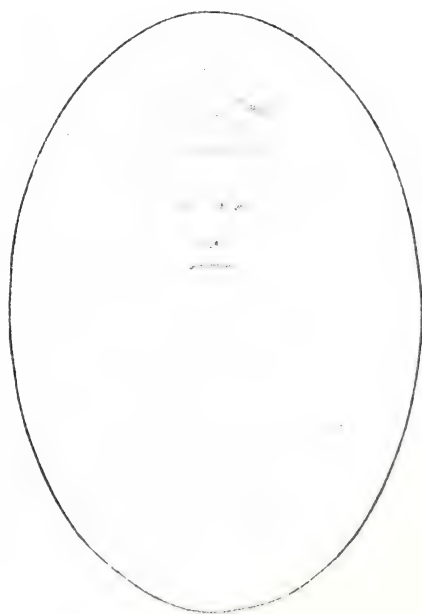
The town was organized in 1816, and in 1818 fifty dollars for schools was voted; in 1819 sixty dollars and sixty cents. In 1821, this is the record: Resolved, "That the town raise school money to the extent of the law," a remarkable resolution, a forecast, the corner-stone of the old Rushford Academy. This resolution to raise money to the



ELLEN LATHROP HOLDEN



NELLIE MARIE DICKEY



MARY LATHROP HOLDEN

extent of the law was not a spasmodic effort, for it was repeated in 1822-23-24-25, and in 1830 was added the clause, "the balance now on hand of poor funds and moneys collected from strays." In 1840 and '41, it was voted to double the amount of school money, so that taxation for education kept even pace with the increasing prosperity.

School districts were formed as rapidly as there seemed need, and the parents could get enough ready money to send their children, even a part of the time. In those early days tuition must be paid according to the number of days each child attended, and if the head of the family found it out of the question to raise the money required, then the children must remain at home and depend for instruction upon the older ones.

Schools were held in rooms of private houses until such time as the settlers could cut and prepare logs for the buildings. The furnishings usually consisted of a chair for the teacher, and for the pupils seats made of slabs, with round sticks cut from sapplings for legs, too high for the feet of the little ones to reach the floor, but on which they must sit bolt upright. Parker Woodworth, of Girard, Penn., tells us that when a young boy he attended school in a log building across the street from where the Methodist Church now stands; that Aunt Huldah Kinney taught him his letters, and was very sure to have the feet "toe the mark."

Some time later the school houses in the village districts were situated, one nearly opposite the residence of Mrs. Ellen Nye, the other across from the old home of John Robinson. A few of the early teachers were Miranda Knickerbocker, Avery Washburn, Monroe Washburn, Mrs. Martha Woodworth Howser, Mrs. Cynthia Brooks Woodworth, Mrs. Aurora Thompson Green, William B. Alley (later Dr. Alley of Nunda), Ira Crawford, Asa Burleson, Miss Cross and Miss

Swift. Of this list, Avery Washburn, Mrs. Green and Mr. Burleson are now living.

As early as 1849 there seemed to be a growing demand for an institution where the young men and women of the town should obtain a higher education than that furnished by the common schools, and the community as a whole seemed to think there could be no better paying investment than to establish a school for that purpose, by which their own and the children from adjoining towns might profit. Accordingly, sufficient funds were raised by subscription to erect, in 1851, the Academy, the building now used for the Union School, and so much energy was manifested that the next spring the school was equipped and ready for business, with the following Board of Trustees: B. T. Hapgood, President; Robert Norton, Secretary and Treasurer; Dr. William McCall, Corresponding Secretary; William Merryfield, Washington White, Oliver D. Benjamin, Titus Bartlett, Isaac Stone, John G. Osborn, Israel Thompson, James Gordon, 2nd; Charles Benjamin, John Holmes, Sampson Hardy, William Gordon, Alonzo H. Damon.

Many others were prominent in petitioning for the School, among them Isaiah Lathrop.

The first Board of Instruction consisted of Ira Sayles, Principal; W. W. Bean, Assistant; Miss Frances Post, Assistant; Mrs. S. C. Sayles, Assistant Teacher in French; Miss Aurora Bailey, Assistant Teacher in Music; Miss M. B. B. Sayles, Assistant Teacher in the Primary Department.

As this was among the first schools to be established for this purpose in Western New York, there were students from all the surrounding towns, Hume, Belfast, Centerville, Angelica, Farmersville, Oramel, Cuba, Pike, Scio, Freedom, Hinsdale, New Hudson, Amity, Lyndon, Franklinville, Caneadea, Granger, Portage, Orleans, Holland, Caroline, Groveland, Belvidere

and one each from Steuben, Pennsylvania and New Market, Canada West; total number, three hundred and three. The majority were eager students, entering into all their duties with zeal and earnestness.

Of Prof. Sayles, one of his old students writes: "It would have been difficult to find a better and more competent man, strict, impartial, always ready to work for the best interest of the school and town, and withal one of the most eminent geologists in this part of the State. He remained as Principal for five years, from 1852 to 1857, and was succeeded by G. W. F. Buck, who was a graduate of Lima, N. Y., and came with high honors.

Prof. Buck began his work here with interest and enthusiasm. He remained in Rushford as Principal until 1865, and many who are here will remember him with respect and affection. He inspired his pupils with the belief that he was able to answer correctly any question that might be asked. He was well-informed on all subjects and one of the best of teachers in the sciences. Among his assistants we find the following: Rev. M. C. Dean, John S. Spicer, George S. Albee, Miss Antoinette Kendall, Miss Albertine Olivia Buck, Frank Thompson, Charles N. Brown, Hiram A. Coats, Lucien L. Benjamin and Howell Williams. The course of study during this period was comprehensive enough to cover the first two years in any college in the State at that time. I find there were seventeen who finished the course, among them Mrs. Sylvia Baker Whitney, Mrs. Antoinette Kendall Stacy, Mrs. Ruthen Smith Browne, Rev. F. E. Woods, Hiram Coats, Hiram Walker, Latham Higgins, F. E. Hammond and Robert and William Crawford. We have not been able to obtain the names of the other seven. J. E. McIntyre followed Prof. Buck as Principal, and remained until 1867.

In 1866 the people of school districts numbers one and five began to be agitated over a project to unite and organize a Union School, according to a law passed in 1864, as amended in 1865. A call was made by thirty-two taxpayers for a consolidation. In answer, the Trustees appointed the twenty-seventh day of August, 1866, as the time of meeting. It was decided in the affirmative, and the consent of the State authorities having been obtained, a committee of five, A. T. Cole, O. T. Stacy, C. W. Woodworth, John G. Osborn and James Gordon, 2nd, were appointed to select a board of education. The report recommended O. T. Stacy, O. T. Higgins, J. P. Bixby, C. J. Elmer, Stanbury Gordon and Wolcott Griffin. They were duly elected.

In 1867 Prof. Sayles was again engaged as instructor, for the people remembered the high standing of the school during his former principalship. He remained until 1870, when he left to make a home in Virginia.

Other Principals were: A. J. Crandall, '70-'71; Dana Jenison, '71-'73; William Girdell and W. W. Bean, '73-'76; F. J. Diamond, '76-'77; M. L. Spooner, '77-'80; H. J. Van Norman, '80-'82; J. M. McKee, '82-'85; W. D. Moulton, '85; W. H. Wilson, '85-'87; Edward Maguire, '87-'93; William C. White, '93-'94; H. J. Walter, '94-'96; Joseph Howerth, '96-'97; H. W. Harris, '97-'99; S. K. Brecht, '99-1901; Frederick Leighton, '01-'04; W. Eugene Powell, '04-'06; Gray M. Moreland, '06-'07; Howard F. Brooks, '07-'08, and Lester C. Sterner, '08.

Many of these were college men, the others were graduates of our best normal schools and all have labored faithfully to sustain the high standard of excellence required by the community, ably seconded by their assistants.

Among the principals F. J. Diamond has the degree of Ph.D., to Mr. Maguire belongs the

honor of placing the Union School on a firm and sure footing, and it was near the beginning of Mr. Leighton's term and largely due to his efforts that it became a High School. The Union graded school was changed to High School in 1901.

Much excellent work has been done, as the Regents can testify. There have been 109 graduates, the class of '88 being the first and consisting of one member, Cornelia Weaver; '89, Cora Beaumont; '90, C. Hanford Kendall; '92, Frank A. Bailey; 1902, Lucy S. Poate; the other classes average about six members each.

As a community we are justly proud of the work of the graduates of our school; very few of them are satisfied with the knowledge that they are doing well—most of them are striving to raise the standard and do better still.

Many thanks are due to the several school boards who have worked without other compensation than a consciousness of laboring in a good cause.

Success to our High School.

School Administration.

W. F. BEMENT.

I well remember the discussion, pro and con, in regard to the building and equipment of the old Rushford Academy, which, at that time, was a most important event in the history of the town. I was there in person; I heard the plans for the enterprise previously discussed; I saw the framework of the building raised and attended its first term of school. There were in attendance a goodly number of resident students and many from adjoining towns. Many of the assistants were changed during the first terms, but Prof. Sayles remained in full possession when I left, and a better and more competent man it would have been difficult to find. Our Professor furnished us with lectures on astronomy, philosophy and physiology.

We had our entertainments where supplies of eatables were amply provided, thereby maintaining a friendly feeling among the students and interesting the public generally in the welfare of the school.

It is a pleasure to think over the names of the students; I was not aware I could recall so many. Among the rest, the name of Peter Mead—I can't forget Peter, who was preparing for the ministry and boarded in the family of the Baptist minister—comes to mind. He made a speech from the rostrum on one of the regular times for our publics, and chose for his subject "The Devil." He had been greatly disturbed some nights previous by a "Horning Bee," and his subject was no doubt suggested by an improvised machine which the crowd had with them.

Among the school exhibitions, the one which seemed to make the most lasting impression was that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," played in the Chapel by members of the school. Some of those who represented the different characters were Isaac Weaver of Centerville, who took the part of St. Clair; Lois Bell of Rushford that of Topsy (and she did it up to the text); and I think Isaac Van Ostrand of Granger was Uncle Tom. The room was crowded to its utmost capacity, for the people came from far and near to attend and enjoy the entertainment. The people of the North being greatly agitated over the slavery question, the time was ripe for the presentation of the subject as prepared by Mrs. Stowe, and the actors entered into the drama with heart and soul. I have witnessed many "Star" performances of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" since, but none, in my judgment, that equalled the one in the old Chapel.

There were many duties that were pleasant, and many that were irksome, but absolutely for the benefit of the students. Among the latter, the one most dreaded by the majority was public

declamation. Soon after the beginning of the first term, the order came to be prepared on a certain day with a selection to declaim. Orders must be obeyed, so I made my selection and repaired to the Chapel at the appointed time. No one knew who was to be the first victim. Prof. Sayles first gave preliminary instruction in relation to manner, position and gestures—then called Bowen Gordon for the first speaker. The question in my mind was—Who next? I kept my eyes on Bowen that I might learn how. He walked up on to the stage, presenting a bold front. So far, so good; I could do that. Then began his oration. What he said I do not know, but very soon he turned about and looked out of the window, and while I was looking and taking in the situation, Bowen moved quietly to his seat among the audience. Then, all at once, and to my consternation, my name was called. I obeyed, and when I faced that gathering of fellow-students, it seemed that their number had increased more than a hundred-fold. I had a short speech of two verses, and whether I whispered or yelled I cannot say, but I stopped at the end of the first verse and retired from the platform with as good a grace as I could muster. Bowen told me afterward that, if the window had been open and the distance not so far to earth, he should have jumped out and taken the consequences.

There are many other matters of interest that could be mentioned, which occurred during my school days in Rushford, but perhaps these will be sufficient.

I give some of the scholars as they come to mind: Copeland Gordon, Wesley Gordon, Hiram Gilbert, Amanda Gilbert, John B. Stewart, Albert A. Abbott, Orville Abbott, Abbie Abbott, A. L. Aldrich, Miss Grimard, Helen Doland, Ellen White, Stella White, Edwin A. Bartlett, Frank Thompson, Emma Thompson, Julia Thompson,

Frank McCall, Mary McCall, Mary Allen, Ellen Osborne, Sardis Rawson, Helen Merryfield, James Merryfield, America Lathrop, Julia Lathrop, Ellen Lathrop, Jennie Laning, Antoinette Kendall, Latham Higgins, Laura Higgins, Martha Higgins, O. T. Stacy, Mary Stacy, Ellen Stacy, Jennie Stacy, Peter Mead, Miriam Keyes, William E. Keyes, Sylvia Baker, Emma Baker, Tilden Hopkins, Michael Hanks, Mr. Piersons, Grace Hoyt, Kate Hoyt, Charles Burr, Amelia Burr, Jane Hammond, Marietta Hammond, Jonas Hammond, Helen Byrnes, Henry M. Teller, Willard Teller, Mr. Weaver, Webster Hardy, Asa Hardy, Lois Bell, Debias Worthington, Wm. H. Worthington, F. E. Woods, W. F. Woods, Murray Blanchard, Albert Bishop, Adaline Bishop, Solomon R. Seeley, Loretta Seeley, Ensworthy McKinney, Nathan Lyman, James Spofford, Orra Morris, Delos Graves, Harriet Cummings, Clinton Bond, H. G. Bond, C. W. Saunders, Frank Saunders, Wealthy Gleason, Joel G. Morgan, Hiram G. Coats, Bowan Gordon.

These were among those whom I knew during the terms of my attendance, and in my retrospective view, I plainly see them, each and all, as in the days of over fifty years ago.

Philomathean Society.

These notes were contributed largely by W. F. Bement, of Cuba, New York.

Not long after the opening of the Rushford Academy, the young men organized a Literary Society. It was finally named the Philomathean Society,

The room in the third story of the south-east corner of the building was obtained of the trustees for the purposes of the Society. Within, and with closed doors, the constitution was framed and, after much discussion upon the different clauses therein contained, adopted and signed by

the following members: C. W. and Frank Saunders, H. M. and William Teller, A. L. Aldrich, Delos Graves, Isaac Van Nostrand, Mr. Weaver, Frank Woods, Debias Worthington, John B. Stewart, Frank Thompson, Edwin A. Bartlett, Orrin Thrall Stacy, Tilden Hopkins, Joel G. Morgan, Hiram G. Bond, Francis Findley, A. A. Abbott, Orville Abbott and Murray Blanchard. Perhaps the names of some members have been omitted, but this is the list as far as can be ascertained. Charles Wesley Saunders of Belfast was President, and Joel G. Morgan of Freedom, Secretary. A fund was raised to furnish the room with carpet, chairs, settees, tables, lamps and chandelier.

Regular meetings were held once a week. There was public discussion in the Chapel at appointed times. Two members, who chose their own subject and had two weeks for preparation, were chosen to represent the Society.

The Society also maintained a course of lectures, which were open to the public, given by such men as Horace Mann, Dr. E. H. Chapin, Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, Frederick Douglass and Josh Billings. These speakers were expensive, but they drew large audiences. The Society paid expenses, with a surplus left in the treasury.

The years called the "Fifties" were those of political unrest both in Europe and America, and the questions which agitated those countries were discussed within the walls of the Philomathean Society, but none so completely engrossed its time and attention as that of slavery. They demonstrated that they were not only lovers of learning, but lovers of liberty as well; and many of them, in the Civil War that followed, gave their time and their lives in defence of their principles.

John B. Stewart, during the Kansas trouble, went from the school to that territory and was killed by a band of border ruffians. When the

news reached home an indignation meeting was held by the Society, and throughout the town indignation was freely expressed at this lawlessness.

Wm. Teller became a noted lawyer in Colorado. He was a brother of U. S. Senator Teller. Hiram Bond became a broker in New York, afterward Judge, and died suddenly while riding over a large estate in Oregon, where his son survives him.

During the administration of G. W. F. Buck the organization continued to flourish, and be more or less prosperous according as the students were interested in such work, until it adjourned "*sine die*."

Philomathean Lyceum.

B. F. BABBITT.

The Philomathean Lyceum was reorganized at the beginning of Professor Bean's principalship. Prior to that there had been one or more organizations of the same name, the last of which had been defunct several years, from a combination of complications, supplemented by the acute one of insolvency; presumably from the fact that its principal asset left to us as a legacy was a bill for several dollars, promptly presented by the drug store for kerosene, stationery and miscellaneous articles it had received. Whether its dictionary, reference books and the rest of its library and archives had been attached for debts, or attached in some other obvious way, is one of the uncertainties of those times. The record book of former purchases, the constitution and by-laws, weekly journal of its proceedings, and a worn copy of Cushing's Manual, safely past the period of being worth stealing, were the only visible relics of its past greatness.

Three of the school trustees favored a reorganization, two were indifferent or non-committal about it, and the sixth one, Dr. Mason, strenuously opposed it from beginning to end, and all

through the middle, alleging that its sessions had been invariably held behind closed doors, undirected and uncontrolled by the school authorities; that its influences were in a general way demoralizing, and much else of that general purport, without coming to tangible specifications. I suggested as a compromise, and to placate such as might be disposed to take his view of the matter, that the school teachers and trustees should be admitted upon courtesy whenever they might apply, but it apparently only confirmed his belief that it masked some sinister design.

After considerable manœuvring by various factions to give the Society a twist in certain directions the organization was perfected by adopting the original constitution, with the amendment last mentioned, as an all around conciliatory measure.

Of the membership at that time or during the two or three successive years in which I took a more or less active part in its proceedings and deliberations I now recall the names of: Samuel and Henry Talcott, the only ones that had been members of the previous organization; Rollin Houghton, John Renwick, King Smith, Alfred Green, Will Worden, Truman Wier, Burton Harrison, Willard Morrison, Forest Aiken, Alex. Conway, Winnie Persons, Bertie Bean, William B. Kivilen, Thomas and T. M. James, Frank Beaumont, Daniel Callihan, Henry Mason, W. H. Benson, Herbert Elmer, R. B. Laning, Lucian Hardy, E. C. Gilbert, Homer Tarbell, Fred Gordon, W. H. Leavens and W. D. Woods. Very likely I would recollect others upon the mention of their names.

I well remember being appointed upon a preliminary provisional committee of three, to devise ways and means and make recommendations for a new society. The committee handed in at least one report signed by a majority of its members

and two minority reports. - It subsequently developed that the committee itself was positively unanimous on the one question only, of admitting girls to membership upon equal terms with the boys. The directive influence of said committee, as well as the appreciation of femininity by the aforesaid membership, is well illustrated by the fact that the committee was actually able to command its own three votes only in the meeting it was submitted to. I remember thanking the meeting in behalf of the committee for their loyal and generous support of the measure, and complimenting their freedom from feminine allurements, and hoping that they might ever remain equally as free from various restraints.

The weekly sessions began with reading the minutes of the preceding meeting, and clearing the table of left-over business. Then followed a summary of the week's current events, without any comments whatsoever; then a short reading by rotation from some of the manuals on parliamentary usage, also selections from works upon political economy and civil government, with calls for comments, explanations, and so forth; a biographical sketch of some individual of this county; a declamation, or the reading of a few stanzas of poetry; and then the soul-torturing ordeal of making a three or five minutes' extemporaneous discourse upon any subject the presiding officer might see fit to give to the poor unfortunate, after his appearing and saluting the audience. If that did not put a quietus on loquacity, there never has been anything invented that either would or will. It is by all odds the worst contrivance to prompt one's forgetting apparatus imagination can conceive of. When it is just running under normal conditions, it will congest thoughts and paralyze purposes. People that can, apparently, talk a lifetime, after they have already told all they had to say and a considerable more, can be switched out

of reach of their particular hobbies, and hung up speechless. It will work exactly as well on a highly civilized, cultured being as it does with the ordinary, commonplace barbarian. Then came a debate upon some question of relevancy. All members had a chance to speak twice under such limitations as the amount of time available before eleven o'clock would warrant. The leaders had double the time of the others to sum up the evidence and dates already brought out, honoring (except in practice) the rule that no new evidence should then be introduced.

The most difficult intricacy was the selection of a question for the next meeting, the import or wording of which would not cause all or nearly all members to prefer one side of it. Last before adjournment came a pretty general and quite well deserved all-around calling down by the censors and critics. By the way, I cannot remember that any of the school trustees ever visited the Lyceum, while I was present, and it was very seldom that any of the teachers, excepting the Professor, was there. Quite a delegation of pretty girls was invariably in attendance, with somewhat embarrassing effects, at each open session.

Professor Bean was a very modest and sensitive man, so it would take him considerable time to recover and collect his scattered wits. I shall always remember the last time he ever volunteered in our Lyceum debates. The question involved some civil damage proposition to the Local Option Law. Mr. Houghton was leading the affirmative, and I was trying to lead the negative, or letting it go where it wanted to. Houghton had a peculiarity of elaborating ingenious theories, and then recapitulating them interrogatively and telling you that you must say *yes* or *no* to this. I knew by experience that either alternative would involve, in some manner, some ulterior implication or inference, and warned

my supporters to studiously evade them. When the debate was all through but summing up, Professor Bean was called upon for remarks. It happened that the question was one that he was deeply interested in as a temperance extremist, and much to my discomfort, proceeded to make what seemed to me to be a prepared speech, in which he several times repeated a stock phrase of his, "I'll stake my honor on this," and to make the matter still worse for my side of the case, he called my supporters and myself to account for not answering Houghton's innocent questions, when simply *yes* or *no* would do it, and insinuated that we had not treated Mr. Houghton fairly, etc. Then Houghton further amplified their obvious advantages in summing up the affirmative. I gathered up and classified what remnants of arguments and evidence we had left, in summing up for the negative, with a profound realization that our only hope lay in breaking the force, strength and connections of their argumentative structure, and as usual was desperately short of logic to do it with; so resorted to ridicule, expressing surprise that the Principal of the school should even try to induce the Lyceum to gamble by three times offering to "stake his honor," but that was not half so surprising as it was to have him think that the Lyceum might or would gamble on such an absurdly small and ridiculous bonus as a gambling Professor's "honor." I at once turned to Houghton's interrogatives (without any fear of their ulterior capabilities, for no one could speak again), intending to handle them barehanded at last. While doing so, I perceived by the purple crimson color of the Principal's face that he was thoroughly disconcerted, and asked him directly if those questions could be answered by *yes* or *no*. He nodded assent. Then I asked him if any question could be. He nodded his head again. "Very well," said I, "now just answer this one by simply say-

ing yes or no: "Have you stopped pounding your wife?" He has not answered it yet, but the debate was favorably decided soon. Although my boarding house was nearby his house, I did not walk down there with him that night, and was rather tardy at school the next morning, stopping in Sill's jewelry store just long enough to very quietly step into the school room during chapel services—but he did not speak to me about it until I met him on the Pennsylvania Railroad eleven years later.

Much could be learned by an observing person in a lyceum conducted as that one was, and it is gratifying, for instance, that not a single one of the numerous parliamentary blunders that have been made in our town caucuses, some of them causing factional divisions and alignments of many years' duration, has been caused by the stupidity of a single person that got a good thorough drilling in those tactics in the old Philomathean.

It is a pastime and recreation to trace memory's course backward into those delightful days of giddy hopes and glittering expectations, but it produces an impression that there is something fundamentally and radically wrong in chronological reckonings, then or now, for it really seems to me that there was just as much time between Christmas and the Fourth of July then as there is in a year now, and the period between the Fourth and Christmas then would duplicate another modern year.

Present Philomathean Society.

Soon after Frederick Leighton became Principal of the Rushford High School, in 1901, the subject of forming a literary society was agitated among the students, and the outcome was a meeting of those interested, and the election of the following officers: Ethel King, President; Ethel Tait, Vice-President; Allan Gilbert, Secretary;

Katherine Baldwin, Treasurer; Earl Kingsbury, Teller.

The name--Philomathean--was unanimously chosen, either from sentiment or as a characterization of its members. There were present at the first meeting, which was held in October, forty-two active and five associate members. The program consisted of music, readings and recitations, followed by a debate on the question--"Resolved, That woman should have political equality with man," which was decided in the affirmative.

Under the auspices of this Society a series of lectures and entertainments were furnished, which were liberally patronized by outsiders; and, in connection with the school, a paper called *The Banner* was published every month, containing original poems, essays, communications from former pupils and friends, school happenings and spicy editorial comments. Its life was brief, because of the added work and lack of financial support. The subscribers missed its cheery presence.

The Society still has a good membership and enthusiasm in its work. Debates form a part of the programs, and sometimes especially fine music is rendered.

The present officers (August, 1908), are H. Kendall Hardy, President; Millard Smith, Vice-President; Mary Baldwin, Secretary; Leighton Morris, Treasurer.

Its open meetings are enjoyed by the public.

The Mystic Society.

The following information regarding the organization and object of the Mystic Society of Rushford Academy was furnished by Prof. G. W. F. Buck of Pittsburg, Georgia, and the names of members collected by Mrs. M. B. Roberts:

Some time during the first terms of the Rush-

ford Academy there was formed a Literary Society for the benefit of the young men, but more especially for the young lady students, until the winter of 1859, when "the Mystic Society" was organized for debate, reading of essays, literary improvement in general and as a means of social enjoyment.

The membership was never numerous, but intended rather to be select and congenial. No name outside the school is found among the list of members except that of the late Mrs. Cynthia C. Woodworth, who was very helpful in all the public or semi-public enterprises, not only of the societies, but of the entire school. She came to be styled among the members the "*arbiter elegantum*." The list contains many who have made a name for themselves in literary circles. Among the honorary members we find the names of Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Lippincott), Fanny Fern (Mrs. Parton), Mrs. L. H. Sigourney and Cora L. V. Hatch, now Mrs. Richmond.

There were a few public sessions, but publicity was not much desired by this Society, more quiet means of culture being in keeping with the characters of most of its members. There was, however, one public session held in March, 1859, by the Mystics and Philomatheans which was long remembered. It was reported in full in the *Rushford News Letter*, and the report says: "It was such an entertainment as Prof. Buck may be proud to have repeated."

Many of the members from elsewhere, having finished their work and left for their homes, the Society was dissolved in the Spring of 1862.

Names of the Mystics as far as can be ascertained:

Ellen Green, Antoinette Kendall, Eleanor Sessions, Margaret Mary Williams, America Lathrop, Julia Lathrop, Mary McCall, Marian Keyes, Mary A. Freeman, Sarah Tufts, Julia Thompson,

Marietta Hammond, Myra Freeman, Sylvia Baker, Emma Baker, Emily Bridgeman, Lydia Bridgeman, Helen Doland, Louise McKinney.

Polyhymnian.

Address delivered by MYRTIE EMILY NYE,
Rushford Centennial.

MADAM PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Dear Friends, all—When I received Miss Lyman's letter asking me to talk to you for five minutes, I was both surprised and pleased. Pleased that you remembered me, but surprised at your asking me to do it, and the only alluring thing about it, which made me say "Yes," was that she said five minutes, and used the word "talk." You know I couldn't write a paper if I tried, and I never in all my life made a speech, but I can *talk* all day. Don't be alarmed! I'm not going to do it, and even if I wanted to, I have a cousin in the audience, who has promised to hold up her watch if I talk over five minutes.

The Polyhymnian Society was organized in the fall of 1878, during the time Professor Spooner was Principal of our school—in fact he was its originator. Well do I remember one afternoon when a paper was passed around the senior department stating the need of such a society, as the time in school for the study of literature was too short.

The first meeting was held in the old Lyceum Room, Thursday evening, October 3rd, 1878. The following persons were present: Professor M. L. Spooner, H. C. Elmer, D. Callahan, H. R. Charles, F. E. White, C. Crowell, H. E. Tarbell, G. D. Ryder, E. C. Gilbert, O. L. Elliott, Helen J. White, Jennie Laning, Kate Lundrigan, Nellie E. Persons, Esther Wilmot, Myrtie E. Nye, Verna Gordon and Ella Farwell. All but D. Callahan joined the Society.

The following officers were elected: President, E. C. Gilbert; Vice-President, Helen J. White; Secretary, O. L. Elliott; Treasurer, Jennie Laning; Corresponding Secretary, H. C. Elmer. Three committees were appointed, the first to frame the constitution and by-laws, the second to select reading matter, and the third to prepare a program for the next meeting. The Vice-President always took charge of the class. We studied Shakespeare three evenings out of four, and on the fourth took up the work of other poets.

We read "Julius Caesar", "Macbeth", "Hamlet", "Merchant of Venice", "Comedy of Errors" and "Romeo and Juliet". We also took up "The Lady of the Lake" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" by Scott; Tennyson's "Locksley Hall", "Maud" and "The Holy Grail"; Whittier's "Snow Bound", and Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor".

Our class study generally lasted about an hour. Following the class work we had a short intermission, after which the business of the Society was disposed of, and then we had what we termed our miscellaneous program, much enjoyed by all. It consisted usually of recitations, orations, music, extemporaneous speeches and discussions, mostly indulged in by the boys.

At one time we decided to have a lawsuit—a mock murder trial. Herbert C. Elmer was the judge, Eddy C. Gilbert and Orrin Leslie Elliott the lawyers. Some one made up a gruesome tale of Calvin Crowell's poisoning his wife, so he might marry his charming housekeeper, Nellie. We thought it might last a couple of hours, and answer for a miscellaneous program for two evenings, but it lasted several evenings, and not only were our own members interested, but our little room was crowded to its utmost capacity with townspeople, and we would stay until the midnight hour, much to the disgust of our fond parents.

Puffed up with the success of this venture, we decided to have another—a Breach of Promise suit—but this fell flat—blighted affection seemed of little interest beside the poisoning of a wife.

In spite of the fact that some of our elders spitefully said it was rightly named “Polyhymnian”, as it was only a meeting place for the “Pollys” to be taken home by the “Hims”, we derived much benefit therefrom, and I never read or hear one of those plays or poems which we studied with just the same feeling I have for other literature, and I’m sure other members will agree with me.

The membership was chiefly made up from the senior department in school. The last meeting of the Polyhymnian Society was held May 1st, 1883.

Memory Pictures.

SARAH FORD CROSBY.

We'll ask Time to turn backward for forty odd years
And paint us some pictures that will drive away tears.
What object is that on the street that we see?
It is coming this way! Is it an animated teepee?
You must be a stranger—It's Miss Ford and her cloak
That the ladies presented—out to walk with her flock.
As many as can, have a hand on the border
And a score or less primaries are all under cover.
There's *one* holds her hand who has marvelous eyes
And for *Frank* the years held the State's highest prize.

There sits Professor McIntyre, seen dimly perhaps,
For he had fever and then a relapse;
By his side is your servant—but she's not aware
That she's hastened to school without her back hair,
Strange oversight, for the waterfalls we wore
Much resembled the pack Bunyan's Pilgrim once bore.
This faded grey woman “shrunk away in her wear”
Was more than forty years younger when she sat in that chair.
Will any one now say she was never that fair?
Misses Lyman and Freeman are all nice and trim;
Miss Thompson's skilled fingers ready to music the hymn;

Miss Campbell came later when the preachers grew tired
 To help with the Latin and what else was required.
 Professor Sayles and his wife came as they said they would
 come

To forward the work years before they'd begun.
 The teachers are competent ; that picture complete
 We'll now strike the bell and fill every seat.

There are the boys and girls you all know ;
 A hundred are seated there, row after row,
 Adams and Ackerly was the way they began
 And all your best names down the alphabet ran.
 I'd name all their names if you'd give me time,
 But I've less than five minutes to jingle this rhyme.
 How did we manage them? We had but one rule ;
 They managed themselves, for love ruled the school.
 All were decorous and studious—even submitting to spell
 Though they knew every word—as Sarah Mason can tell,
 And after ten years had in history occurred
 They sent me some letters never missing a word.
 And when the fever laid Professor aside,
 And between the two rooms I myself did divide,
 With the help of the pastors we carried them through
 And marked them all perfect. Didn't they whisper? A few.
 Do you think that those boys and those girls in their teens
 Found nothing to study but on the program was seen?
 They were as wise as the birds in the trees,
 "And became of each other devout devotees."
 And though I talked long and explained without measure,
 Some failed to appropriate cube root as their treasure.

Hattie Stebbins and Norton often laughed at the way
 They let Cupid trick them in that far away day.
 Was I proud of my classes? Proud of them? Quite.
 Reading German with Mary Lathrop and Viola White
 If it did make me study far into the night.
 And the conspicuous absence of gum chewing to-day
 Proves Charley Howser's gum class did good in a way.

The Exhibition at closing was a flourish so grand,
 No wonder our pupils are the pride of the land!

There's the doctor, and lawyer, and merchant and priest
 And farmer and orator and gubernatorial chief !
 Let Rushford recount all her products, the completest
 Will be boys and girls, then, now, *forever*, the sweetest
 Till all of her goodies, even her maple molasses,
 Can never compare with her lads and her lassies. .
 And of all the dear "old pictures that hang on memory's
 wall"
 Rushford and Rushford Academy are among the dearest of
 all.

Old School Days.

CORNELIA GILMAN GREEN.

School Days! The name has a magic sound, carrying us back to hours free from care, and to the dear teachers and schoolmates.

Professor Sayles was a most excellent teacher and a fine disciplinarian; his assistants, Professor Bean and his wife, Jane Hammond, who (in those days) I looked upon as a walking encyclopædia, and our dear music teacher, Aurora Bailey. Fond memories cluster around the dear old days.

The records show many pupils educated in the old Academy, of whom Rushford may be proud.

I must recall one incident that has probably been forgotten by all except those who took part in the play, the time we students presented Uncle Tom's Cabin, to raise money for painting the building, Volney Mills taking the part of Uncle Tom; Lottie Young little Eva, and a capital Eva she was, too; Louis Bell the character of Topsy, and a better Topsy I have never seen. Our first night we could not accommodate the crowd, and were obliged to repeat. Then we were invited to play at Belfast, a great compliment to our acting, we thought, and a greater benefit to our fund, enabling Mr. Archibald Adams to proceed with his work.

The many years that have passed! I still retain the composition book when Kate Woods and

I were the happy ones chosen for the honor of being the Editresses. My school friends have always held a very dear place in my heart, and I anticipated seeing many of them here. Time has made so many changes in us all, that we do not always recognize them as our old school friends, but we should be known to each as Jack and Nell, and the dear names we used to know, and extend the welcome hand of greeting, that we may again renew old friendships and talk of bygone days. Few there are left to answer to roll call.

Reminiscences of Rushford School Days.

AN ADDRESS BY

HERBERT C. ELMER, M.A., Ph.D.

It seems to me that, taken as a whole, the present week is the most interesting week that Rushford has ever seen. And to me the most interesting day of this interesting week has been School Day. The day has called together a good many people. But I venture to say there is not another person here who has as many reasons as I have for being deeply interested in the Rushford School. In the first place, if you will glance directly across the street, you will see the house in which I was born—the house now occupied by D. C. Woods. When I first opened my eyes upon this world, one of the first things I saw was this old school-building. Every time I went out of doors, throughout the first few years of my childhood, it was this building that first caught my eye. Then I moved with my parents further up town. But, not to be deprived of the familiar sight, I began to come down here every day to school, and I continued to come every day afterward till I was nineteen years old. Then I went to college.

After finishing my college course, one of the first things I did was to send an old college chum of mine, my very best friend, Mr. Maguire, to

become Principal of the Rushford School (and, by the way, he brought the School to a higher state of efficiency than it had known for many years). A little later, after I became a member of the Faculty of Cornell University, I proceeded to send here at different times various pupils of mine to take charge of the School. Then the Rushford School began to send some of its graduates down to Cornell, and I am glad to say that one of these proved to be among the very best students I have ever had, and stood near the head of her class at Cornell. Again, only last year, we elected another graduate of the Rushford School to our Phi Beta Kappa Society—an honorary fraternity to which we elect each year a select few of the best scholars in the junior and senior classes. And I was glad indeed to welcome him into this organization as a brother Phi Beta Kappa.

Is there any other person present who has been so closely connected with the School from his birth to his old age (you see my grey hairs) as I have? As I said at the outset, I claim to have a larger number of reasons for an undying interest in the Rushford School than any other person. If anyone present can dispute this claim, let him speak now, or forever after hold his peace!

During the exercises in the school yard this afternoon, we heard a song entitled "School Days." I knew we could never get through the day without that song. But did you ever notice that there is a little something wrong with that song? Listen to the words of it:

"School days, school days,
Good old golden-rule days,
Reading and writing and 'rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of a hickory stick," etc.

I do not know who wrote that song, but, whoever it was, I am very sure that his school days were not spent here in Rushford. He says his school days were the "good old *golden-rule* days." Now,

the golden-rule, as I understand it, tells us to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. No one paid much attention to that rule in the old Rushford school days. I remember that our teachers, for instance, used to do all sorts of things to us that they would not have wanted us to do to them. Think of the switching and the hand-spatting, and the ear-boxing and the hair-pulling! And think, too, of those naughty boys who used to put bent pins in our seats! Surely, the golden rule was not much in evidence in those days. And yet, after all, those days were all right, as we look back upon them now. We would not give up one of those memories. Who of us does not enjoy telling about that warming-up his teacher once gave him for pulling the chair out from under little Willie? And as for those bent pins in our seats, they played an important part in our education. They taught us how to suffer and endure, and to look pleasant, all at the same time, and any one who has learned how to do that has learned a very useful lesson.

The "hickory stick" part of the song reminds me of what one of our old Rushford teachers once told my father. He said there used to be two boys in our school who were always up to so much deviltry that they deserved a sound "thrashing," but they always had their lessons so well that he could never bring himself to the point of giving it to them. I don't mind telling you, confidentially, that one of those boys was Will Benson. The other boy, for reasons of a private nature, I must refrain from naming.

I remember that in the old days the attic of this school building used to be a wonderful and mysterious place. In those days there were various rooms up there, used by the different literary and debating societies. The oratory that used to thunder forth from those upper regions was something astonishing. The logic of the speakers

swept everything before it, and great political questions were often definitely settled there in one short evening. Some of these questions, I believe, were afterward reopened in the United States Congress, but that is not surprising, as the people down there had had no opportunity of hearing our debates. I remember that one of the shining lights of our old debating society in those days was Ralph Laning. No matter how carefully I had prepared an argument, I always knew that Ralph's logic would probably knock it endwise, and leave me speechless.

But I must not indulge in too many reminiscences. Our minds are carrying us all backward to-day to old times that throng with memories never to be forgotten—memories that make us not merely fond of the old School, but proud of it. I do not believe that you can find another school anywhere in the United States, *in a village of the size of Rushford*, that can boast of having turned out a larger number of men who have achieved distinguished success than the Rushford School.

We may well be proud of the past of the Rushford School. I understand that it once had no less than three hundred academic pupils. We can hardly hope that it will ever again enjoy such prosperity as that. But we *may* hope and expect that it will continue to do a great and good work in this community, and that it will continue to turn out men and women who will go out into the world with high aims and purposes, determined to do their full share of the world's work, and prepared to do it well.

A Synopsis of H. R. Gillette's Address School Day.

Among the interesting reminiscences given on School Day were those of V. R. Gillette, a man of eighty, with the heart of a boy. He told of his mastery of Colburn's Mental Arithmetic before being allowed to use slate and pencil; of his ask-

ing the teacher, Mr. Thomas Gordon, what he would give him to do the work in the higher book without assistance. Mr. Gordon laughed at the idea, but said "ten cents." He went to work without thought of the reward, but to see what he could do. In those days one had to sit with his back to the school in order to use the desk. He became so absorbed in his work that he was not aware of anything that was going on in the room, and he earned his ten cents. He then took up algebra. His method was never to give up and fly to the teacher at the first failure, but to keep on striving until he was successful.

When he was sixteen he began his work of teaching at ten dollars per month, "boarding around." He had heard that there were two boys belonging to the school which he had engaged to teach, who had twice before succeeded in ousting the master, and of course considered themselves too large to be ruled by a boy, but he was young and believed that kindness with charity would conquer. For several days all went well, but when sliding down hill began, these two would deliberately slide once more, paying no attention to the call of the bell. He remonstrated with them, but to no effect. This continued for about a week, and finding that kind words made no impression upon them, he decided to try Dr. Beech. Accordingly, he cut two swamp beech gads, as they were called; toughened them in the ashes, and was ready. When they came in at noon, he told them he would now settle with them. He had taken the precaution to place within reach the six foot iron poker, so they knew he meant to defend himself. They were so taken by surprise that they offered no resistance. He used up his whips, and the boys declared if he would spare their lives they would make no further trouble. They kept their word, and all went well. This was the only time he ever had to use the rod to conquer. Some years after

they visited him, and told him that flogging was the making of them.

His next school was in the Wheeler, Ackerly and Bannister district. Three of the former pupils of this school, Parker Woodworth aged eighty-six, Andrew Ackerly seventy-nine, and Hosea Ackerly seventy-seven, were sitting on the rostrum; and, when telling of this year's work, he said, "Boys, stand up." Then he said that the only other pupil of this school, who, to his knowledge, was living, was Albert Bannister, of Pasadena, California. This school was harmonious in every respect.

He taught a number of terms after this, and as he gained in experience he received larger wages. He told of the "boarding around," the log houses, and waking many a morning to find the bed covered with snow, but at night the good woman of the house would warm the bed with a warming pan. Those were days of large schools, sometimes seventy pupils, and numberless things were required that we never hear of now, such as making and mending quill pens, writing copies and so forth. He thought one great advantage in boarding around was making the acquaintance of the families and observing their modes of management.

Throughout all his remarks, one could see that kindness and firmness were the leading factors in his discipline.

The Alumni Association of the Rushford High School.

Music.....	Orchestra
	Niobe, Overture, Mackie Beyer.
Address of Welcome.....	Winifred Merrill, '06
Response.....	Grover James, '08
Song.....	Alumni
Original Poem.....	Lucy S. Poate, '02



ETHEL KING, MYRTIE METCALF BUSH, RUTH LANING

Paper.....	Cora Beaumont, '89
My Trip to the Black Hills	
Piano Solo.....	Anna Merrill, '04
La Czarine, Louis Ganne	
Recitation.....	Helena Murray, '06
An Old Sweetheart of Mine	
Greetings from Absent Alumni Members	
Reader, Allan Gilbert, '03	
Music.....	Orchestra
Diamond Necklace Overture, J. Hermann.	
Remarks.....	Friends and Members of Alumni
Song.....	Alumni
Music.....	Orchestra
Koontown Koonlets	
Adjournment of Members of Alumni Association	
to Informal Reception at Agricultural Hall.	

OFFICERS OF THE ALUMNI.

President.....	Winifred Merrill
Vice-President.....	Marena Woods
Secretary.....	May Brady
Treasurer.....	Bessie Poate

Our Alumni.

WORDS BY ZELLA W. SPENCER.

Our Alumni gladly greet we,
Once again on this glad eve ;
Gathered in from plough and college,
We shall all be loath to leave.

CHORUS.

Our Alumni, dear Alumni,
Is a union strong and true;
And we will our Rushford honor,
As each year we meet with you.

As we here have met together,
Each will try to pleasure give,
And to make this hometime coming
A bright star, toward which we live.

Chorus.

Toasts and singing we delight in,
 All of which are very fine;
 And we'll listen to the music,
 Which is rendered in true time.

Chorus.

Oh! The School Board, and the supper,
 We do need them each you see;
 Do not ask us which we'll part with,
 That would spoil our jubilee.

Chorus.

When the program all is ended,
 We will say to each, adieu,
 And we'll turn our footsteps homeward,
 On the streets which are so few.

Chorus.

Address of Welcome.

August 20th, 1908, given by Winifred Merrill,
 President of the Alumni.

The clock of time has struck the centennial hour of the settlement of Rushford, and no man or woman would consider the festivities of this week complete without a prominent part being given to Rushford's greatest pride—"The Academy" of half a century ago—"The High School" of to-day. We younger ones have always been taught to believe that the Rushford Academy was the best school in Western New York. The exercises and speeches of this afternoon have furnished conclusive proof that the half has never been told.

It is my happy privilege to extend greetings to the many visitors and former students of this school, to this, the annual meeting of the Rushford Alumni Association. The love and patriotism of a nation have crystallized into one word, the most significant in the English language, the royal word "Welcome." It shook Manhattan Isle from center to circumference when the

Olympia cast her anchor in the bay and Admiral Dewey came back to his own. It has formed an unbroken chorus from the Atlantic to the Pacific since ever the first battleship of our Atlantic fleet, after its long journey around Cape Horn, steamed through the Golden Gate of California, and "Fighting Bob" and the boys sighted "Home Sweet Home." This country will be wild with enthusiasm, and welcomes will be bubbling up everywhere when this same white squadron under the command of Rear-Admiral Sperry, after its unparalleled cruise and visit to the Orient, shall steam again into American waters. But there can be no welcome more heartfelt and sincere than that which we tender to you.

In behalf of the Alumni Association of the Rushford High School, I welcome you, former residents of Rushford, to this your old home town. Students of the old Academy, we welcome you here. Thrice welcome, former principals and teachers who labored so earnestly for our school; and greetings to you, members of the Alumni who have returned to grace this occasion with your presence. Members of the Board of Education, you who so unselfishly and untiringly labor for the welfare of the school, we bid you welcome. We are pleased also to welcome here this evening the principal for the ensuing year, Lester C. Sterner. If the pupils of to-day are as full of mischief as they were half a century ago, he will need to possess "Sterner" qualities. I rejoice to greet you, one and all. From many states you have journeyed during the past week to meet in Rushford at this Centennial. You planned to come, not because of the expectation of grand parades, Wild West shows or Coney Island attractions; not because, perchance, you needed a change of air and scene; not because you wished to get away from home, for above all things earthly we love our homes; but because

you were to meet and greet beloved friends of early days, and because you hold in loving and tender memory Rushford's old Academy with its associations. You are welcome here this evening. The voices that bid you welcome are many and faithful and true.

Many of you were students here in the old days before the Alumni was organized. As we look up the records we are proud to find that some have written their names high on the roll of fame. Among the number is United States Senator Henry M. Teller. Another filled with honor the Governor's chair of this Great Empire State, Frank Wayland Higgins. Some have donned the ermine of the bench, while yet others as musicians, ministers, lawyers, doctors, editors, have won for themselves enviable positions. With these illustrious examples before us, may the members of our Alumni not lower the standard, but all strive to do their best, and some at least, inscribe their names equally as high.

We have been fortunate in having as principals of our school, men of high moral and intellectual standards. Of course each class naturally thought its principal the best. Each man has had his own particular characteristics. Of all of Mr. Sayles' numerous qualities we are told his strongest points were correct English and the use of a black snake whip. Being himself the author of a grammar, it is reasonable to infer that he would have been horrified to hear his pupils reply in answer to a question "You bet," or "It's up to you," or remark "Now what do you know about that?" We dare say Mr. Buck would have been equally as shocked to hear a student of his, when struggling with a problem in mathematics, say he was "up against it." Mr. Maguire's specialty was history, and he insisted upon his students learning long lists of dates. This being so, doubtless their very footfalls seemed to echo "1492-1620-1776-

1812." Then there was Mr. Harris who ruled by love and whose characteristics seemed—order; his motto being "Order is Heaven's first law." Mr. Leighton's hobby was arithmetic. He thought arithmetic, taught arithmetic, talked arithmetic, and perhaps he *tried* to sing it. Thus some particular trait of each teacher will linger in the minds of their pupils.

To you, the class of nineteen hundred and eight, we accord a special welcome, for we welcome you as members of our Alumni. Henceforth you are one with us. The Rushford High School owes much to the early members of this organization, whose intrepid courage gave it birth. The inevitable changes incident to passing years and constantly broadening scope have in no way lessened their loyalty. Although many of the members are so situated that they are unable to be often present at our annual meetings, they are held in loving reverence. Since our organization in 1888, over one hundred members have been enrolled and only one has passed to the homeland—Mary R. Thomas.

We would that all the members of our Alumni were here to greet you, but this could not be. One is accompanying our battleships on their journey to the East; another holds an honored position in Manila, while others are scattered all over this fair land of ours, from the Rock-ribbed hills of Maine to where the waves of the Pacific wash the golden sands of California; from the frozen shores of Lake Superior to the sunny South-land.

"Some in this vale of quiet,
They're happiest, linger still;
No breath of the wild world's riot
Breaks over yonder hill.
Some mix in the din terrific
Of the marts by Atlantic's tide;
Some by the vast Pacific
In glens of bliss abide.

One to a realm so distant,
 Has taken her course remote;
 Though our anguish moans persistent,
 No answers back to us float."

The golden gate of graduation swings open only after years of hard work. We do not for a moment think our school days are over. Ah, no! They are but just begun, for whether in school or work shop, college halls or on the farm, we are still in life's school and are learning new lessons every day. While we greet you, we would also advise you to aim high. You will not reach higher than you aim. "Hitch your wagon to a star" and patiently follow on. The traces may break, the roads be hard and steep, but ever upward, still upward, keep climbing.

The twentieth century is upon us with its many doors of opportunities. We must fill faithfully the position we now occupy, keep our eyes open for opportunities for progress and grasp them when they are presented. In order to do this we must be our real selves. We are measured by what we really are. Pretension never abolished slavery, never opened to a darkened China the way to Christ by breaking down the walls of superstition and ignorance, never won a Gettysburg, captured a Manila, nor sank a Cervera's fleet. To climb the ramparts of success we must work. If there were no Alps to climb, no Vicksburgs to be taken, there would be no incentive to work. It has been said that "the great highroad of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well being and well doing, and they who are the most persistent and work in the truest spirit will invariably be the most successful; success treads on the heels of every right effort."

Once again I bid you welcome.

We welcome you to Rushford town,
 To peerless clime, to wondrous view;
 We welcome you to hearts and homes,
 A country welcome, warm and true.

Poem by Lucy Marsh Poole.

Recited Alumni Evening, Rushford Centennial.

This is the night on which our dreams
 Flit backward thro' the misty years,—
 Forgot our present hopes and fears,
 The vanished past, the present seems.

The same hall answers to our tread,
 The old familiar faces smile,
 Dead friendships are revived awhile,
 And gaily the old greetings said.

Fellow alumni, you recall
 This night, your own commencement day.
 Picture once more, as best you may,
 Yourself within this dear old hall.

You sat upon this self same stage,
 You felt yourself admired of all,
 You heard the plaudits in the hall,
 And rose to read your essay sage.

It was an effort trite and true,
 And writ on some time honored theme.
 Of paper it required a ream,
 And it was tied with ribbon blue.

It settled the affairs of state,
 Or censured fashion's foolish laws,
 You dealt in proverbs and wise saws,
 Or dabbled with the hand of fate.

Your subjects deep were scorned by some,
 Unlettered these, an untaught few,
 For our alumni, since they knew
 Their own past follies, would be dumb.

Ah! there upon the stage that night
 What hopes you had for future days!
 With what high hearts upon life's ways
 Would you life's hardest battle fight!

For one he would a lawyer be,
 And one would in the pulpit stand,
 And some to be physicians planned,
 And some, old maids—like me, you see.

A lawyer grave would be our Kate,
 And engineering stunts she'd do,
 With dabs of art, and Latin, too,
 But she's turned schoolmarm, such is fate!

One lad, he would a trapper be,
 For Xmas gifts he sold the hide,
 But at the Xmas tree he sighed,—
 The girls all gave him traps, you see.

But blush not, though your dreams be far,
 Within your hearts we cannot see;
 We know not what you hoped to be,
 We only see you as you are.

Five score and more there are of you,
 Of some we fain would further speak;
 These from among you let us seek,
 An honored and a favored few.

And there is one for whom we know
 A pride too deep to be expressed,
 Chosen among your ranks the best,
 Across the broad Atlantic go!

Your honor we must feel as ours,
 Our Alma Mater's daughter, you,
 A daughter, earnest, gracious, true,
 Redeeming fully all your powers.

And there are some who from our school
 With scholarships to college went.
 To Syracuse, Cornell, we sent,
 And they proved wonders,—as a rule.

For one, the country with his costumes rung,
 Broken the promise of his youth,
 For then he ran, but now, forsooth,
 He rides the country roads among.

One laddie sails the ocean blue,
 Brave Herbert is a midshipmate,
 Strange tidings he doth homeward write,—
 O Temperance Union, be they true?

And one, our next year's president,
 A matronly and gracious dame,
 Will surely win undying fame
 On parliamentary learning bent.

Wits would our Rushford pace deride,
 But courage! we are not so slow.
 We have our weddings, too, you know,
 All honor to Old Home Week's bride!

This lawyer in a Western town
 In boyhood loved the dance so gay,—
 The waltz and two-step, so they say,
 But now he talks the wisest down.

And one, that golden headed youth,
 A gallant swain in days of yore,
 But married now, he flirts no more,
 A printer's devil he, forsooth.

A cat has nine lives, so they say,
 Seven operations on one's pet,
 And seven from nine leaves two lives yet,—
 The doctor's cat lives to this day.

Fellow alumni, I am through,
 My muse is halting at the best,
 At more of her you would protest,
 So let me bid you each adieu.

Dear school, I cannot say good-bye.
 Could I forget those pleasant ways
 Through which I walked in school girl days,
 Then could I part without a sigh.

O Alma Mater, tender, true,
 We have no need to say farewell,
 For always in our hearts you dwell,
 An ever present memory, you.

(Copy of the Charter of the Rushford Academy
 granted in 1852.)

**The Regents of the University of the State of
 New York.**

To all to whom these Presents shall or may
 come, GREETING:

WHEREAS, ISAIAH LATHROP and others, by an instrument in writing under their hands, bearing date the twenty-first day of February, in the year 1852, after stating that they had contributed more than one-half in value of the real and personal property and estate collected or appointed for the use and benefit of the Academy erected at the town of Rushford to the County of Allegany, did make application to us the said Regents, that the said Academy might be incorporated and become subject to the visitation of us and our successors, and that Bates T. Hapgood, Samson Hardy, Titus Bartlet, John Holmes, Isaac Stone, William Gordon, Oliver D. Benjamin, Charles Benjamin, Israel Thompson, Washington White, Robert Norton, William Merryfield, James Gordon, 2d, John G. Osborn and Alonzo H. Damon might be Trustees of the said Academy by the name of

RUSHFORD ACADEMY.

Now KNOW YE, That we the said Regents, having inquired into the allegations contained in the



ISAIAH LATHROP

instrument aforesaid, and found the same to be true, and it having been made to appear to our satisfaction, that the said Academy is endowed with suitable academic buildings, library and philosophical apparatus of the value of at least Two thousand five hundred dollars, and conceiving the said Academy calculated for the promotion of Literature, do by these presents, pursuant to the Statute in such case made and provided, signify our approbation of the incorporation of the said Bates T. Hapgood, Samson Hardy, Titus Bartlet, John Holmes, Isaac Stone, William Gordon, Oliver D. Benjamin, Charles Benjamin, Israel Thompson, Washington White, Robert Norton, Wm. Merryfield, Jas. Gordon, 2d, Jno. G. Osborn and Alonzo P. Damon by the name of RUSHFORD ACADEMY being the name mentioned in and by the said request in writing, *on condition* that the said endowment shall never be diminished in value below Two thousand five hundred dollars, and that the same shall never be applied to purposes other than for public academic instruction.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have caused our common seal to be hereunto affixed,
 (SEAL) and the names of our Chancellor and Secretary to be hereunto subscribed, the fourth day of March, in the year 1852.

G. W. LANSING, Chancellor.

T. ROMEYN BECK,
 Secretary.

Catalogue of Rushford Academy,
RUSHFORD ACADEMY
 Course of Instruction.
 TEXT BOOKS, RATES OF TUITION,
 Prices of Board.
 Room Accommodations, Regulations,
 and
 GENERAL REMARKS.
 Rushford, N. Y.
 1854.

OFFICERS—BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Mr. JOHN HOLMES,	Mr. WM. J. BURR, M.D.,
Mr. ISRAEL THOMPSON,	Mr. WASHINGTON WHITE,
Mr. TITUS BARTLETT,	Mr. SAMSON HARDY,
Mr. A. K. ALLEN,	Mr. WM. MCCALL, M.D.,
Mr. ROBT. NORTON,	Mr. J. G. OSBORNE,
Mr. JAS. GORDON, 2nd,	Mr. AVERY WASHBURN.

President:

TITUS BARTLETT.

Secretary & Treasurer:

ROBT. NORTON.

Librarian:

IRA SAYLES.

BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.

Principal:

IRA SAYLES, A. M.

Male Assistant:

W. W. BEAN.

Preceptress:

MISS ELIZABETH S. COLE.

Teacher in French:

MRS. C. S. SAYLES.

Teacher in Music:

MRS. E. P. BARRY.

Teacher in the Primary Department:

MISS M. B. B. SAYLES.

Teacher in Penmanship:

THOS. C. POUND.

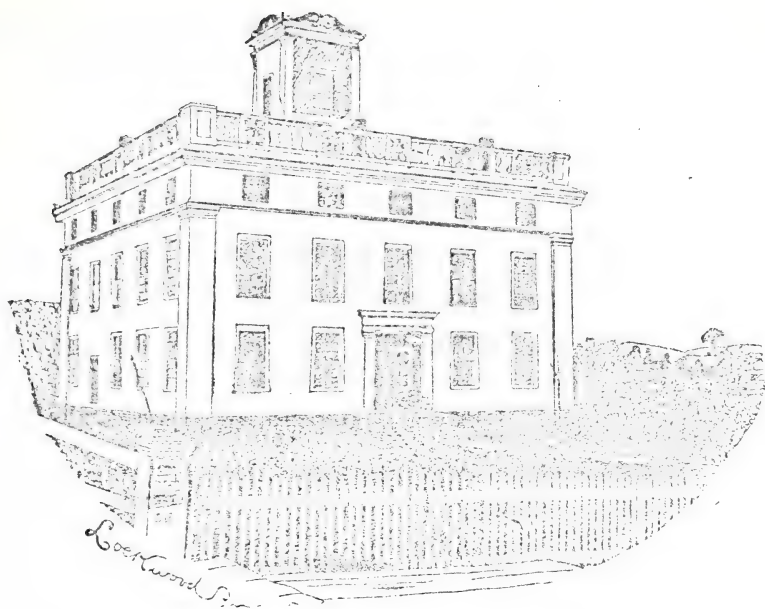
SUMMARY.

Of the Academic Department:

Whole number of Males..... 158

“ “ “ Females 164

“ “ “ Students 322



THE ACADEMY IN 1856



THE HIGH SCHOOL 1908

Of the Primary Department:

Whole number of Boys.....	32
“ “ “ Girls	28
“ “ “ Pupils	<u>60</u>

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

Any individual who is desirous of attending some of the Higher Institutions of Learning, for any length of time, will be cheerfully received, and accommodated to suit his convenience for time, and for choice of study; but to all who are anxious to fit themselves for the stirring duties of active life, the Trustees of this Institution beg leave to recommend especial attention to their adopted Academic Course of Instruction, remarking that it is especially designed to meet the wants of the community in general. It is planned to occupy four years' study, from the first of the course to its close; though it may be completed in less time. The following is the course, viz.:

English Language and Literature..	Six	Terms
Pure Mathematics.....	Nine	“
Natural Sciences and Applied Mathematics	Ten	“
Intellectual and Ethical Sciences....	Eleven	“

This constitutes the regular course for Young Men; so that, as there are three terms in the year, three recitations daily, will complete the course in four years.

The Young Ladies' course may vary from this, by dropping four terms' study in Mathematics, and substituting, instead, an equal amount of Instrumental Music, or Drawing and Painting.

The Departments are three: A Primary, designed for the youngest and least advanced scholars, and a Regular Academic Department, subdivided into a Male Department and a Female Department.

STUDIES PURSUED IN EACH DEPARTMENT.

Primary Department.—Reading and Spelling, Penmanship, Arithmetic as far as through the simple rules, simple Descriptive Geography, General Outlines of History; Comstock's "First Lessons in Natural History," Comstock's "First Lessons in Botany," Lambert's "First Book in Physiology and Anatomy"; One term in English Grammar, Writing Simple Sentences, Exercises in Mental Arithmetic.

Regular Academic Department.—Common Branches, Arithmetic as far as to Involution and Evolution, in practical works, Geography as in "Smith's Quarto," History as in Willard's "United States," English Grammar; second term, Derivation of the English Language, as in Lynd's "Etymological Class Book."

Higher Branches—Mathematics: Higher Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Conic Sections and Surveying; English Language and Literature, Higher English Grammar, English Composition, Rhetoric, Critical Exercises in the Structure and Use of Language; Intellectual, Moral and Ethical Sciences; Logic, Intellectual Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, Natural Theology, History of Civilization, Science of Government, Aesthetical Philosophy; Natural Sciences and Applied Mathematics; Chemistry, Physiology and Anatomy, Natural Philosophy, Botany, Geology, Astronomy, Mapping and Use of Globes, and Physical Geography.

Irregular Studies.—Book-Keeping, Mathematics, Analytical Geometry, Calculus, Engineering, Analytical Mechanics, Mathematical Astronomy.

Languages—Latin Language and Literature,
—Greek "
—German "

Ornamental Branches—Oil Painting, Embroidery, Drawing and Sketching, Piano Music, Water Painting, Monochromatic Painting.

EXPENSES.

Primary Department.....	\$3 00
Academic Department, Common Branches	4 00
" " Higher "	} 5 00
Ancient Languages	
Modern	

EXTRAS.

Piano Music, with use of Instrument....	\$10 00
Oil Painting	7 00
Water Painting.....	2 50
Monochromatic Painting	2 50
Embroidery	2 50
Incidental Expenses, in all cases.....	25

Board in private families, including room, lodging, fuel, not to exceed \$2 per week.

Note 1.—Classes will be formed in the Irregular Studies whenever sufficient call for them is made.

Note 2.—Frequent Scientific Lectures, illustrated with appropriate apparatus, will be given free of charge to students.

Note 3.—It will be seen, that, aside from books and clothing, the expenses need not exceed, at most, thirty-three dollars and a half per term, and, by boarding one's self, need not exceed one-half this sum. What young man, or young woman, cannot do something towards fitting himself or herself for the coming events of the great future to which all are surely hastening?

LIBRARY.

This is, as yet, quite limited; but it was selected with special reference to the wants of both teacher and pupils, in the prosecution of the various branches of study pursued.

APPARATUS.

This is more than ordinarily full and complete. It is of the best character, and of the widest range of application.

ROOMS AND ACCOMMODATIONS.

As many students prefer to board themselves, the Academy Building has in its upper story rooms for the accommodation of about thirty-six. Some rooms may also be obtained for the same purpose in the village; otherwise, board is at all times to be had in private families. None need leave for want of accommodation.

REGULATIONS.

First Class of Disciplinary Offenses.—Neglect of Studies; Neglect of School Exercises; Leaving the Neighborhood of the School without excuse previously obtained; Attending Parties of Pleasure, without excuse previously obtained—Public Balls are especially prohibited; Smoking or Chewing Tobacco in or about the Academic Premises or Buildings; Keeping late hours, in the Academic Building; Congregating about places of public resort, especially during hours appropriated to study and recitation; Clownish Conduct; Clownish Language; Visiting each other at improper times or places. This class will first be cause for reprimand; but perseverance in any or all of them will cause dismissal from the privileges of the school.

Second Class of Disciplinary Offenses, calling for more stringent measures.—Gambling; Use of Alcoholic Drinks as a beverage; Profanity, Licentiousness, in Conduct, or in Language; Disrespect for the proper School Authority, etc., etc.

REMARKS.

It is wholly impracticable to enumerate all which may arise and clearly demand disciplinary notice. So, too, it is equally impracticable to fore-judge all degrees of viciousness, in the violation of any of the principles of decorum, propriety, and rectitude.

The intercourse of students with each other,

with the town's people, or with strangers, must be left for special occasions to call forth special discipline, in cases wherein the rules of genuine urbanity, respectability, and social reciprocity, may have been disregarded, or grossly violated.

Moreover, the rights of property, in all cases, whether of the property belonging to the Institution, to teachers, to other students, or to the neighbors, will demand scrupulous observance.

Repetition of offenses will, of course, call for increased stringency towards the offender; and obstinate perseverance in offensive conduct must, sooner or later, compel the removal of the delinquent.

Students who reside with their parents or guardians, in the vicinity of the school, will, of course, be under the control of their parents or guardians, in all such matters as do not fall directly under the jurisdiction of the school authorities; and in all such cases as require stringent measures to be resorted to, against any such students, the parent, or guardian shall first be consulted, and due respect shown for a parent's, or guardian's authority and feelings. Still, no parent's authority or feelings, can be permitted to interfere with the just and equitable enforcement of proper school discipline.

The Trustees have appointed three of their own number, who reside near the Institution, to act as a disciplinary committee. This committee are to be the Principal's advisers, in discipline, whenever they may deem the occasion to require it; and they are also to constitute the highest disciplinary authority, recognized in the Institution.

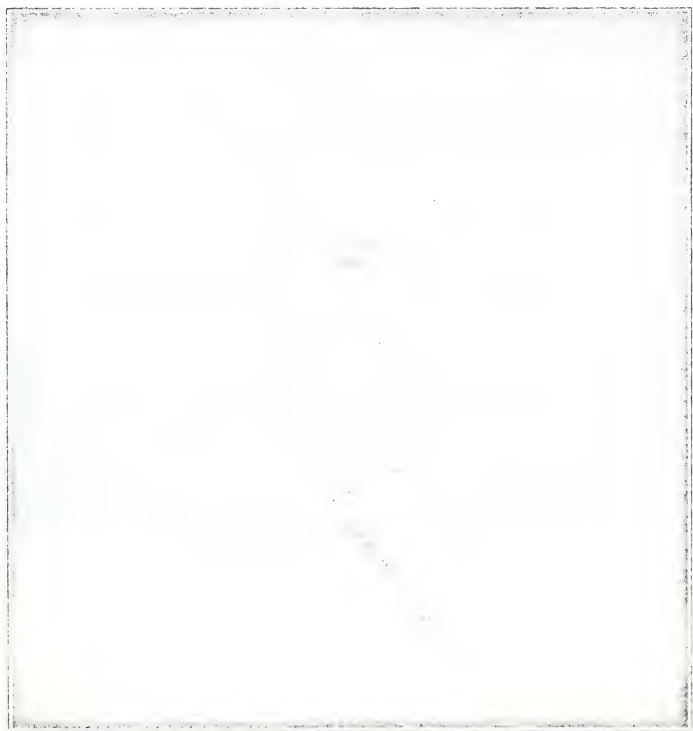
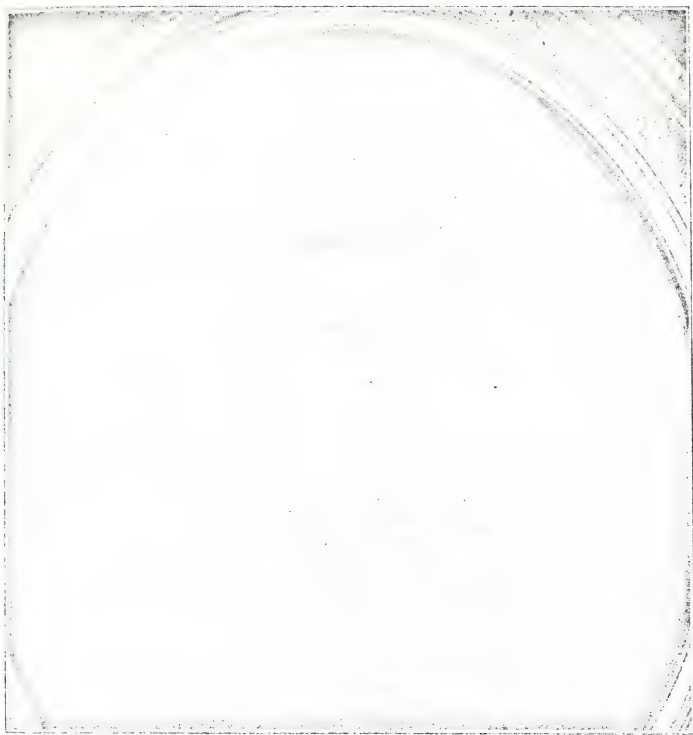
No corporeal punishment, no suspension from class privileges, nor expulsion from the Institution, can take place, except as the adjudication of this committee.

It may be remarked that such a course as this

cannot fail to secure the student against any rash and hasty, or ill-judged punishment, which is liable to arise, when there is no check to a hot temper, or an exasperated mind; and, at the same time, it will give to the school an authoritative and efficient disciplinary tribunal, uniting, so far as practicable, in the Principal and this committee, the qualities of both parental and civil government.

LOCATION.

This institution is located in Allegany County, fourteen miles north of the New York and Erie Railroad, in one of the most agreeable and healthy villages in the State. The situation is eligible and pleasant,—the surrounding country romantic and beautiful.



PROFESSOR and MRS. W. W. BEAN

Sing, celebrate, come, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing.

ANNIVERSARY

—OF THE—

Mystic and Philanthropic Circles

—OF—

Highford Academy.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 9, 1859.

PROGRAMME.

PRAYER, BY REV. J. H. HENRY.

MUSIC BY CUBA BRASS BAND.

CALLING ROLL, Responding by Sentiments.

SALUTATORY, W. Spafford.

MUSIC.

ESSAY—VOICE OF THE MYSTIC, Miss A. Kendall.

ESSAY—ALFRED'S VISION, Miss H. M. Doland.

MUSIC.

ORATION—POLITICAL PARTIES, I. W. Kimball.

ORATION—DESIGN, H. G. Bond.

MUSIC.

ESSAY—ZENOBIA, Miss A. O. Bush.

ESSAY—THE CLEANSED LADY SOCIETY, Miss J. Elabee.

MUSIC.

ORATION—MARCH OF INTELLECT, J. G. Morgan.

VALEDICTORY, H. A. Coats.

MUSIC.

ADJOURNMENT.

Sentiments will be read from distinguished Literary Men and Women—
Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, Hon. HORATIO SEYMOUR, Hon. GERRIT SMITH,
MR. SIGOURNEY, GRACE GREENWOOD, FANNY FERN, &c.

"Act, Act, in the Living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

MYSTIC SOCIETY,
OF RUSHFORD ACADEMY.

PUBLIC SESSION,

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 5th, 1860.

ORDER OF EXERCISES:

Music. By Palmer's Unequalled Cornet Band
Calling Roll. Responding by Sentiments
Salutatory. Miss A. E. Ellethorpe
Poem: The Dead of 1859. Miss A. O. Buck

MUSIC.

Discussion. Whatever Is, Is Right
Affirmative, Mrs. Howser.
Negative, Miss A. Sears.

MUSIC.

Essay—"Worshippers".... Miss A. M. Lathrop
Poem—A Southern Scene.. Miss M. A. Kendall

MUSIC.

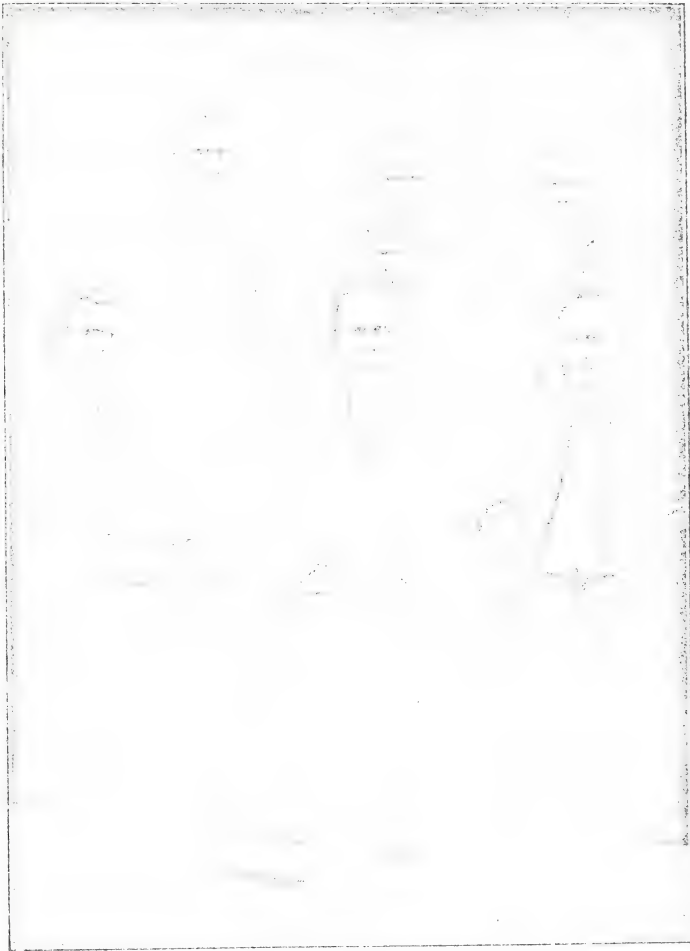
Home and Foreign Correspondence.

MUSIC.

Valedictory. Miss M. E. Williams

MUSIC.

Adjournment.



H. W. SPEAR. L. A. STEVENS. M. C. BISSILL.
H. C. WILLIAMS. PROF. G. W. F. BUCK. H. A. COATS.
AND
MEMBERS OF CLASS 1860

AUT CÆSAR, AUT NULLUS.

EXERCISES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS,
RUSHFORD ACADEMY,

Wednesday Evening, June 20, 1860.

PROGRAMME.

Music, Rushford Cornet Band.

SALUTATORY,	Earth's Benefactors,	E. Lathrop.
OUR DESTINY,		H. W. Spear.
THE SPIRIT OF SUCCESS		L. A. Stevens.

MUSIC.

O TIMES: O MANNERS:	M. C. Bissell.
NOBILITY OF THOUGHT,	H. C. Williams.
GLOOM,	A. O. Buck.

MUSIC.

America and her influence,	L. Higgins.
Expression,	F. E. Woods.
Individuality, Valedictory,	H. A. Coats.

MUSIC.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS,

MUSIC.

Chapin Bros. Print.

PUBLIC SESSION
OF THE
PHILOMATHEAN LYCEUM

AT

RUSHFORD ACADEMY,
Wednesday Evening, June 22, 1864.
Ubi Libertas Ibi Patria.

L. L. BENJAMIN, *President.*

ORDER OF EXERCISES:

Music.....Rushford Cornet Band
Salutatory.....C. Damon

MUSIC.

Discussion: Resolved, That the Southern Confederacy will achieve its Independence.

Affirmative—F. E. Hammond and O. S. Vreeland.

Negative—C. G. Wing and F. L. McKinney.

MUSIC.

Oration: "Suffer and be Strong"

G. H. Giddings

MUSIC.

Address: "Garibaldi".....Prof. G. W. F. Buck

MUSIC.

The exercises will be varied by the introduction of Tableaux Vivants—Classical, Historical and Comical.

ADJOURNMENT.

Admittance—Fifteen Cents.

The object of the fee is to assist an indigent student, well known to the citizens of Rushford and vicinity, in the prosecution of his studies. As the Band have generously given their services for the occasion, and all other expenses are defrayed by the Lyceum, the entire proceeds will be appropriated as above mentioned.



PROFESSOR G. W. F. BUCK

Recollections.

PROFESSOR G. W. F. BUCK.

By long residence in the South one learns to use the phrase "Befo' the wa'," as indicating all ancient history—that is, at all important. Especially suitable is this in this section; it is appropriate to our whole country, so momentous are the changes since that epoch. Rushford has been transformed, it seems to me, in a rather unusual degree. Partly from this cause; of the Union soldiers from that town, many who survived, returning to the familiar scene, found the extreme quiet tedious, and made their homes elsewhere. The energy of these wanderers bringing success, a younger class followed their example. Strangers came to occupy the vacant space, introducing a new element.

As it happened, my sojourn in Rushford began a few years before the great conflict and ended near its close. Thus I know exactly what the village was before the war. We hear much now of university towns, such as Ithaca, which exists only for the sake of its noted institution. In the old era Rushford was literally an academy town. The Academy was its pride, its hope, its life; it was, indeed, the town. The school was self-supporting—maintained, that is, by tuition fees. The students were almost wholly of advanced grades; a large proportion of them, sometimes the majority, were from other towns. Thus the Academy was a link joining us to that outside world with which we had otherwise what would now be considered slight means of communication. But the school itself? Since my connection with it I have had much acquaintance with other localities, varying in their remoteness from Rushford, and, in their aloofness, from its spirit. Yet the old Academy has always remained in my memory, not only as a most delightful experience, but as one altogether and, in a wonderful way, unique. Here are

a few noticeable points: Pupils of the most amiable docility, of such alertness for learning—I do not say ambition, that would imply rivalry. But, with us all, kindly co-operation; no dictatorial rules; occasionally a gentle admonition; more often words of encouragement. Only one case of suspension, very brief, from recitation. Only one student advised, and that privately, “to depart.” I have since thought that I might have possibly avoided that “harshness” if I had been more thoughtful.

No formal reports “to parents or guardians,” but visits to them and interchange of views. The fewness of reports in general, and the total absence of red tape gave time for that social intercourse which was always a special feature with us. In fact, to use a term not then in use, we had, was it by some happy chance, Education by “Suggestion” rather than by routine. We had even then something—the Quincy system. Or, to use a still greater name, our school was of the idyllic type that would have pleased Rousseau, it agreed with so much of his theory, it was so greatly a return to the natural method described by him with such fondness. For these results, that I still consider admirable, that are closely in harmony with the ideal method just now dawning on the educational horizon for the prosperity of the school, which was allowed to be quite remarkable till interrupted by the response of so many young men of that region to the “call to arms,” I would not claim praise altogether or even chiefly to the teacher, certainly not to the principal. Credit should be given in two directions: first, to the ancestry of the students—Massachusetts, Vermont, offshoot of the Puritan, just as gifted as the Massachusetts-Connecticut type and more genial. Secondly, the environment. Life in Rushford, how simple it was “Befo’ the wa’”, but simplicity of the most exquisite refinement, of the noblest charm, of the most generous manliness.

May I give one or two illustrations of Rushford as it was known to me?

Our "Events" were the Debates of the Literary Societies of the Academy, Maple Sugar Feasts, Donation Parties, Teas without any color schemes, traveling to Cuba to take the train. To make that festive journey still more enjoyable, one thoughtful stage driver fitted up his covered winter vehicles with a stove and fires. As joyous an excursion to me then as motoring to Florida has been since.

Board at the Rockwell House was six dollars a month, excellent board, too, nothing "simple" there, except the price. But John always seemed satisfied and happy. He deserves honorable mention as, in his way, a benefactor of the school.

Aside from the food supply, liberal at every table, the rule throughout the community was Wordsworth's "plain living and high thinking."

Of that far-off era, the members of the Board of Trustees, who were as considerate for me as though each had been my father, many of the patrons, almost all of them personal friends to me, many of the pupils who were, in general, each as a brother of mine or sister, have passed beyond.

Of my life, so full of years, most of them fairly happy years, I count this a special felicity—this chance to express, if faintly, my fond, my tender, my grateful remembrance of the dear, dear Rushford that I knew.

Some Characteristics of Rushford.

Written by a pupil in the Academy in its early period.

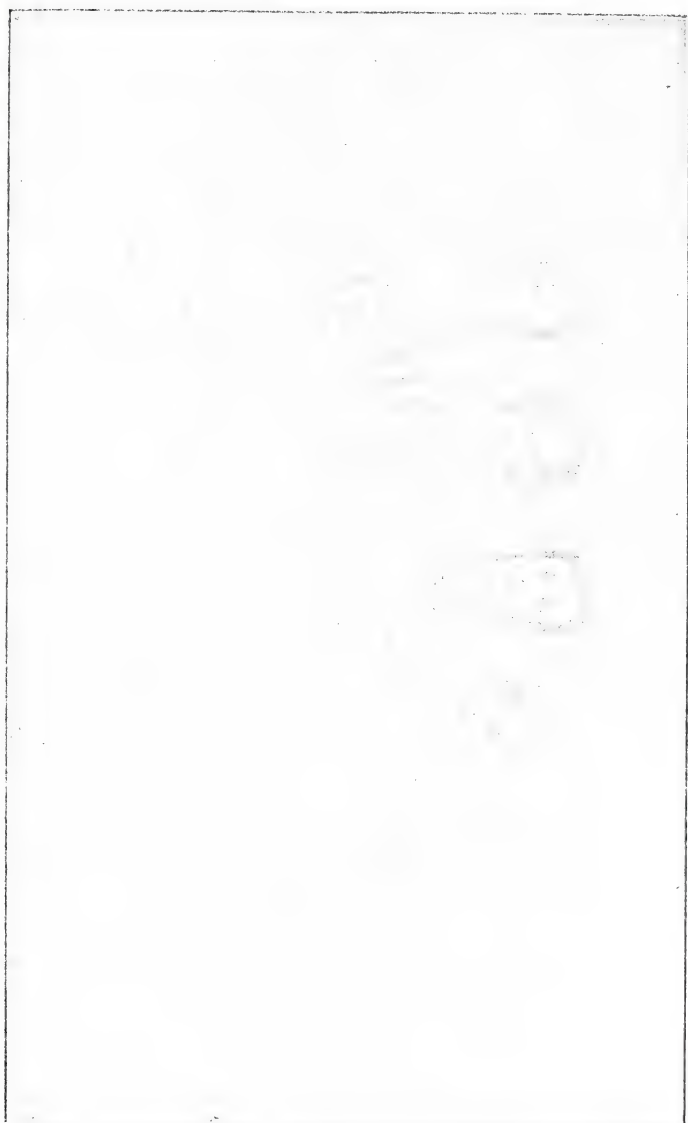
I have been very strongly importuned by some of my friends to write something for the "History of Rushford." Perhaps I am as competent as some of these impecunious titled foreigners who hang upon the frazzled fringe of nobility and travel

from New York to Chicago on the Twentieth Century Limited, after which they return to their own land and write a history of America and the American people, their habits, customs, industries, etc.

Now I once spent *three whole months* in Rushford, which would give me ample time to see, study and learn all there was to learn, and as this is my first effort to write anything for the press, that fact would also make me perfectly competent. Rushford, as you all know, is known all over the United States. It was settled by people who valued churches and schools, and as religion and education go hand in hand, they very soon had churches and school houses built. The churches soon developed into five or six denominations; the schools into the Rushford Academy, which drew students from all over the surrounding country. It flourished and became very popular. The parents of two young innocents, in due time, heard of it and felt anxious that their boys should enjoy the benefit of such a noble institution. Therefore, the father of one and the mother of the other took a trip to Rushford to complete arrangements for having their sons enrolled with the noble band of students, and to engage board for the same. The former was easily accomplished, and the latter they secured with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Norton, who with their little son "Tommy" lived opposite the Academy, which was very fortunate for one of the innocents, as he had been on crutches for two years and was then only able to get around by the aid of a cane. Mr. and Mrs. Norton were two of the finest people that ever lived, and Tommy was—well, he was all boy and full of pranks, for which we loved the little rascal, and have been greatly pleased with his later success in life.

We drove to Rushford in March, 1856, in a sleigh. Part of the way the roadbed was narrow

A GROUP OF ARSHROND GILLS IN THE PLETHYS



and the snow as high as the top of the fences, in some places as high as the horses' backs at the sides. The Principal of the Academy was Prof. Ira Sayles, who was noted for having a bone in his back, and stood up straight. He could not endure a joke or levity of any kind; was always very proper in his pronunciation, and was a very good teacher. We hired a study room in the dormitory of the Academy, which was in the then third story of the building, being made into rooms for the students, some of whom boarded themselves. We made but few acquaintances, as we did not enter school to visit, but to study.

At that time there were Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, with no regular Pastor in the Presbyterian Church. As we were Presbyterians, we attended church there whenever Mr. Norton read a service, but, like the old colored woman, we "patronized them all." Mr. Norton was at that time studying for the ministry, afterwards going to the Auburn Theological Seminary. He was at that time making pineapple cheese in a little building back of the Academy. He did his banking business at Cuba, and he often walked there in the forenoon, attended to his business, and walked back again in the afternoon, making thirty-six miles.

Studies and lessons went on like clockwork in routine. As new maple sugar came into the market, we had a few sugar eats in our study room in the evening, always enjoyable. As the weather grew warmer, we would go a-fishing and down to the "old swimming hole", and have a general good time on Saturdays. A few times the "Prof." would hear a noise during school in study hours that did not indicate an application to books, and he would stealthily ascend to the third story, and solemnly put his face into our room, thinking the levity came from there, but always found himself mistaken.

My room-mate (a nice young fellow) was developing into a young society man, and, not being handicapped with a lame ankle, he received many invitations out for the evening, as he made a better beau home than the writer, who was then lame, caused by the bite of a vicious dog.

There was one cult that I have not yet mentioned; that was Spiritualism. Among whom was one man who let his hair grow long, and was bringing up his son like Samson, with long locks. Some of the naughty boys in the dormitory opened a barber shop one evening; the boy went on a tour of inspection, and Delilah relieved him of his locks. The "innocents" were not there; neither did they know who ran the barber shop. It was not open for business the next day. As I have before said, the people of Rushford were intent upon getting knowledge. There had been a lecture on Spiritualism in the home town of these two "innocents", and the brother of one of them sent to him one of the hand bills with a blank space for inserting the place and date of the lecture, which was duly inserted, naming Academy Hall and for the following Wednesday evening, and the bill was fastened to the Academy gate. That was all that any one excepting the innocents knew about it. The janitor lighted the hall, rang the Academy bell, and the audience gathered, only to be informed that from some unforeseen cause the lecturer had failed to get there, and they were dismissed.

A few days before the close of the term, as a few of us were gathered on the steps outside the front hall door, making *very* little noise, the professor suddenly appeared and sternly warned us to be quiet, with some dire threat, whereupon we *hushed*. But a little later when bidding each other "good bye," I experienced the rapture of Leigh Hunt's verses "Jennie kissed me." For a moment I was dazed, but later, alas! when too late,

would have been willing to have taken Adam's place for another bite of that apple.

During our stay in Rushford we came home three times, once Mrs. Norton coming with me and Tommy with my roommate; twice hiring a brown pony of Mr. Higgins, and twice a big sorrel of Mr. Holmes. Although the writer was in Rushford but three months, he has always had a warm spot in his heart for the place and the few people he became acquainted with, and has gone back a great many times, always taking others with him to enjoy the beautiful drive. At the time of my sojourn in Rushford there was a road through the gorge from East Rushford to Smith's Mills. At that time it was a beautiful drive and we always went that route, but the flood of 1857 destroyed it, as well as much of East Rushford.

I attended the Old Home Gathering, which I very much enjoyed, and hope I may again take the beautiful drive to the village of Rushford.

Our Government Tends More to Dissolution than Consolidation.

ISAIAH LATHROP.

1856.

Mr. President:

As I am called upon to offer a few remarks in support of the affirmation of this question (viz., Resolved, that our Government tends more to dissolution than consolidation), I shall be under the necessity of presenting the dark side of the picture. Unpleasant and mortifying as it is to speak of the failings and vices of our friends and officers of our Government, truth and facts must come out.

Were we to enter into a detail concerning the character and conduct of the officers of our Government, we should find that bribing and corruption of the blackest and deepest kind were too

prevalent; party spirit and sectional feeling and interest too strong, to sustain and perpetuate our Government but a short time.

Look at our representatives in Congress, and witness the divisions and contentions among them upon the construction and design of the Constitution. The bitter feeling and animosity which have grown out of these debates have nearly broken up our Congress and destroyed the Government.

The right of Petition, which has been so powerfully and ably contended for by some of the representatives from the North, has been as strongly and eloquently opposed by those of the South. Whilst one member is discharging what he regards as a constitutional and conscientious obligation by presenting a petition, he is censured and charged of such infamous crimes as subornation of perjury and high treason against the Government. Are not, Mr. President, such imputations as these productive of evil consequences?

And among the many causes and reasons we might adduce to prove that our Government is tending to a dissolution, we say, the slave question is one that is agitating our Republic, and carrying alarm and consternation among the slave holding States, affecting their interests and rights, as they boldly contend. The evil must be arrested, says a Southern member. It is vain, utterly vain, to suppose that the South will submit to the present state of things. Peace we must have in or out of the Union. It is the doctrine of South Carolina that they had a right to secede from the Union. And if one State has a right to secede, then the whole have. The separation of one dissolves the Union; the barrel falls to pieces the moment one stave is taken from the hoop. I say, Mr. President, this subject is one which will constantly afford a bone of contention between the North and South, thereby endangering our

civil liberty, threatening us with civil war, alienating those from each other who should be bound together by the strongest ties of friendship.

Now, sir, what can be more destructive to any Government than these civil and political broils and contentions? What is there more to be dreaded than a civil war in the midst of our Republic, and what would more portend the dissolution of our Government than such war?

The late decision of the Supreme Court in declaring the right of trial by jury to a claimed slave in the free States unconstitutional and void is one, the most important ever made by that Court or any other, as it involves not merely the right of a few slaves or free people of color, but of the States,—and involves them in such a way as can hardly fail to make but one party of this question in all the States north and west.

Petitions for an alteration of the Constitution will pour into Congress from all the free States. They have laws and citizens of their own at stake in this matter, who cannot fail to see that, by this decision, the Constitution is actually made to protect slavery and nothing else. If this decision bore as hard on the South as it does on the North, we should hear at once the threats of nullification, secession and disunion.

But the South says, make that clear in the Constitution which the North considers doubtful; take away the power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia and the Territories; shut the subject of slavery forever out of the halls of Congress. And let the States restrain their citizens from combining and plotting the overthrow of our Union. If such amendments are adopted, the South will have peace; but if rejected, it will prove to the South that the Union ought to be dissolved.

**Rushford's Home Coming, Friday, August 21st.
Soldiers' and G. A. R. Day.**

PROGRAMME.

MORNING.

11 a.m.—Visiting and other comrades will report
at G. A. R. Headquarters for registration.

Noon—Dinner.

AFTERNOON.

1.15 p.m.—Veterans will form in line and march
to the hall.

1.30 p.m.—Music by the band.

Prayer.....Rev. Johnson

Music.....Orchestra

Address, Past Department Commander Judge Swift

Honor Roll.....Comrade W. W. Rush

Quartette.

Addresses by State Department Chaplain Rev.
Henry Woods and others.

EVENING.

7 p.m.—Lighting of camp fires.

7.30 p.m.—Music by band.

Prayer—Rev. Poate.

Quartette.

Addresses.....Rev. Macklin and Rev. Parker

Music—Orchestra.

The Blue and the Gray.....Comrade Davis

Comrade S. S. Karr will exhibit the old Stockade

Andersonville flag and tell how he came by it.

Colonel Elwell, keeper of Bath Soldiers' Home, is
expected to be present.

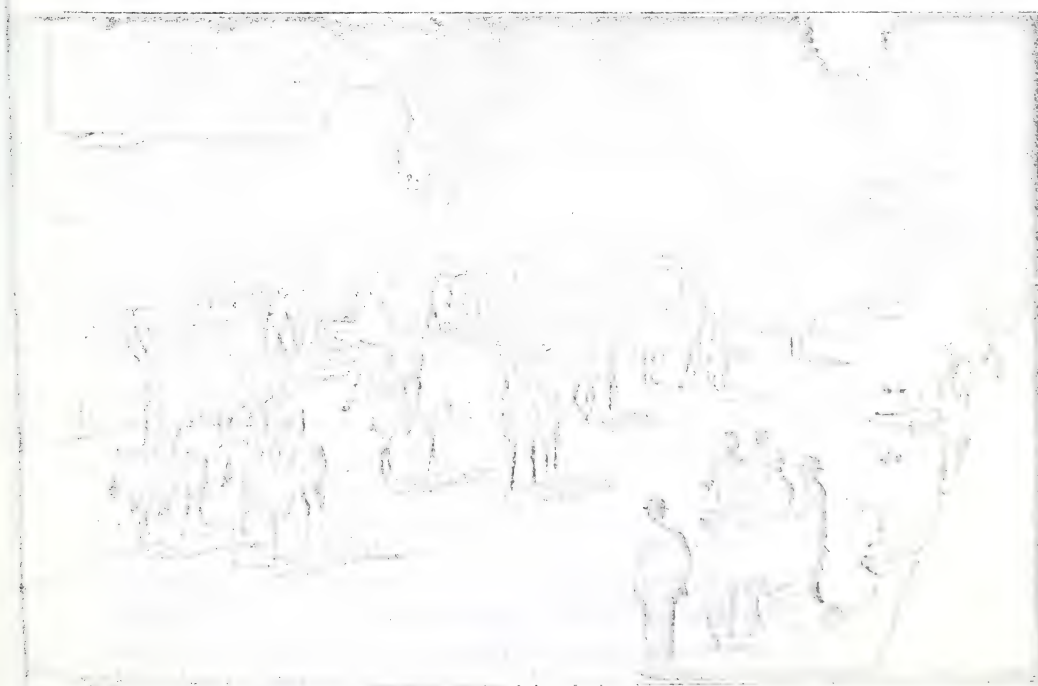
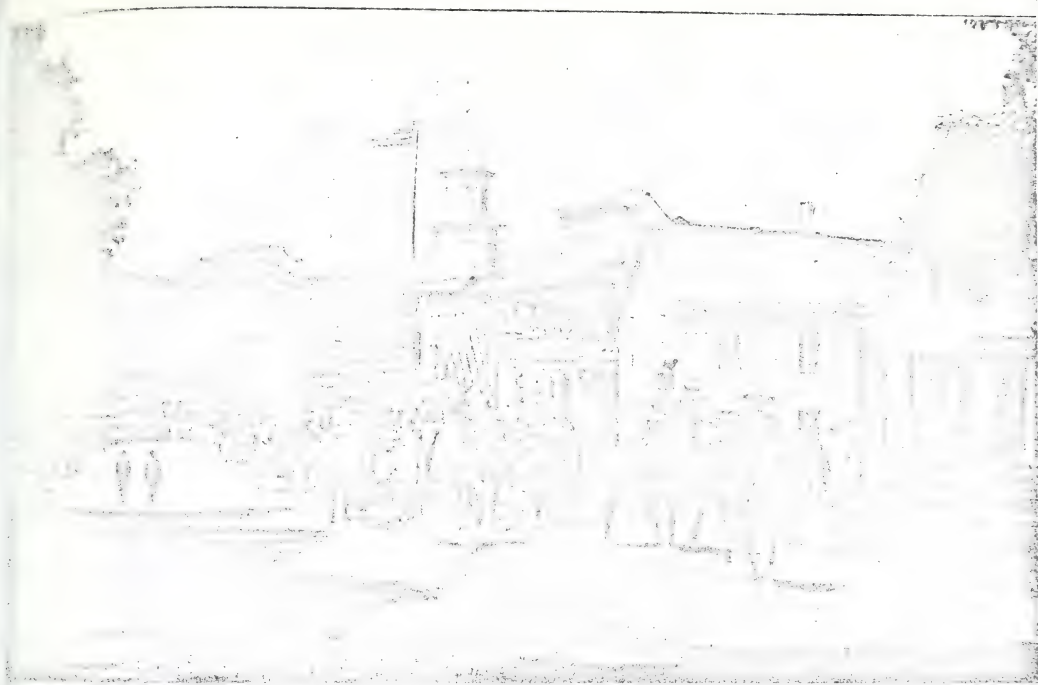
Song, led by quartette

“We Wont go Home till Morning”

Benediction.....Rev. Henry Woods

Visiting delegates will be entertained both day
and night by Woodworth Post.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.



THE GRAND PARADE

The Grand Parade.

JULIA TARBELL MERRILL.

By request, on Friday, the Farmers' Parade and the School Parade, with some alterations and additions, were repeated in connection with the Special Parade prepared for that day, making a never-to-be-forgotten scene. As on previous days, Romaine W. Benjamin was in charge as marshal. This was, officially, G. A. R. Day. The column was headed by an old soldier bearing the national flag; next came the band wagon carrying the Rushford Cornet Band, composed of sixteen pieces, which furnished inspiring music; they were followed by carriages containing the Grand Army men, the speakers of the day and the guests of honor.

The second division, in charge of Fred McElheny, was composed of the floats of Farmers' Day Parade, with some changes.

The third division, in charge of R. L. Lewis, consisted of the School Parade, which is described elsewhere. The different classes were in carriages beautifully decorated with their class colors, and it surely was one of the prettiest features of the day.

The fourth division, in charge of Russell Wilmarth, was composed of automobiles carrying the ball team, who were the center of interest and were cheered all along the way. Rushford was very proud of her ball team, which won every game during the week.

The Cynthia Club float was beautifully decorated in yellow, the club color, the ladies wearing large bouquets of golden glow.

For pure ridiculousness the Philomathean Society certainly "took the cake." These staid business men, all members of that society in the years long gone by, wore sun-bonnets, old calico dresses and were leading dogs and carrying banners,

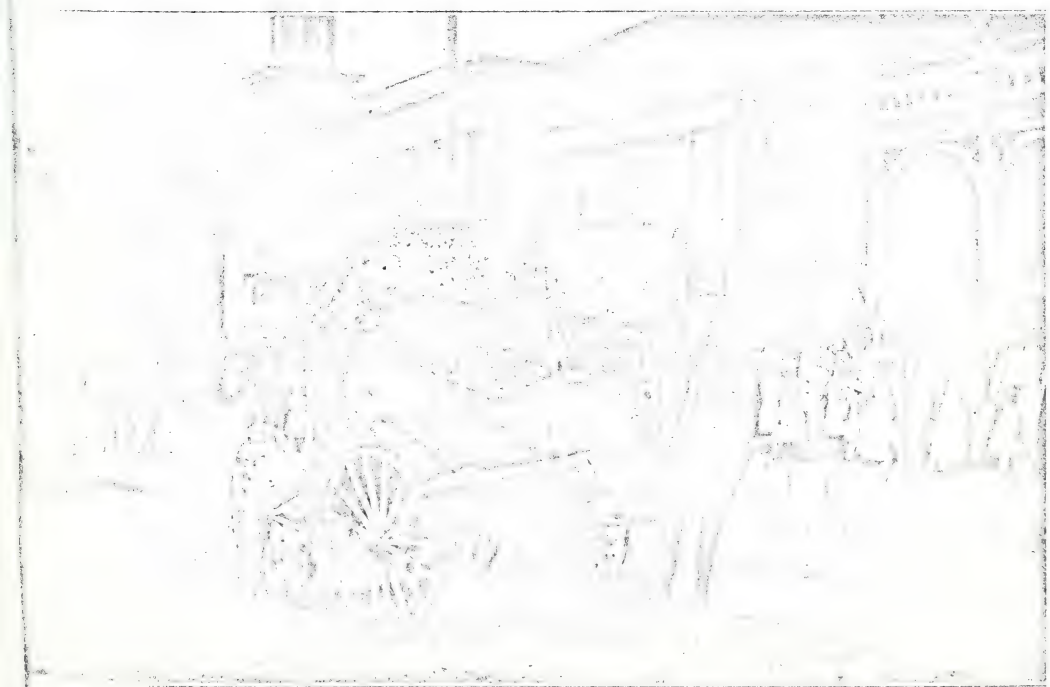
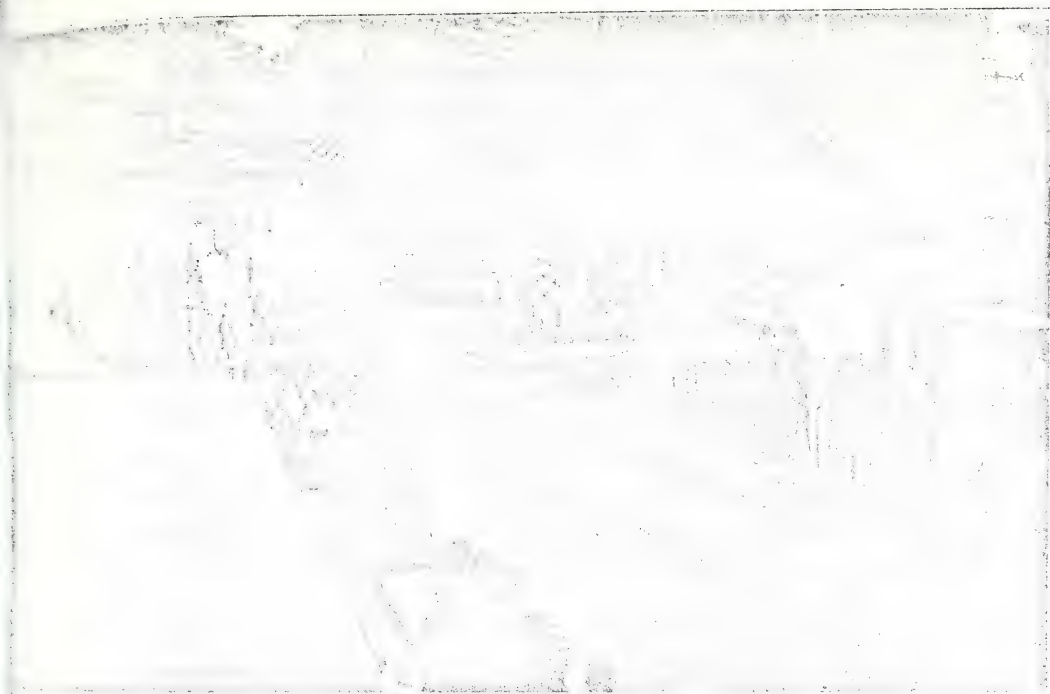
while "Bobby Dusenbury's" little green cart was much in evidence.

A most interesting feature of the parade was a company of cowboys on horseback and another company of well-costumed Indians on their ponies, in all numbering about seventy. There was a skirmish between the two, and the cowboys were victorious. The firing of muskets and revolvers made it very exciting and realistic. No one was injured, notwithstanding the appearance of a riderless horse dashing through the crowd. Among the horseback riders was one of Rushford's young ladies dressed in full Indian costume, her long dark hair heightening the resemblance. There were other attractive features and additions. The procession was a very long as well as entertaining one, and the verdict of the strangers within our gates was that it was one of the most interesting and enjoyable parades ever seen anywhere. How much it meant to those who were interested in Rushford would be difficult to tell.

Impressions.

J. G. MACKLIN.

The Home Coming Week at Rushford was wisely planned to follow the labor of the harvest, when rest and recreation were most needed for the toiler, and when those who had reaped abundant harvests were contented and joyful. This contagion of good cheer was wafted upon every breeze. It was the echo of every conversation and it gave animation and unanimity to every effort of an intelligent and patriotic community to make their centennial celebration memorable as a week that would most appropriately terminate a century of progress and cast the light of its purposes and glad associations far into the years of a bright and promising future.



THE GRAND PARADE

Whatever the previous mental mood of the visitor had been, his cares took wings, his burdens disappeared, and his sorrows were forgotten in the atmosphere of Rushford, where only one temper of mind prevailed, and that universally expressed in smiling faces, kind words and unbounded hospitality. Under the able presidency of Captain Bush, with his cabinet of department leaders, the people were expectant and confident that success would crown and harmony characterize the proceedings of the eventful week.

The first evidence of welcome that greeted the visitor was the G. A. R. Hall, with its large flag flung high in the breeze, inviting us for social greeting and repose to this hospitable headquarters of the Post and Relief Corps. The spacious interior of the hall was tastefully decorated, making a most attractive place for the comrades to rest, and relate in animated conversation the war scenes of the Sixties. The ladies of the Relief Corps, with tireless energy and generous hospitality, served refreshments to members of the Post and visiting comrades. These considerate women entertained us most delightfully, and as we reflected upon their kindness the conviction grew upon us that the female arm of the service, either in war or peace, is after all the strongest, and by far the most essential to our success, our comfort and our happiness.

My part of the programme was the concluding address of the last day, a day set apart in honor of the veterans of the Civil War.

During the afternoon I listened with pleasure to Judge Swift, of Buffalo, and Rev. Henry C. Woods, of Bath, Chaplain of the G. A. R. of New York State. These men held large audiences, and were frequently applauded as they delineated in graceful speech incidents of the great war through which they passed. These addresses

were part of their lives, reminiscent, pathetic, instructive, and vital with soldier heroism.

When the sun had sunk behind the western hills the people with undiminished enthusiasm re-assembled to see the great campfire send its leaping tongues of flame above the treetops and brighten the faces of men who had built their nightly fires from Atlanta to the Sea.

Turning from the warm, bright glow of the burning stumps, the band, playing national airs, led the way to the Academy hall, which soon was filled with the age and youth of Rushford, many of whom had come from distant States to pay what might be their last visit to the cherished home of their birth. Invocation was offered by Rev. T. P. Poate, followed by music and an address from Comrade Rev. T. F. Parker, which greatly added to the interest of the occasion.

My address was not enriched by experiences of campaign life, and, therefore, lacked that peculiar interest that a participant and spectator can create, which must be lacking in the utterances of a long-distance observer in the field of historic events. Mine was a summary of the questions involved in the war, some having their origin in the early days of the Republic and becoming storm centers around which the passion of debate swept for eighty years:

The forces in the conflict representing distinct and separate civilizations, with their giant leaders, their vast resources, their indomitable courage and surprising numbers.

The magnitude of the Rebellion, with its bearing upon the commercial interests of foreign nations.

The hostile attitude of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston of England, the British fleet in Halifax harbor and an army in Toronto, the destruction of our commerce by ships built in British navy yards, the Canadian Parliament taking a re-

cess of half an hour to cheer and drink over our defeat at Chancellorsville.

Beecher in England turning the tide of popular sympathy in our favor. Notwithstanding the hostility of the aristocratic element, the common people of Great Britain and Canada were in sympathy with Lincoln and the North.

We reviewed the war with its loss of life, its cost of treasure, and recalled some of its forgotten lessons and concluded with the following words, addressed to about one hundred of the Boys in Blue, who had answered their Country's call in her darkest hour of danger:

"Gray-headed survivors of this fratricidal strife, since you stood in the death lines of Antietam and Malvern Hill and repulsed the furious charges at Shiloh and Gettysburg and stormed the strongholds of Vicksburg and Richmond, your numbers have grown less until to-day there is but a feeble remnant of the once mighty host, the pride and strength of our Republic. The battle-fields where brothers fought are quiet now, while monuments of bronze and marble mark the place of rest and keep silent watch over the slumbering dust of fallen heroes.

"A new generation has arisen to appreciate your heroism and to estimate the war in its decisive and far-reaching results, from a dispassioned standpoint nearly fifty years removed from the scenes of debate and carnage with which you were so familiar. * * *

"You met and conquered a valiant foe who was flushed with success and confident of victory. * * *

"You scattered the mighty horde of misguided warlike knights who had thrown themselves across the pathway of progress and attempted in their madness to stay the march of modern civilization. You beat into subjection the discordant factions that threatened our destruction, thus

making our country a land of peace and promise. * * *

"You dispelled the black cloud of shame that had hung over us for two centuries and let the light of liberty shine into every cottage and cabin within the bounds of our great commonwealth.

"You struck the shackles from the hands of four million bondmen, and established their feet in the pathway of progress, while the world listened with delight to their glad song of emancipation.

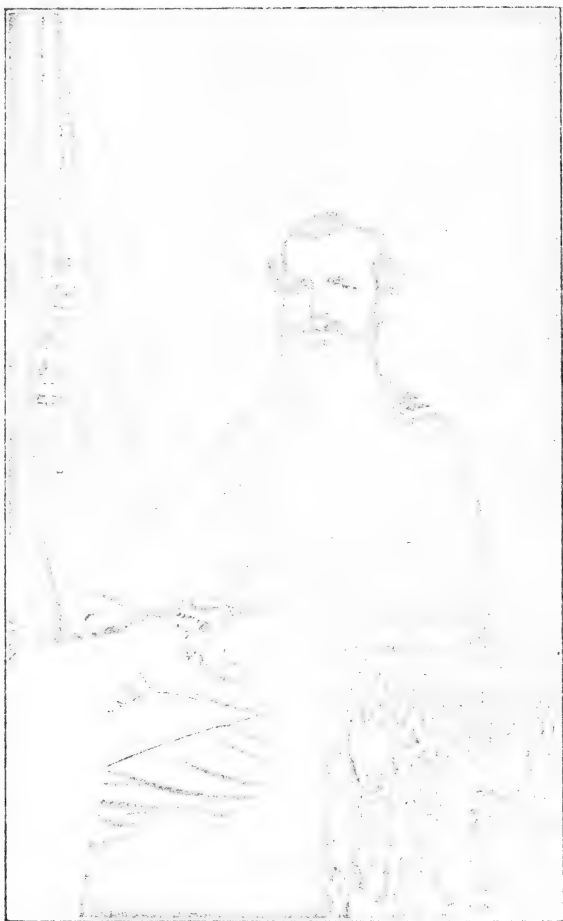
"Your courage and endurance were severely tried by countless ordeals. * * *

"You laid broad and deep in the councils of magnanimity the foundation of reconstruction, so that our unity to-day is the admiration of the nations, our prosperity is unparalleled and our wealth phenomenal.

"Amid lamentations of sorrow and shouts of triumph we welcomed you back from fields of carnage to pursue with us again the arts of peace, and in this you surpassed the fondest hopes of your countrymen and the highest expectations of mankind. * * * You built schools and churches, you advanced reform, you represented the people in State legislatures and sat in Governors' chairs and taught us that patriotism is obedience as well as the defense of righteous laws. Five of your number were the recipients of the highest gift of the people and became our chief executives at the White House, while others stood for justice and American rights in councils of foreign nations.

"In the unique combination of physical courage, intellectual fibre and moral rectitude you surpassed the soldier of the world of any age or nation.

"We never can forget your labor and sacrifice, and as the countless generations of Columbia's children shall rise in rapid succession and follow each other with hurrying feet across the stage of human activity, they will rise up to do you honor.



CAPTAIN W. W. BUSH

They will cherish and defend the principles for which you fought. They will sing of your victories as the Greeks sang of Marathon. They will teach their sons and daughters the significance of the issues involved in the conflict of the Civil War and the character and heroism of the soldier of the Sixties."

The Soldiers.

W. W. BUSH.

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS, WHO MOVED TO
RUSHFORD AND ARE BURIED THERE.

ENEAS GARY—

Born September 23, 1757; died August 17, 1844;
aged 87 years.

We have no record of his service, except his pension certificate, which reads as follows:

War Department, Revolutionary Claim.

I certify that in conformity with the law of the United States, of the 7th of June, 1832, Eneas Gary, of the State of New York, who was a private during the Revolutionary War, is entitled to receive thirty five dollars per annum, during his natural life, commencing on the 4th of March, 1831, and payable semiannually, on the 4th of March, and 4th of September, in every year. Given at the War Office of the United States, this twenty-ninth day of April one thousand eight hundred and thirty six.

LEWIS CASS,
Secretary of War.

J. L. EDWARDS,

Commissioner of Pensions.

JAMES GORDON, SENIOR—

Came from Leeds, Perth Co., Scotland, as a British soldier under General Burgoyne May, 1775, and afterwards joined the Americans under General Washington; at one time he was Aide-de-camp of Gen. Washington.

JAMES GORDON—

Enlisted in Poor's Regiment, Captain Morris' company, June 15, 1775, from Epping, Rockingham Co., New Hampshire.

He joined the Continental Army in Prince Long's Regiment, Capt. Mark Wiggins' company, at Portsmouth, N. H., August 27th, 1776, from Epping, N. H. Discharged December 1, 1776.

Joined the Continental Army, under Capt. Zebulon Gilman, September 8, 1777. Re-enlisted under Colonel Nathan Gillman August 3, 1779, for one year, from Poplin, N. H.

Enlisted under Captain Rowells, 2nd N. H., 3rd Co., February, 1781. Placed on the pension roll July 24th, 1820; commenced to draw pension May 8th, 1818, at the rate of Ninety-six dollars a year; total amount of pension drawn, \$1,471.25.

Died in Rushford December 9th, 1844, in his 93rd year.

DANIEL KINGSBURY—

Served as sergeant of the company raised in Enfield, Conn., for the Lexington Alarm, under Major Nathaniel Terry. He was appointed Ensign in the Second Battalion of State troops November, 1776, and served in Rhode Island under General Wooster; he settled later in Cherry Valley with his son Benjamin Kingsbury, came to Rushford in 1830, and died on the farm now owned by George H. Kingsbury.

CAPTAIN JONATHAN GOING—

Died August 25th, 1848; aged 86 years, 11 months.

DAVID KINNEY—

OLIVER CROMWELL BENNETT—

Served as a private in Capt. Eell's company, Col. Durkee's Regiment, Connecticut Line. Being but sixteen at the opening of the war, he first accompanied the regiment in 1776, as a cook or officer's

servant. He was in the battle of Long Island, August 27, 1776, narrowly escaping capture. Later, in 1780, he was a regularly enlisted man under arms. The record also shows that he served all of the year 1781.

JOSHUA WILSON—

His parents settled in Goffstown, New Hampshire. At the age of sixteen years he was drawn in Captain Samuel Richards' company, of Colonel John Starks' regiment of New Hampshire Militia, to repel Baum's advance on Bennington, and fought in that battle August 16th, 1777. Afterwards he served as a part of the garrison of Fort Ann, and in the operations designed to cut off the retreat of Burgoyne's army to Canada.

SOLDIERS OF THE WAR OF 1812, WHO MOVED TO
RUSHFORD AND ARE BURIED THERE.

SAMPSON HARDY—

Died November 17th, 1831; aged 77 years, 11 months.

LEONARD FARWELL—

Died September 24th, 1846; aged 70 years.

E. J. PECK—

Died February 17th, 1850; aged 56 years.

BENJAMIN KINGSBURY—

Came to Rushford from Cherry Valley, N. Y., in 1830; he served in the War of 1812, going from Cherry Valley, to Fort Niagara. Died November 12th, 1850.

DAVID BABBITT—

Died March 17th, 1867; aged 72 years, 10 months.

IRA BISHOP—

Died June 5th, 1873; aged 80 years.

ALVIN K. MORSE—

Died July 28th, 1870; aged 76 years, 4 months, 19 days.

AMOS PECK—

Died November 6th, 1866; aged 76 years.

JOHN LAMBERSON—

Died January 20th, 1874; aged 81 years.

ANDRE BENNETT—

Born 1788; died March, 1851.

Was drafted from Rushford, and served in the War of 1812, at Fort Erie, Buffalo, N. Y.

SOLDIERS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BURTON FREEMAN—

Age 32 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years; mustered in as a sergeant, Co. I, May 21, 1861; promoted to second lieutenant, September 1, 1861; first lieutenant, February 7, 1862; captain, September 27, 1862; mustered out with company, May 31, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y.

JOHN R. HEALD—

Age 18 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private, Co. I, 27 N. Y. Infantry; mustered out with company, May 31, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y.


PHILANDER D. ELLITHORP—

Age 20 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private, Co. I, 27 N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal, March 1, 1862; sergeant, March 1, 1863; mustered out with company, May 31, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y.

Second enlistment; mustered January 4, 1864, in the Second N. Y. Mounted Rifles, as sergeant; wounded and lost his left arm, front of Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864; discharged July, 1864.

ALBERT BABBITT—

Age 26 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private, Co. I, 27 N. Y. Infantry; killed July 21, 1861, at Bull Run, Va.



BRIG.-GEN'L R. H. PRATT

JRA AMES—

Age 25 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private, Co. I, 27 N. Y. Infantry; discharged February 11, 1863, at White Oak Church, Va.

ROMAINE W. BENJAMIN—

Age 20 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry, discharged August 9, 1861, by order of General Mansfield.

TIMOTHY C. CHARLES—

Age 23 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; discharged June 5, 1863.

ENOCH HIBBARD—

Age 34 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; died August 20, 1862 at General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

STANLEY HOBART—

Age 32 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; promoted to corporal; died December 3, 1862, at Stafford Court House, Va.

WINFIELD TUTTS—

Age 18 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; mustered out with company May 31, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y. Second enlistment, June 29, 1863, for three years as private Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; promoted to sergeant; discharged with company, September 2, 1865.

CHARLES A. WOODRUFF—

Age 21 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; promoted to sergeant; wounded in left knee, at Gaines

Hill, June 27, 1862; discharged December 23, 1863, from General Hospital, Baltimore, Md., by surgeon's certificate of disability.

IRA C. WORTHINGTON—

Age 19 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years, as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; mustered out with company May 31, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y.

GEORGE WATERS—

Age 24 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years, as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; discharged August 9, 1861, by order of General Mansfield.

AARON H. WRIGHT—

Age 28 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years, as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; discharged May 31, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y. Second enlistment in Co. F, Fourth N. Y. Artillery.

JOHN W. BISHOP—

Age 21 years. Enlisted July 5, 1861, for two years, as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal; wounded July 21st, 1861, in first Bull Run; died at Richmond, Va., while a prisoner of war.

WILBER S. CHAMBERLAIN—

Age 18 years. Enlisted July 5, 1861, for two years, as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; discharged September, 1862, at Bakersville, Md., by order of Secretary of War.

EDWIN HUNTLEY—

Age 21 years. Enlisted July 5, 1861, for two years, as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; discharged with company, May 31, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y.

CHARLES I. HOBART—

Age 19 years. Enlisted July 5, 1861, for two years, as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry, pro-

moted corporal; wounded, September 14, 1862; at Crampton's Pass, Md.; died November 29, 1862, of said wounds.

WILLIAM A. EATON—

Age 20 years. Enlisted August 26, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged December 31st, 1863, at Stevensburg, Va.; re-enlisted, December 31st, 1863, as private, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry, for three years; taken prisoner March 11, 1864; confined at Andersonville and other prisons fourteen months; discharged January 24, 1865.

AARON C. EATON—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 26, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged December 31, 1863, at Stevensburg, Va.; re-enlisted December 31, 1863, for three years in the same company and regiment, as private; discharged July 26, 1865, at close of war.

SUMNER E. KILMER—

Age 18 years. Enlisted August 26, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged December 31, 1863, at Stevensburg, Va.; re-enlisted December 31, 1863, in the same Co. and regiment, for three years; discharged July 26, 1865, at close of war; served as Brigade Quartermaster sergeant from 1862 to discharge.

LEONARD M. WORTHINGTON—

Age — years. Enlisted August 30, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged December 31, 1863, at Stevensburg, Va.; re-enlisted December 31, 1863, for three years; taken prisoner June 29 1864; confined at Andersonville and other prisons nine months; discharged, 1865.

ISAAC W. EVANS—

Age 23 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64 N. Y. Infantry;

discharged September 27, 1862, for disability caused by gun shot wound received at battle of Fair Oaks, Va.

ALONZO BROWN—

Age 23 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded in action, June 12, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.; died June 12, 1862, at Fifth Street Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

GEORGE W. HAPGOOD—

Age 25 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded in action June 1, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.; discharged September 30th, 1862, at U. S. A. Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Second enlistment December 23rd, 1863, as sergeant in the Second N. Y. Mounted Rifles; discharged August 24th, 1865.

HENRY CHAMBERLAIN—

Age 24 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged November 14, 1862, at Frederick, Md.

SYLVESTER HALL—

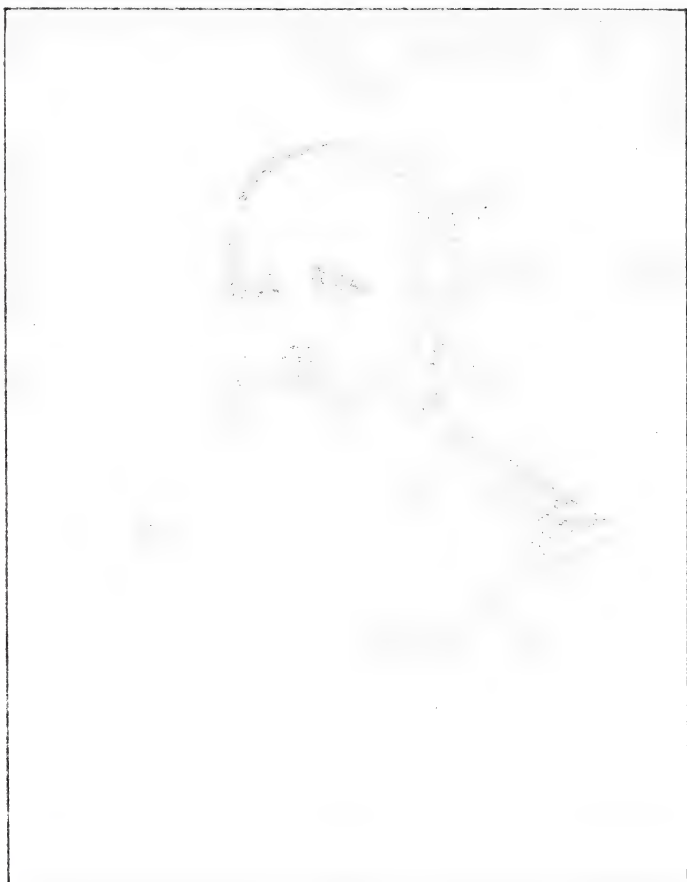
Age 19 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability, March 6, 1862, at Camp Fitz Hugh, Fairfax Co., Va.

GEORGE FRANKLIN PELTON—

Age 33 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.; discharged September 24th, 1864, near Petersburg, Va.

JOHN PETERS, JR.—

Age 22 years. Enlisted September 14, 1862, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded May 13, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Va.,



DR. WM. J. BERR

and July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.; discharged May 5, 1864.

WILLIAM W. WOODWORTH—

Age 41 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years; mustered as first lieutenant, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry, December 2, 1861; promoted to captain February 26, 1862; died of disease December 28, 1862, near Falmouth, Va.

CLAYTON G. JEWEL—

Age 23 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years; mustered as second lieutenant, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry, December 10, 1861; as first lieutenant February 26, 1862; discharged July 6, 1862.

Second enlistment: In the 13th Ohio, Veteran Cavalry, as first lieutenant, Co. A; killed in action July 30th, 1864, front of Petersburg, Va.

LYMAN B. METCALF —

Age 41 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged October 9, 1862, at Fort Monroe, Va.

Second enlistment: December 25, 1863, for three years, as private in Co. B, 2nd Mounted Rifles; discharged August 9, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

ALFRED W. MORRISON—

Age 24 years. Enlisted September 15, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded June 1, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.; discharged August 1, 1862, at Elmira, N. Y.

ROSWELL WILMARTH—

Age 23 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; promoted sergeant July 9, 1862; wounded December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.; promoted second lieutenant March 1, 1863; discharged December 15, 1863, for disability, having lost an arm.

HENRY H. SCOTT—

Age 20 years. Enlisted September 16, 1861, for three years, as private in Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded June 1, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va., September 16, 1862, at Antietam, Md., and also wounded and captured May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.; paroled (no date); discharged April 11, 1865, at Elmira, N. Y.

ERASTUS W. SMITH—

Age 26 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal, January 1, 1862; wounded June 1, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.; promoted first sergeant August 11, 1862; discharged January 19, 1863, at Washington, D. C.

JOHN H. ROBERTS—

Age 33 years. Enlisted September 26, 1861, for three years, as private in Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded June 1, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.; discharged for disability November 1, 1862, at Albany, N. Y.

HOWARD M. ROOT—

Age 18 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private in Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; came home on furlough, died of typhoid fever January 16, 1862, at Franklinville, N. Y.

LOUIS E. TARBELL—

Age 25 years. Enlisted October 1, 1861, for three years, as sergeant, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability June 9, 1862, at St. Eliza Hospital, Washington, D. C.

CHARLES A. VANDUSEN—

Age 21 years. Enlisted October 1, 1861, for three years as private in Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.; promoted corporal October 31, 1863; killed in action May 12, 1864, near Spottsylvania, Va.

ENOCH W. M. CHENEY—

Age 31 years. Enlisted October 5, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; killed in action June 1, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.

LEONARD VAN ALST—

Age 32 years. Enlisted October 12, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; died of disease January 26, 1862, at Camp California, Va.

THOMAS JEFFERSON WHITE—

Age 36 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; captured in action, October 14, 1863, at Bristow Station, Va.; died August 9, 1864, at Andersonville Prison.

MARTIN WHITE—

Age 24 years. Enlisted October 14, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. K, 64th N. Y. Infantry; transferred to Co. D February 25, 1862; sent to hospital at Harrison's Landing; no subsequent record.

GEORGE W. HOWE—

Age 18 years. Enlisted October 15, 1861, for three years, as musician, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry.

HENRY B. COLBURN—

Age 25 years. Enlisted October 15, 1861, for three years, as corporal, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; promoted sergeant January 1, 1862; wounded June 1, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.; discharged for disability February 5, 1863, at Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN L. DABALL—

Age 20 years. Enlisted October 17, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal January 1, 1862; sergeant March, 1862; discharged for disability May 28, 1862, at Columbian College Hospital, Washington, D. C.

DAVID W. JAMES—

Age 18 years. Enlisted October 17, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; killed in action May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Va.

OLIVER E. WOODS—

Age 21 years. Enlisted October 17, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged April 8, 1862, at Clermont Hospital, for disability.

JOHN H. FARWELL—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded and died May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Va.

RALPH L. BENJAMIN—

Age 18 years. Enlisted September 2, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded in action December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.; promoted corporal on date; killed in action May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Va.

WILLIAM H. HUTCHINS, JR.—

Age 30 years. Enlisted August 31, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; Wounded in action May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.; died June 8, 1864, at Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C.

DANIEL T. ELY—

Age 19 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; killed in action May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Va.

WILLIAM ELY—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal October 1, 1863; wounded in action June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va.; discharged for disability May 6, 1865, at U. S. General Hospital, Rochester, N. Y.

WILLIAM A. DAY—

Age 23 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability January 15, 1864, at Elmira, N. Y.

PHILANDER KELLOGG—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; killed in action May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Va.

WARREN B. PERSONS—

Age 22 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; captured in action, July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.; died of disease at Andersonville, Ga., July 9, 1864, while a prisoner of war.

NATHAN B. MILLER—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability July 5, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y.

JACKSON LYON—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; promoted drum-major April, 1863; discharged May 30, 1865, at Alexandria, Va.

JOHN F. WICK—

Age 22 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps November 15, 1863; discharged August 15, 1865.

NATHANIEL SEVEY—

Age 35 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged May 30, 1865, near Alexandria, Va.

THOMAS R. WILMARTH—

Age 23 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry;

promoted corporal; killed in action May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Va.

WARREN D. WITHEY—

Age 24 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability January 12, 1863, at Emory Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Second enlistment, August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. C, First N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

HARRISON T. SMITH—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; promoted sergeant January 18, 1863; wounded in action May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.; captured in action August 25, 1864, at Reams Station, Va.; paroled on date, promoted first sergeant October 30, 1864; sergeant-major, January 1, 1865; promoted captain, Co. H, March 1, 1865; killed in action March 25, 1865, at Hatchers Run, Va.

HENRY C. WOODS—

Age 18 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability December 14, 1862, at Frederick, Md.

LEWIS WRIGHT—

Age 25 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability February 10, 1864, at rendezvous of distribution, Va.

WILLIAM STARKWEATHER—

Age 31 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded in action December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.; captured in action July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.; died October 16, 1863, while a prisoner of war at Belle Isle, Va.

GEORGE W. WOODS—

Age 19 years. Enlisted October 12, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability July 9, 1862, at Carver Hospital, Washington, Va.

CHARLES McMULLIN—

Age 34 years. Enlisted August 30, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; appointed wagoner. Re-enlisted January 1, 1864; discharged July 19, 1865, at Winchester, Va.

JAMES PATTYSON—

Age — years. Enlisted 1861, as private, for three years, Co. I, 85th N. Y. Infantry; taken prisoner of war at Plymouth, N. C.; died at Andersonville, Ga.

ALBERT BISHOP—

Age 25 years. Enlisted October 9, 1862, as musician, for three years, Co. D, 50th N. Y. Engineers; transferred to brigade band July 1, 1863; discharged June 8, 1865, at camp near Washington, D. C.

ISAAC B. GORDON—

Age 30 years. Enlisted October 9, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. E, 50th N. Y. Engineers; appointed musician, transferred to brigade band July 1, 1863; discharged June 8, 1865, at camp near Washington, D. C.

THOMAS R. MERRILL—

Age 18 years. Enlisted January 16, 1862, as private, for two years, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; discharged May 31, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y.

Second enlistment, enlisted June 23, 1863, as sergeant, for three years, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; transferred to Co. E August 12, 1864, promoted first sergeant; discharged with detachment July 18, 1865, at Norfolk, Va.

HENRY WALLACE—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 29, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. B, 23rd N. Y. Infantry; discharged June 24, 1865, at Fort Monroe, Va.

CHARLES J. HURLBURT—

Age 24 years. Drafted July 15, 1863; mustered as private, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery, for three years; died of disease March 11, 1864.

SILAS A. GILLEY—

Age 18 years. Enlisted July 11, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; promoted corporal, date not stated; discharged August 24, 1865.

JAMES HEALEY—

Age not stated. Enlisted July 11, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; discharged August 24, 1865.

CHARLES P. TUFTS—

Age 18 years. Enlisted June 29, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; promoted sergeant, transferred to Co. L, 6th N. Y. Artillery July 18, 1865; discharged September 2, 1865.

JAMES G. ROBINSON—

Age 18 years. Enlisted June 27, 1863, as corporal, for three years, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; transferred to Co. L, 6th N. Y. Artillery, July 18, 1865; discharged August 24, 1865; prior service, Co. L, 131st Pennsylvania Volunteers.

CHESTER C. BLECHER—

Age 20 years. Enlisted July 8, 1863, as corporal, for three years, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; transferred to Co. L, 6th Artillery, July 18, 1865; discharged September 2, 1865.

WATSON W. BUSH—

Age 22 years. Enrolled November 23rd, 1863; mustered January 12, 1864, as First Lieutenant, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; captured September 30, 1864, at Pegram's farm, Va.; paroled February 20, 1865; exchanged March 10, 1865; pro-

moted Captain, Co. B, January 28, 1865; discharged August 28, 1865.

LEROY C. ELY—

Age 18 years. Enlisted December 22, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; transferred to Co. C, 19th V. R. C., May 19, 1865; discharged September 5, 1865, at Buffalo, N. Y.

HENRY ELMER—

Age 35 years. Enlisted December 25, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; discharged August 24, 1865, at Buffalo, N. Y.

JOHN COLE—

Age 18 years. Enlisted December 23, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; died in hospital.

GEORGE F. DURKEE—

Age 20 years. Enlisted December 15, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; discharged August 24, 1865, at Buffalo, N. Y.

GEORGE S. HACKETT—

Age 19 years. Enlisted December 22, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; discharged June 18, 1865, at Whitehall Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

ABRAM S. HOWELL—

Age 40 years. Enlisted December 12, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; appointed bugler January 12, 1864; discharged August 24, 1865, at Buffalo, N. Y.

LUCIAN L. LEWIS—

Age 18 years. Enlisted December 16, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; promoted corporal May 1, 1865, sergeant July 20, 1865; discharged August 24, 1865, at Buffalo, N. Y.

LAFAYETTE MEAD—

Age 18 years. Enlisted December 14, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; wounded June 18, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Va.; died of said wounds July 17, 1864, at Emory Hospital, Washington, D. C.

RILEY W. PETTIT—

Age 20 years. Enlisted January 4, 1864, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; died of disease September 4, 1864, at Field Hospital, City Point, Va.

DEWIT C. PELTON—

Age 29 years. Enlisted December 22, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; promoted corporal; killed on picket, March 14, 1865.

CHAUNCEY WILLIAMS—

Age 30 years. Enlisted December 24, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; appointed farrier May 1, 1865; discharged August 24, 1865, at Buffalo, N. Y.

JAMES SPENCER MARSH—

Age 25 years. Drafted August 17, 1863, for three years, joined Co. A, 76th N. Y. Infantry, as private; wounded in action before Petersburg, Va.; discharged December 6, 1864, by reason of disability caused by wound.

ALBERT K. DAMON—

Age 24 years. Enlisted January 4, 1864, as private, for three years, in the 8th N. Y. Artillery; wounded in action before Petersburg, Va. Sent to Hospital on Davids Island, New York Harbor, died of wounds July 25, 1864, buried at Cypress Hills Cemetery, N. Y.

ALBERT A. HITCHCOCK—

Age 17 years. Enlisted February 4, 1864, for three years, as private, Co. G, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 3, 1865, for disability.

MICHAEL COLLINS—

Age 18 years. Enlisted February 4, 1864, as private, for three years, Co. G, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

GEORGE G. EASTLAND—

Age 19 years. Enlisted March 10, 1864, as private, for three years, Co. D, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

LAWRENCE POWERS—

Age 21 years. Enlisted February 9, 1864, as private, for three years, Co. B, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; wounded August 10, 1864, at Newtown, Va.; discharged June 28, 1865, at Elmira, N. Y.

DWIGHT SCOTT—

Age 37 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. C, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

OTIS WHITE—

Age 30 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. H, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

VALOROUS SWIFT—

Age 24 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. C, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

JOHN H. F. BUCCANNING—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

EDWIN A. BURR—

Age 32 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

JULIUS R. FORD—

Age 34 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. C, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

JAMES K. HITCHCOCK—

Age 42 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. D, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

NATHAN E. HEALD—

Age 26 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. C, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

JAMES DEMPSEY—

Age 30 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

ELIJAH BISHOP—

Age 22 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. C, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 29, 1865, at Jarvis U. S. A. General Hospital at Baltimore, Md.

JOHN F. DEWEY—

Age 37 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. B, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

BEZERA P. BACON—

Age 35 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

AMEY H. ALDERMAN—

Age 42 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

CHANCY D. ALDERMAN—

Age 30 years. Enlisted September 13, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

LYMAN G. BEECHER—

Age 28 years. Enlisted September 2, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

PHILETUS C. GRATTON—

Age 40 years. Enlisted September 2, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. K, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; wounded December 22, 1864, at Liberty Mills, Va.; discharged May 17, 1865, at U. S. General Hospital, York, Pa.

WILLIAM BABBITT—

Age 36 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. H, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; never joined company.

ALONZO D. ABRAMS—

Age 22 years. Enlisted August 16, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

ANSON T. LAWTON—

Age 33 years. Enlisted September 2, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. C, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

HOSEA B. PERSONS—

Age 36 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged May 8, 1865.

PLIN A. TAYLOR—

Age 30 years. Enlisted September 6, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

ALVIN C. TAYLOR—

Age 33 years. Enlisted September 2, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

ALVIN SLOCUM—

Age 18 years. Enlisted September 17, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. F, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

EDWIN LEONARD ADAMS—

Age 16 years. Enlisted August 10, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. C, 104th N. Y. Infantry; discharged June 7, 1865, by G. O. No. 94.

LYMAN BARBER—

Age 31 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. F, 1st Veteran Cavalry; discharged June 8, 1865.

CYRUS WESCOTT—

Age 21 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 14, 1865, at Mower U. S. A. General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

ORANGE COLE—

Age 38 years. Enlisted September 6, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; transferred to Co. K, 6th Artillery; discharged June —, 1865, at Norfolk, Va.

EBER LAFFERTY—

Age 38 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. F, 13th N. Y. Artillery; transferred to Co. D January 24, 1865; discharged June 21, 1865, at Norfolk, Va.

IRA PETTY—

Age 44 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. F, 13th N. Y. Artillery; died of disease January 6, 1865, at Gosport, Va.

LYMAN J. COLE—

Age 18 years. Enlisted September 20, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. B, 189th N. Y. Infantry; discharged May 30, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

GEORGE S. MARSH—

Age 18 years. Enlisted October 2, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. F, 189th N. Y. Infantry; discharged May 30, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

JAMES LEONARD ADAMS—

Age 17 years. Enlisted September 2, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. I, 120th N. Y. Infantry; discharged June 2, 1865, by General Order No. 26 (served as substitute for John Tousley).

HENRY C. PETTIT—

Age 19 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. D, 120th N. Y. Infantry, discharged June 2, 1865, by General Order No. 26.

CHARLES E. PETTIT

Age 17 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. D, 120th N. Y. Infantry; discharged June 2, 1865, by General Order No. 26.

JAMES TAPP—

Age 30 years. Enlisted September 4th, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. B, 11th Pennsylvania Infantry; discharged May 8th, 1863.

Second enlistment, September —, 1864, for one year, as private, Co. F, 141st N. Y. Infantry; discharged July —, 1865.

JAMES AUGUSTUS HITCHCOCK—

Age 17 years. Enlisted April 11, 1865, as private, for one year, Co. E, 149th N. Y. Infantry; discharged May 3, 1865, at Elmira, N. Y.

ADELBERT E. GOULD—

Age 18 years. Enlisted August 28, 1861, as private for three years, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged October 22, 1864.

CHARLES W. BEARDSLEY—

Age 25 years. Enlisted August 25, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged March 31, 1862, re-enlisted August 23, 1864, as saddler; discharged June 13, 1865.

SYLVESTER T. UPTEGROVE—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 30, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry;

promoted corporal, re-enlisted, as sergeant, February 22, 1864; wounded twice (no dates or place given); discharged with company July 19, 1865, at Winchester, Va.

WILLIAM H. TAPP—

Age 19 years. Enlisted August 16, 1861, as private, for three years, in Co. B, 11th Pa. Infantry; taken prisoner August 28, 1862, exchanged December 11, 1862; re-enlisted February 1864, Battery L, U. S. Artillery; discharged February 9, 1867; died August 6, 1904.

SIDNEY C. CLARK—

Age 28 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. B, 189th N. Y. Infantry; discharged May 30, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

BENJAMIN KINGSBURY—

Age 36 years. Enlisted July 13, 1863, as private, for three years, in Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery, transferred to Co. L, 6th Artillery, July 18, 1865; discharged August 25, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

ALEXANDER L. LITCHARD—

Age 20 years. Enlisted August 29, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. D, 86th N. Y. Infantry; discharged November 12, 1862, for disability.

ALAMANZO W. LITCHARD—

Age 20 years. Enlisted August 29, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. D, 86th N. Y. Infantry; discharged December 9, 1862, for disability, at Alexandria, Va. Second enlistment.

OTIS KINGSBURY—

Age 21 years. Enlisted May 1, 1861, as private for two years, in Co. B, 23rd N. Y. Infantry; discharged with company May 22, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y. Second enlistment June 11, 1863, as first sergeant, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; resigned June 11, 1865.

JAMES KINGSBURY—

Age 23 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal October 31, 1862; wounded in action December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.; promoted sergeant March, 1863; discharged for disability June 23, 1864; died at Rushford May 9, 1894.

CHARLES C. HIMES—

Age 26 years. Enlisted October 1, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. F, 85th N. Y. Infantry; wounded in action May 31, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.; promoted sergeant August 5, 1862; re-enlisted as sergeant January 1, 1864; captured in action April 20, 1864, at Plymouth, N. C.; parole date not stated; discharged June 27, 1865, at New Berne, N. C.; died at Rushford February 9, 1898.

JOHN A. O'CONNER—

Age 35 years. Enlisted August 26, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. F, 85th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability November 11, 1862, at N. Y. City. Second enlistment, ———, 1864, in Co. H, 2nd Mounted Rifles, discharged August 24, 1865, at Buffalo, N. Y.; died at Rushford August 4, 1903.

GEORGE W. CADY—

Age 33 years. Enlisted March 31, 1865, as private, for one year, Co. ———, 81st N. Y. Infantry; discharged August 31, 1865, at Fort Monroe, Va.; died at Rushford December 30, 1902.

HARVEY McELHENNEY—

Age 24 years. Enlisted August 7th, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. F, 85th N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal; captured in action April 20, 1864, at Plymouth, N. C.; re-enlisted January 1, 1864; discharged July 27th, 1865, at New Berne, N. C.

HIRAM L. WICKWIRE—

Age 18 years. Enlisted June 11, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; died of disease February 10, 1865.

EDWARD W. BEECHER—

Age 23 years. Enlisted January 1, 1864, as sergeant, for three years, Co. E, 21st Pa. Cavalry; discharged July 8, 1865; died ———.

CORYDON MASON, M. D.—

Age 32 years. Enrolled March, 1864, as assistant surgeon, 32nd Regt. U. S. Colored Troops; discharged August, 1865; died at Rushford, January 21st, 1891.

DANIEL D. PERSONS—

Age 43 years. Enlisted in the U. S. Navy, as landsman, for one year; served on U. S. Steamer Paw Paw; discharged June 25, 1865; died at Rushford November 15, 1900.

JAMES WILSON—

Age 22 years. Enlisted August 13, 1861, as private, for two years, Co. C, 26th N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal January 1, 1862; wounded at Antietam, Md., September 17, 1862; discharged May 28, 1863, at Utica, N. Y.

CHARLES CORDON—

Age ——— years. Enlisted ———, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. L, 8th Illinois Cavalry; discharged ———, 1865, with company; died at Rushford March 31, 1904.

BYRON VANAME—

Age 22 years. Enlisted August 9, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. F, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 10, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

EVERETT S. THOMPSON—

Age 20 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, as private for two years, Co. I, 26th N. Y. Infantry, wounded August 30, 1862, at Bull Run, Va.; discharged Jan-

uary 6, 1863. Second enlistment December 19, 1863, for three years, Co. F, 24th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged ———, 1865.

LEONARD ADAMS—

Age 36 years. Enlisted August 28th, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged September 27th, 1862, at Elmira, N. Y., on surgeon's certificate of disability; died at Rushford September 22nd, 1908.

WILLIAM BEAUMONT—

Age 26 years. Enlisted September 15th, 1862, for three years, as private, Co. L, 10th N. Y. Cavalry; wounded June 20th, 1864, at Whitehouse Landing, Va., and June 24th at St. Mayrons Church, Va.; discharged at Clouds Mills, Va., July 19, 1865.

JOHN S. TROWBRIDGE—

Age ——— years. Enlisted August 26th, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; wounded and died at Hanover, Pa., July 5th, 1863.

HOWARD P. LAFFERTY—

Age 34 years. Enlisted December 9th, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. D, 105th N. Y. Infantry; discharged July 4th, 1862, from General Hospital at Falls Church, Va., on surgeon's certificate of disability; died at Rushford, 1872.

WILLIAM ALFRED LAFFERTY—

Age 18 years. Enlisted August 11th, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. I, 1st Penn. Rifles; transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged August 13, 1864; died at Rushford, 1869.

JOHN SMALL—

Age 38 years. Enlisted December 19th, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. D, 5th N. Y. Artillery; discharged July 19th, 1865; died February 20, 1904.

GEORGE P. WALKER—

Age 21 years. Enlisted December 23rd, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. H, 8th N. Y. Artillery;

wounded and captured June 3rd, 1864; died in prison June 13th, 1864.

CHARLES W. BEARDSLEY—

Age 25 years. Enlisted August 25th, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged March 31, 1862, by order of Gen. McClellan. Re-enlisted August 23rd, 1864, as saddler, for one year; discharged June 13th, 1865.

THOMAS D. BRADFORD—

Age ——— years. Enlisted September 30th, 1861, as musician, for three years, Co. A, 104th N. Y. Infantry; discharged (date not given).

PHILLIP G. ELLITHORP—

Age 18 years. Enlisted May 30th, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. I, 13th Pa. Infantry, Reserve Volunteer Corps (42nd in line, Bucktails First Rifles); died of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., October 3rd, 1863.

WARREN CLARK—

Age 23 years. Enlisted August 12th, 1862, as private, for three years, 2nd Ohio Independent Battery; discharged February 7th, 1863; died December 16, 1906.

WILLIAM G. LAFFERTY—

Age 44 years. Enlisted September 3rd, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. H, 199th Pa. Infantry; discharged June 28th, 1865.

TITUS B. CHAPIN—

Age 27 years. Enlisted September 16, 1861, as private, for three years, 3rd Wisconsin Battery, Light Artillery. Taken prisoner September 20, 1863; died January 7th, 1864, in Danville Prison, Va.

HENRY BOARDMAN—

Private, Co. F, 2nd Wisconsin Cavalry; buried in Rushford.

ELIJAH METCALF—

(Unable to obtain his record.) Buried in Rushford.

MARCLUS PALMER—

Age 38 years. Enlisted September 21st, 1862, for three years, as private, Co. F, 4th N. Y. Artillery; discharged January 14th, 1863, for disability, at Fort Ethan Allen, Va.

JAMES WILSON—

Age 22 years. Enlisted August 13th, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. C, 26th N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal January 1st, 1862; wounded at Antietam, Md., September 17th, 1862; discharged with company May 28th, 1863.

NAMES OF THOSE WHO SERVED AS SUBSTITUTES FOR RUSHFORD MEN.

ALONZO D. ABRAMS—

Age 22 years. Enlisted August 16, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va. Principal, Orrin T. Higgins; amount paid by the principal, \$500.

ALVA PRICHARD—

Enlisted February 28, 1865, as private. Principal Burdett McKinney; amount paid by the principal, \$600.

G. W. KELLY McCASH—

Enlisted August 4, 1864, as private, for three years. Principal, Orrin T. Stacy; amount paid by the principal, \$500.

JAMES SHARP—

Enlisted August 10, 1864, as private, for three years. Principal, Wolcott F. Griffin; amount paid by the principal, \$500.

JOHN RICE—

Enlisted August 9, 1864, as private, for three years. Principal, George W. F. Buck; amount paid by the principal, \$500.

FREDERICK WELLS—

Enlisted February 28, 1865, as private. Principal, Adaniram J. Colburn; amount paid by the principal, \$100.

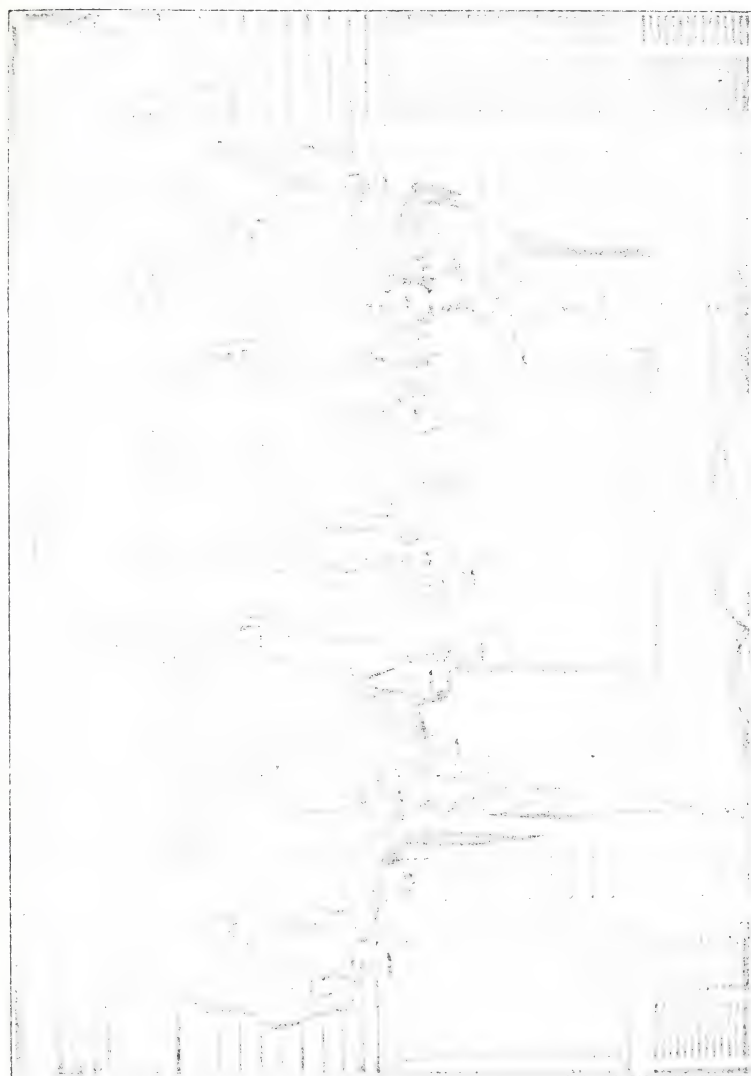
CHARLES WING—

Enlisted September 6, 1864, for one year in the Navy. Principal, J. Dezelle Hill; amount paid by the principal, \$500.

Rushford sent more men to the Union Army than were called for. The first sacrifice for the Union, from Allegany County, was one of her honored sons, "Albert Babbitt, who was killed at Bull Run, Va., July 21st, 1861." Eugene Ferrin was killed later on the same day. The Town was splendidly represented on all the great battle-fields of the war for the Union, by gallant fighting men, at Bull Run, Shiloh, Stone River, Vicksburg, Chicamauga, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, and on to Appomatox; carrying mourning into Rushford's homes, but crowning her with glory.

NOTE.—In compiling the above records, of the individual service, of the men from Rushford who served in the Army, I have examined the public records, and have been assisted by the Adjutant Generals of several States, and I think the records are as nearly correct as can be made at this time.

W. W. BUSH.



To the Absent Volunteer.

BY J. R. PENHOLLOW.

Brave one! thou hast gone to fight
 In a glorious cause—
 Gone to battle for the right
 Of a nation's laws.

Daring was thy look and mien,
 Bravely didst thou go,
 Trusting in Jehovah's power
 To crush the rebel foe.

Thou hast left thy home and friends,
 All thy heart holds dear,
 For the sake of right and truth,
 Most noble Volunteer.

May the God of battles shield
 And protect you ever;
 May his own right arm uphold,
 And desert thee never.

May the dark and gloomy clouds
 Which hang o'er our nation,
 Break ere long before the light
 Of a world's salvation.

Then in all her might and strength,
 She will surely rise,
 'Mid the shouts of victory,
 Ascending to the skies.

Freedom, then, shall be our song,
 Victory be the chorus;
 Negroes now in slavery's power,
 Will repeat it for us.

When all this has come to pass,
 Most noble Volunteer,
 May'st thou with bright laurels crowned
 Return to home so dear.

Then we'll welcome thee with joy,
 Brave, noble Volunteer;
 Then our hearts will bless the day
 We shed the parting tear.

March 3, 1863.

The Civil War Period.

SUMNER E. KILMER.

Company E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry.

The excitement at the beginning of the Civil War was intense, and the discussions of the means to be employed occupied the attention of every citizen of the Town of Rushford. Opinions varied, but the general sentiment was that the Union must be preserved at all hazards, regardless of the cost of life and treasure. When the news was flashed over the wire that the flag had been fired on in South Carolina, the incident inspired the greatest indignation. No man can describe the feelings as expressed at that time. At this crisis a call was made by the President, Abraham Lincoln, for troops to enforce the laws and to compel those who had rebelled against the authority of the government to return to their homes and obey the constituted authorities. Every loyal State was called upon to furnish a certain number of men, and the number that fell to Rushford at different times during the war was always filled, and many times more than the necessary number furnished. The men were enlisted also for other towns in the county. The fathers and mothers bade their sons go, and if it were their fate to fall in battle, to meet death like true sons of America, and never to disgrace the parents who gave them birth. When Dwight Scott bade his mother good-bye she said, with tears trickling down her cheeks, "I'm afraid you will get shot." He responded, "Mother, I can kill as many of them as they can of me."

The scenes of parting with wives and children were too sacred ever to be forgotten. Rushford was represented in nearly every branch of the Union Army, some enlisting in infantry regiments, some in cavalry, some in artillery and some in the engineers corps. The navy was also repre-

sented by Dodge Persons. Rushford furnished nearly two entire companies, and her sons are sleeping in soldiers' graves all along the battle line. As the war progressed the sanitary commission was established, and the patriotic women of Rushford contributed liberally by sending lint bandages and many luxuries to be used in the hospitals. Hattie Jewell went as a nurse. The sufferings of the wives and children that were left in indigent circumstances by the absence of their natural protectors cannot be understood by those who have never been placed in similar circumstances, but they proved themselves true American women, fighting the battle of destitution at home that their country might be saved, and the chains that bound human beings in slavery broken and freedom granted to all.

The citizens of the town in 1863 voted to pay everyone who enlisted for three years, or during the war, three hundred dollars, and the promise was faithfully kept in every instance. In 1864, it was raised to six hundred dollars, which demonstrated that the citizens of the town were determined that nothing should be left undone upon their part for the preservation of the Union. Many of Rushford's sons fell victims in prisons in the South. In the "prison pen" at Charleston the enemy placed officers of the Union in direct line of fire of the Union guns, hoping they would be killed by their own friends.

The first soldiers from Rushford enlisted on the 13th day of April, 1861, in Company I, 27th New York Vol. Infantry, and this company had the distinction of having in its ranks the first man from Allegany County killed in the Civil War. The victim who fell at the first battle of Bull Run was Albert Babbitt. There were nineteen men enrolled in that company from Rushford. They formed at Angelica, New York, and

then went to Elmira, and were mustered into service on the 21st day of May, 1861. This regiment was enlisted for only two years and served that time in the Army of the Potomac, and was present and took an active part in every battle during the first two years of the war. Burton Freeman enlisted on the 13th day of May, 1861, in Company I, 27th New York Infantry; was promoted from Sergeant to 1st Sergeant July 21st, 1861; to 2nd Lieutenant September 1st, 1861; to 1st Lieutenant February 6th, 1862, and to Captain September 26th, 1862. He also served as Color Sergeant at the first battle of Bull Run. His record shows that he served with honor not only to himself and friends, but to the town of Rushford, where he was born and grew to manhood. When this company was enlisted the town was not called upon to furnish any quota as it was later on in the war; so the enlistment of these men was voluntary, with no incentive except one of duty and patriotism, as no financial consideration was held out at that time by the town, and not until 1863 was the proposition of giving bounties to all who would enlist submitted to the vote of the citizens of the town.

The first Colonel of the 27th was Colonel Slocum, who became the famous General Slocum later on in the war.

Company D of the 64th New York Infantry was raised principally from Rushford boys, as forty-eight enlisted from this town during August and September, 1861, and were drilled in the ball-room of the old Globe Hotel. They went to Elmira, N. Y., and were mustered into the service of the United States October 10th, 1861, excepting two who were rejected on account of permanent disability, leaving forty-six. This company was enlisted for three years or during the war, and served in the Army of the Potomac.

The 64th Regiment of New York Infantry was in forty-six battles or skirmishes, and also present at a greater number of engagements than any other regiment in the service during the Civil War.

William Woodworth enlisted September 13th, 1861, at Rushford for three years or during the war; was mustered as 1st Lieutenant of Company D, 64th New York Infantry, December 2nd, 1861, and was promoted to Captain February 26th, 1862. He returned in 1862, enlisted some more men from this town for Company D of the 64th Regiment, and returned to his company with these men. He died of disease at or near Falmouth, Virginia, December 28th, 1862. His body was sent home and is resting beside those of his kindred. His funeral was the largest that ever has been seen in this town before or since. It being a military one, something never before seen in this section, and the great respect in which he was held by all, caused the people to pay their last tribute of love at his bier. The Grand Army Post at Rushford was named in his honor.

Harrison T. Smith enlisted in Company D, 64th New York Infantry on the 14th day of August, 1862; was promoted to Sergeant January 18th, 1863. He was wounded in battle at Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia, 1864; captured in battle, August 25th, 1864, at Reams Station, Virginia, and paroled. He was promoted to 1st Sergeant October 30th, 1864, and Sergeant-Major January 1st, 1865; promoted to Captain of Company H of the 64th New York Infantry March 1st, 1865, and killed in battle March 25th, 1865, at Hatchers Run, Virginia.

Clayton G. Jewell enlisted at Rushford, September 13th, 1861, in Company D, 64th New York Infantry, and was mustered as 2nd Lieutenant of the same company, December 10th, 1861, and as 1st Lieutenant February 26th, 1862.

He was discharged July 6th, 1862; afterwards enlisted in another organization. He was killed July 30th, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Virginia, at the time the mine was exploded, and was buried on the field.

Fifteen of Rushford's boys were enrolled in Company B, 2nd New York Mounted Rifles, for three years or during the war, in December, 1863. They were ordered to Buffalo, N. Y., and mustered into service of the United States January 12th, 1864. In the month of March, 1864, they were ordered to Camp Stoneman, near Washington, D. C. This regiment was ordered to join the Army of the Potomac sometime during the month of May, 1864, and they received their first experience in war at the battle of the Wilderness. They were enlisted as cavalry and were drilled in cavalry tactics, but served as infantry during the summer of 1864. They participated in all the battles in which the Army of the Potomac were engaged, from the Wilderness to the close of the war. They received their horses at City Point, Virginia, in the fall of 1864, and served after that as cavalry until they were discharged at the close of the war. This regiment suffered very heavily in killed and wounded, serving as infantry and fighting side by side with veterans who had been fighting for a long time and were experienced in war.

Watson W. Bush was enrolled November 23rd, 1863; mustered as 1st Lieutenant January 12th, 1864, in Company B, 2nd New York Mounted Rifles; captured September 30th, 1864, in battle at Pegram's Farm, Virginia. The number captured at that time was forty or fifty, and the number killed and wounded was from fifty to seventy-five. He was taken to Libby Prison, Richmond, Virginia, then to Danville; from there to Salisbury, N. C., and was transferred from

there to Libby to be exchanged February 22nd, 1865. He was promoted to Captain of Company B, 2nd New York Mounted Rifles January 28th, 1865, and was discharged August 28th, 1865.

There were a number of Rushford boys who joined other New York regiments, but their numbers were few in each organization.

Rushford's only means of receiving news from the outside world was the easy-going stage, which brought only one mail daily over the old stage road from Cuba, N. Y., fifteen miles south and from Arcade, the same distance north. Every one knew the time when the mail was due to arrive, and the people would assemble at the Post Office, hoping, yet fearing to hear some news from the Army. The papers were eagerly seized and read with fear and trembling by fathers, mothers, wives and friends of the boys who were at the seat of war.

The citizens of the town of Rushford can look back with pride at the deeds of her valiant sons, who sacrificed life and health to perpetuate the principles of a free and independent people, and one of the grandest and best governments on the earth.

Fast Letter of Horatio B. Parsons.

A member of Company B, Sixty-fourth N. Y. He died in Andersonville prison, Ga., July 9, 1864. The number of his grave is 3082.

ANDERSONVILLE, July 2, 1864.

DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME :

It is just one year ago to-day since I was captured and I have taken the care I could of myself, and struggled long and hard for life for my sake and the sake of loved ones at home, but it is of no use. I discover I lose a little strength daily, and the feeble beating of my pulse warns me that what little remains for me to do must be done quickly. I have no particular disease, except general debility,

and I shall probably die an easy death, but my principal reason for writing to you is to let you know that I die in hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave, and I can truly say, "O Grave, where is thy victory, O Death, where is thy sting?"

I pray God that these few lines may reach you some way, for I know that such an assurance from me will afford you more consolation than any other message I could send. I wish I had more strength to think and write, I could say many things, but I am easy and happy. I find great comfort in reading the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th chapters of St. John. The whole word of God is precious to me, I only wish I might live to preach it. I thank God that others have been raised up to preach it, and that through its hearing and believing I feel I am saved. Do not regard me as one lost, but as one merely gone before, waiting to receive you to Heaven's untold joys. Oh, be sure one and all to meet me there, where weeping and parting shall be no more. I have hated to die, and have temptations at times that way now, but what are the moments and pleasures of time compared with the unending duration and untold joys of eternity it fills my soul with rapture to contemplate now.

I die the death I have always prayed for, *i. e.*, I have ample time for meditation upon and preparation for this great and final change. I am well aware I have not always lived as I should, and this may be my punishment that I must die away from friends and home, but Christ is my friend and comforter, and I feel I am not alone.

I would love to write more, but if this reaches you it will do perhaps.

Give Frank Woods a nice book from my library, and one to Albert Damon. Everything else I leave to you and at your disposal.

Farewell until we meet in Heaven.

Your loving son and brother,

W. D. PENSONS.

Letter to Nathan Lyman.

A letter written in War times to Nathan Lyman of Illinois, formerly from Rushford.

RUSHFORD, Dec. 2d, 1861.

DEAR NEPHEW AND FAMILY:—

Yours of Oct. 3d came to hand in due time. The time had been so long since you had written us, that we had almost concluded that your business absorbed your time and attention too much to find time for writing us. But we were happily disappointed, and hope we shall not have occasion to think so again; and moreover, we will try and answer sooner than we have this time. So much for preliminaries.

Yesterday, Sunday, was the first wintry day we have had. People have continued to plow till last Saturday. Our crops of all kinds were just about middling fair for this country. Dairies sold very low this fall, 5 1/2 to 6 1/2 cents. Your Aunt Emily's cheese sells as high as any one's in town. We sold this year from 20 cows 8,300 lbs. Last year 8,000 from 17 cows.

Rosina is at home this winter. Mr. Evans has enlisted for three years. He has been at the camp at Elmira for two months, he was home last week. Some 4000 men are there. They leave this week for Washington. He is in the 64th Regiment N. Y. State Volunteers under Col. Parker. He has three brothers in the Army. John Worthington's two youngest boys are in the Army. The youngest was at *Bull Run*. Ira Ames was there also. Albert Babbitt was killed there.

Rushford and vicinity—Rushford being the nucleus—has sent off at three different times, about 130 men, and Rev. (Capt.) John C. Nobles has enlisted about 40 more in this region, who go into winter quarters at Leroy. Uncle John W. goes with them. The Colonel of the Regiment is Rev.

Jas. M. Fuller of Genesee Conference, Presiding Elder for five or six years.

I am glad you Western Patriots are doing so much in this our Country's trials. But when you go ahead of old Rushford, let us know about it. We had at one meeting here \$2,000 pledged for the benefit of the families of Volunteers. Old York State is *right side up with care*, 130,000 men in the field within seven months from the time Beau-regard with his legions, aroused the slumbering fires of '76 from their ashes. See what Gen. Dix, one of New York's Patriot sons, has just accomplished in Accomac and Northumberland without the loss of a single man. And see also what the brave old Gen. Scott said of the N. Y. 69th—Col. Bendix, I think—"the best disciplined regiment reviewed at Washington before he left for Europe. It is supposed at the present time that N. Y. has furnished more than her quota.

But enough of this: (excuse this boasting won't you?)

Clark Bannister has just enlisted in the Navy for three years. Wm. O. Kingsbury has three boys in the Army. A Mr. Merrill on the old Hardy farm has two sons there. James Tapp, and two brothers just over from England, have enlisted. Two of Clark Kendall's sons also. Lyman B. Metcalf and a son of his, Lyman Eaton's two oldest boys are in a cavalry company. And so it goes. The mass of the people here are fearful of the effect of Fremont's removal; but we hope the Government has not done it without good cause.

* * * * *

Your Uncle Alonzo Lyman has been sick but is better. The rest of the family are about as usual. I must bid you an affectionate farewell. Be faithful unto death, and a crown is in waiting.

A. W. E. DAMON

N. E. LYMAN

and Family.

and family.

Home Again.

Lines written for Home-Coming Week, when the town of Rushford celebrated its Centennial, and dedicated to the old friends and the old home, by Esther Saville Allen.

Standing at eve in her doorway,
 With the yearnings of hope in her breast,
 A mother, while night shades are low'ring,
 Looks forth to the North and the West.
 Then tenderly turns to the Eastward,
 Where beats the great pulse of the sea;
 And anon to the far sunny Southland,
 O'er mountains, and river and lea.

Like emeralds the hills of her dwelling,
 Her valleys are fair to behold;
 Her streams are the clearest of crystal,
 Her sunsets the rarest of gold.
 And the years with the gentlest of fingers
 Have touched her on cheek, and on brow;
 Tho' she wears on her clustering tresses,
 The snows of a century now.

Listen! As in her soft, gentle accents,
 To her children wherever they roam,
 She calls, to come back from the highway,
 To the cool, sheltered paths of the home;
 To revisit the dear scenes of childhood,
 Where Hope and Ambition first met;
 And which the bright glamor of youth-time
 Enfolds in its radiance yet.

They hear, and they come from the prairie,
 And the mountains exultant and free,
 From the cities of trade's ebbless surges,
 Thy children come, Mother, to thee!
 Aye, they come from the dim Northern forests,
 Exultant with anthem of pines;
 And they come from the land of magnolias,
 With the vine-enwreathed temples and shrines.

And what though their locks have grown thinner?
 Or with dust of the highways are gray?
 And what though the tired feet falter
 From the roughness and length of the way?
 Since they come bearing with them their life-work,
 With its crown of endeavor complete;
 And they lay it in grateful remembrance,
 Dear Mother, at shrine of thy feet.

But what of the graves of thy children,
 Who hear not the summons to come,
 Once more to the rest and the shelter
 And the tender endearments of home;
 They who fell in the van of the battle,
 Or pined in the deadly stockade,
 But true to their flag and their country,
 Met death and were never afraid?

Now back to the worn, dusty highway,
 To the sparkle and lees of life's wine;
 Aye, back to the toil and endeavor
 From the paths of the dear "Auld lang syne."
 But, Mother, dear Mother, your blessing,
 Ere we rev'rently turn to depart,
 With the fires of faith newly kindled,
 And a new song of hope in the heart.
 LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

*The Collection of Relics at the Springfield
 Centennial.*

ANNIE WIER THOMAS.

It is often said that the present generation cannot realize the hardships of the pioneer. A collection of the farm and kitchen utensils was exhibited at the Centennial and Old Home Week that should stand as an object lesson to the young, and a reminder of other days to the older ones.

There were flax wheels with Mrs. Belknap to show her skill, the linen table cloths, sheets and pillow covers made in the homes of the early



CHRISTIANN WILMARTH BELKNAP

settlers. Wool cards, spinning wheels, and the many beautiful bed covers of blue and white, that were the result of the patient effort of our foremothers, the crude fire place, bake ovens, warming pans, foot stones, pewter dishes of all shapes and sizes, cradles that hushed little ones to sleep, the old splint-bottomed rocking chairs, wagon chairs that father and mother used when coming to church, blue dishes that spoke of more prosperous times, the china that is the pride of the third or fourth generation. Nor had the personal adornments been cast aside to the old clothes gatherers, for there were bonnets that had graced the heads of brides, combs that held their veils in place, shawls that are priceless heirlooms in many families. The dainty dresses that were hand made for the first baby, put to shame the careless sewing of the present day.

Many of the farm implements would tax the strength of an athlete to lift, much more to use, winnowing boards, flails, shovels, hoes of such crude workmanship, their use often doubted, were seen. The pictures of ancestors from the silhouette to the enlarged photograph, were brought out to bring to mind faces of long ago. Crude pictures that were first hung upon the walls of the log house, such as Washington and his family, death bed scene of Andrew Jackson, the monument with place for names of the departed shadowed by the weeping willow, these were all brought from garrets for the crowd to comment upon and ask if these were ever considered works of art.

Then there was the array of guns from the flint lock muskets to the more modern rifles, sabres, swords; uniforms of no earlier date than the Rebellion seemed very ancient to many a youth.

These and almost numberless other relics of the early days, leave us wondering what the next one hundred years will bring to us, in labor saving devices, art and fashion.

The Relics.

FRANK M. BOARD.

A very interesting and instructive part of Rushford's Old Home Week Program was the exhibit of relics which were placed in the lower rooms of the Academy, facing the west. And so well filled were the rooms that only a fair space was left for the onlookers.

Arranged on the wall were pictures of some of the early settlers and their children, including Roswell Wilmarth, Capt. Wm. W. Woodworth, Israel Thompson and wife, Judge James McCall, Levi Benjamin and wife with R. W. Benjamin at seven years of age; O. D. Benjamin, Asa Benjamin and wife, a silhouette of Dimmick Damon, father of A. W. E. Damon; Wilson Gordon and his first wife, Lydia Pratt, L. L. Benjamin, James Gordon, L. C. Kimball, Mary R. Evans, Maria Benjamin, four generations of the Higgins family in a group, Dr. Timothy Higgins, Frank W. Higgins and O. T. Higgins, 2nd; Chapman Brooks and wife, Bethuel Freeman, Judge Lyon and wife, C. W. Woodworth, R. Bonham Laning, Newbury Eddy, Sampson Hardy and wife, Nahum Ames, David Sill and a group containing five of the Talcott family—Electa, Elihu, Ravilio, Samuel and Henry.

Above these hung blue and white coverlets, eleven in all, with several of other colors; six quilts—some of wonderful designs and intricate patterns; several baby dresses and needlework well worth seeing.

On tables were tools and implements used by the pioneer—swingling knives, six hatchels and flax ready for the hatchels, candle molds, a puncheon that was in use before jugs could be had for carrying drink to the fields, a pair of shackles made by Chauncy McDonald for John Holmes, a

carpenter's square made by a blacksmith, a large mortar used by Wm. Gary, sickles, saws, froes for splitting shingles and staves, punctured tin lanterns, iron tea-kettles, an ancient broad axe crude enough to have been used in Noah's time, a tray for mixing bread; warming pans—a wooden scoop shovel, made by John Knaggs, a brother-in-law of D. C. Woods, iron skillets and spiders, an old surveying instrument used on the Holland Land survey, and a sheet iron box in which to borrow fire from the neighbors.

A show case containing many pieces of home-made linen cloth and fine thread, two stocks worn by men on dress occasions, silver shoe buckles, beautiful bead bags, tortoise-shell combs so large that they had to be carried in milady's bag until her bonnet was taken off; six or more samplers, these were the proof that the maker could use the needle as dexterously as the present generation can play the piano; the oldest one of these was made by Mary Palms who was born in 1760. In this show case were many old books—a bible that belonged to Wilson Gordon, the Osterwald translation printed previous to 1747. Also a poster advertising the Semi-Centennial Celebration held fifty years previous to the Home-Coming Week and Centennial Celebration. Almanacs dating from 1832 to the present date were also to be seen.

One of the cases contained the exhibit loaned by Miss Ellen Gordon. Dresses worn by J. B. and Fred Gordon when babies, a corset board worn by Julietta Gordon, wedding socks of J. B. Gordon, a group picture of William, Martha, Samuel and Jedediah Gordon, a picture of J. B. Gordon and his first wife, Eneas Gary's Masonic certificate and pension papers, a pitcher used by Esther Gary, a warming pan belonging to Eneas Gary and one of the old factory shuttles were a part of this collection.

Other relics were silver spoons that had belonged to Judge McCall, many pieces of old pottery, among which were the various kinds of lustre ware, both light and dark; seven pewter platters, many rare candle sticks of both glass and brass, an old mirror in a quaint frame, which was said to be more than a hundred years old. The saddle bags used by Dr. Mason, also the one used by Dr. Bixby, a small leather-covered trunk containing an article for land from the Holland Land Company (an article was a contract for a deed when the said contract had been fulfilled), and a case containing some wonderful millinery of the olden times, some of which belonged to the Higgins family.

There were flint-lock guns, powder horns, a cartridge box, bayonet in a sheath, a leather pouch in which to carry bullets with a priming wire attached and a small bristle brush to wipe the pan of the flint-lock gun, a real Barlow knife; all these were of Revolutionary fame, while alongside these relics were a saber and sash, revolver, canteen, belt and uniform that had seen service in the Rebellion; also the large brass horn with which Bowen Gordon helped to put down the Rebellion.

In another room was the big wheel for spinning wool and the little wheel for flax, with Mrs. Erastus Belknap to spin the real flax; the swifts and reels to wind the yarn when spun; a clock reel and a hand reel or "niddy noddy." The fireplace, with its real mantlepice of the olden time, shovels, tongs, andirons, a trammel used in the Judge McCall household, and a tin bake-oven to use in front of the fireplace, a wagon chair that would seat two, a splint-bottomed affair, to be used in a lumber wagon when it did duty for a carriage.

Perhaps the most interesting of all was the canopy bed, the height of style and elegance back

in the thirties. This was made up with a well-filled straw tick, a generous feather bed, sheets and blankets that were woven and sewed by hand, as were the pillow-cases and a patch-work quilt.

Keeping watch over all was the grandfather clock once owned by the first white woman to stay overnight in the town of Rushford, Nancy Gary Woods. The clock is now owned by Watson W. Bush.

The success of the Old Home Week exhibit in its collection and display was due in a great measure to the efforts and time given to it by Mrs. Annie Thomas and Mrs. Jennie Bush.

Home Coming Week Music
AT THE RUSHFORD CENTENNIAL.
FRED K. WOODS.

Rushford's history shows that we have always had an abundance of musical talent, and at no time was this more true than during this Centennial and Home Coming Week. Where is the small town that can furnish a band, an orchestra, a chorus choir, a double quartette, a mixed quartette, a male quartette and several soloists, all strictly home talent?

During the previous winter, when plans for Rushford's Centennial and Home Coming Week began to assume tangible shape, the boys, realizing the importance of having a good band for that great week, assembled in Editor W. F. Benjamin's office and reorganized the famous Rushford Cornet Band. Some had been members of the old Band, and some raw recruits were accepted. Weekly practice meetings were held, and by Old Home Week the Band was ready to "Do it for Rushford" on any and all occasions. The Band at Old Home Week numbered nineteen. The names of the players and their parts

were as follows: W. F. Benjamin, Leader, E-flat Cornet; Dr. E. D. Kilmer, William Burton, Kendall Hardy, Greydon Davis, Clare Davis and Miner Taylor, B-flat Cornets; F. K. Woods, Clarinet; Warren Hadley, Tuba; W. W. Thomas, Baritone; Dean G. Gordon and Clare Gere, Trombone; Steven Wilmot, Tenor; Dewitt Stone, Solo Alto; A. P. Benjamin and Arthur Alderman, Alto; A. J. Lyon, Snare Drum; D. W. Woods, Bass Drum and Cymbals.

About the same time Dr. F. C. Ballard, who for the many years of his practice of medicine here had been compelled to let his musical talent lie dormant, suddenly became enthusiastic for an orchestra. After much labor and financial assistance by the Doctor, the Rushford Orchestra, more often called Ballard's Orchestra, was started. New members were accepted from time to time, so that at Old Home Week there were nine members, as follows:— Dr. F. C. Ballard, Leader, 1st Violin; Mrs. John A. James, 1st Violin; Miss Helen Taylor, 2nd Violin; F. K. Woods, Clarinet; Miss Bessie Thomas and William Burton, Cornets; Dean D. Gordon, Trombone; A. J. Lyon, Drum; accompanied by Mrs. Lena Werries on the piano.

The general committee on Old Home Week music were W. F. Benjamin, W. W. Thomas and A. J. Lyon, and their part of the program was carried out with the same great success that characterized the whole of the week's program and preparations. This committee appointed a committee of three, one from each of the Churches; namely, Mrs. Sophia Taylor, Miss Ellen Gordon and Miss Millie Metcalf, to select the music for the first meeting of the week, the Platform Meeting, Sunday afternoon, August 16th, 1908. This committee asked D. W. Woods to take charge of the large chorus, consisting of the choirs of the three Churches and other singers of the town. The

selections were the oldest hymns, which were more familiar one hundred years ago, and were as follows:—

- Italian Hymn, Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708.
- Antioch, Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674.
- Ariel, Lowell Mason, 1792.
- Hebron, Lowell Mason, 1792.
- Sherburne, George Frederick Handel, 1685.
- Portuguese Hymn, Unknown.
- Exhortation, Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1727.
- Amsterdam, Rev. Robert Seagrave, 1768.
- Windham, Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674.
- Coronation, Rev. Edward Perrouet, 1792.

Monday was without a public service until evening, when the W. C. T. U. held a medal contest in Academy Hall. The Band made their first appearance for the week on the street, before the exercises in the Hall began. The music inside was furnished by the Orchestra; by Mrs. R. T. Brooks, who sang a solo which was very fine; by the Male Quartette, Messrs. Robert Warren, S. E. Wilmot, D. D. Gordon and Eben Haynes, who furnished some excellent selections; by Robert Woods, who sang a solo, and by the contestants, who sang their contest song, the words being set to the tune, "Marching through Georgia."

Tuesday, Farmers' Day, started off with a parade, the music for which was furnished by the Band, riding in the famous old Band Wagon. After the dinner hour the Band again called the crowd together, with music in the street until the time for the afternoon program in the Hall. The Band played a selection inside, followed by one by the Orchestra. A quartette next sang. The singers were Mrs. Lena Werries, soprano; Miss Velma Haykes, alto; Robert Warren, tenor; and Eben Haynes, bass; accompanied by Miss Bessie Thomas on the piano. The Orchestra then furnished another selection.

The evening program opened with orchestra music; other music for the evening was a song by the Quartette. The Orchestra played another number, and the Band played at the close.

Wednesday, Centennial Day, was a very busy one for the musicians, some of them playing in the Band, the Orchestra, and singing. In the morning, the Band took opportunity to serenade some of the distinguished guests. A few selections were rendered on the street, and the boys then marched to Mr. C. J. Elmer's lawn, where two or three pieces were played before Mr. Elmer and Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Elmer, of Ithaca, N. Y. Prof. Elmer responded with words of appreciation in behalf of the family. The home of Captain and Mrs. W. W. Bush, where so many distinguished guests were entertained all the week, was next visited. The boys made their circle very prettily, and the spacious porch was soon filled with the guests of the house. Besides the family of Captain Bush, there were present Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Smith of New York, Rev. and Mrs. Henry C. Woods of Bath, Mrs. Annie Thomas of Lansing, Iowa, Mrs. Flora Hammond of Minnesota, and others. Words of appreciation were spoken by several of these, and after very touching remarks by Mrs. Smith, she was introduced and shook hands with each member of the band. The boys then marched back to the hall, where they disbanded for dinner. Assembling again several pieces were played, the boys always willing to keep things going.

The afternoon program opened with music by the band, followed by the orchestra. The songs for the day were selected by the Centennial Day Committee, and were sung by a double quartette, consisting of:—Soprano, Mrs. Jennie Gordon and Mrs. Minnie Woods; Alto, Mrs. Myrtie Bush and Marena Woods; Tenor, Dr. E. D. Kilmer and F. K. Woods; Bass, A. P. Benjamin and D. W.

Woods; Piano, Miss Anna Merrill. The songs, as sandwiched in between the speeches, were Home Sweet Home, The Old Oaken Bucket, Annie Laurie and Cousin Jedediah. The orchestra played a selection for the closing number of the afternoon.

The evening program opened with music by the orchestra. The double quartette sang:

"Home again, Home again, from a foreign shore,
And O! it fills my heart with joy to meet my friends
once more."

The next song was "Comin' Thro' the Rye." Then the musical selection "Poor Nellie Gray" was played by the Band. The audience then arose and sang an adapted version of "Auld Lang Syne," as follows:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne we meet to-day,
For auld lang syne;
To tread the paths our fathers trod
In days of auld lang syne.

We've passed through many varied scenes,
Since youth's unclouded day;
And friends, and hopes, and happy dreams,
Time's hand has swept away.
And voices that once joined with ours,
In days of auld lang syne,
Are silent now, and blend no more
In songs of auld lang syne.

Yet ever has this light of hope
Illumed our darkest hour,
And cheered us on Life's toilsome way,
And gemmed our path with flowers;

The sacred prayers our mothers said
 In days of auld lang syne,
 Have ever kept us in the right,
 Since days of auld lang syne.

Here we have met, here we may part,
 To meet on earth no more,
 And some may never see again
 The cherished homes of yore;
 The sportive plays and pleasant days
 Of childhood's auld lang syne—
 We ne'er shall meet to know again
 Those joys of auld lang syne.

But when we've crossed the sea of life
 And reached the heav'nly shore,
 We'll sing the songs our fathers sing,
 Transcending those of yore;
 We there shall sing diviner strains,
 Than those of auld lang syne—
 Immortal songs of praise, unknown
 In days of old lang syne.

The last song of the evening was "Long, Long Ago." The Band played the closing piece, and continued with several others on the street until nearly every one had retired to their homes, or to the dancing pavilion.

Thursday, known as School Day, opened with a parade at eleven A. M., led by the Band on foot. The only other musical instrument noticed in the parade was a hand organ played by W. H. Leavens. The parade concluded its march before the High School, where each class of alumni marched before the reviewing stand separately, to a short strain from the Band, or an appropriate tune on the piano played by Mrs. R. T. Brooks, and did their stunt. The Band, as on all occasions, was present on the street during the remainder of the afternoon, or at the ball games, playing between innings and making much noise to help out the rooters. Leader Benjamin scarcely

gave the boys time to eat between appearances, and the Band often struck up with hardly a quorum, but before many pieces were played the last man was present.

The evening program, in charge of the High School Alumni, opened with music by the Orchestra. Two Alumni songs were on the program. Mrs. Lena Werries was pianist, accompanied by Mr. Burton on the cornet, and the members of the Alumni sang as a chorus. The first song, adapted from college songs, to the tune "Maryland, My Maryland," was as follows:

Our love and praise to-night we give,

Rushford, dear Rushford.

Long may your glorious record live,

Rushford, dear Rushford.

Your sons and daughters, as of yore,

As in the years that have gone before,

Now pledge their loyalty once more,

Rushford, dear Rushford.

No matter where we spend our days,

Rushford, dear Rushford.

Our fond allegiance with you stays,

Rushford, dear Rushford.

Our songs are gay, but thoughts are grave,

We'll strive to keep our purpose brave,

To make your colors ever wave,

Rushford, dear Rushford.

The second, to the tune of "Old Black Joe," was:—

Gone are the days when we lived in Rushford,

Gone are the years that we toiled there faithfully,

Yet in our hearts we've kept thy memory,

All hail to thee, our Alma Mater, R. H. S.

CHORUS.

We're bringing by singing

Our tribute here to thee,

All hail to thee, our Alma Mater, R. H. S.

Tho' we may roam in countries far and near,
 Tho' others tempt and offer us good cheer,
 Yet when we hear "Alumnus come to me,"
 We'll never fail to heed thy summons, R. H. S.

Chorus.

Long may thy children loud their praises sing,
 Long may thy halls with cheerful laughter ring,
 Long may we feel this night we've met with thee,
 Thou art our queen, our Alma Mater, R. H. S.

Chorus.

During the evening Miss Anna Merrill rendered "La Czarine" very beautifully on the piano, and the orchestra played two more selections. The closing song, "Our Alumni," was written for a previous occasion by Mrs. Edward James, formerly Miss Zella W. Spencer, to the tune, "Clementine."

Friday was Soldiers' and G. A. R. Day. The G. A. R. had engaged a drum corps, consisting of three lads from Hume, who filled the old Vets with war-time spirit. After the dinner hour the Veterans were marched to the Academy lawn by the Band and Drum Corps. Several selections were played by the Band while the people were gathered on the lawn.

Friday evening was to be the grand finish of the week's celebration. The program called for music by the Band, and the Band was very much in evidence from early in the evening until the small hours of the morning. They played around the Camp Fire, marched the crowd into the Hall, and after the evening's program they played for the fireworks display, and then the band boys claimed the remainder of the night for themselves. For nearly three hours could be heard the familiar strains of "Marching through Georgia" and "John Brown's Body." Down the street they went and into the dancing pavilion, breaking up the dance. Around the hall they marched, with a

large following of boys. Out they came, and were soon lined up at the restaurant bar, where the proprietors saw fit to "set 'em up." Of course, everything was "soft" in Rushford, as it had been all the week, and no overloaded specimens were seen. Out they went to the same old tune, "John Brown's Body," and into the Moving Picture Show, where they were entertained with a special performance. Songs were sung and Spokesman Ed. Pratt's command to "Clap your hands if you like the pictures" was vigorously obeyed. Into the street again came the same old tune, as if the Band could play no other; then the crowd took possession of the Merry-go-Round, and were treated to a ride to the tune of "Marching through Georgia" for a change. A round of the stores was made; then the crowd, headed by the Band, started on a serenade. First they marched to the home of Capt. W. W. Bush, and at the command of Spokesman Pratt, three hearty cheers were given Captain Bush, President of the Home Coming Week Committee, who did so much to make the week a success. President Bush appeared, and responded with words of appreciation. Judge R. B. Laning was next visited, and given a hearty cheer for his untiring labors to promote the interests of the week. All through the town they went, the Band playing, and sometimes singing the same old tunes. Other members of the Committee, who did so much to make the happy week the success that everyone voted it to be, were visited; among them were Miss Ellen Lyman, Mrs. A. M. Tarbell, Mrs. E. C. Gilbert, James Benjamin, L. J. Thomas and R. W. Benjamin. The crowd, getting smaller at this late hour, gathered around the smouldering remains of the Camp Fire, which was replenished with fresh pine knots. Speeches were made and songs sung, and thus was Old Home Week brought to a victorious finish early on Saturday morning.

Rushford's Centennial.

REV. F. E. G. WOODS.

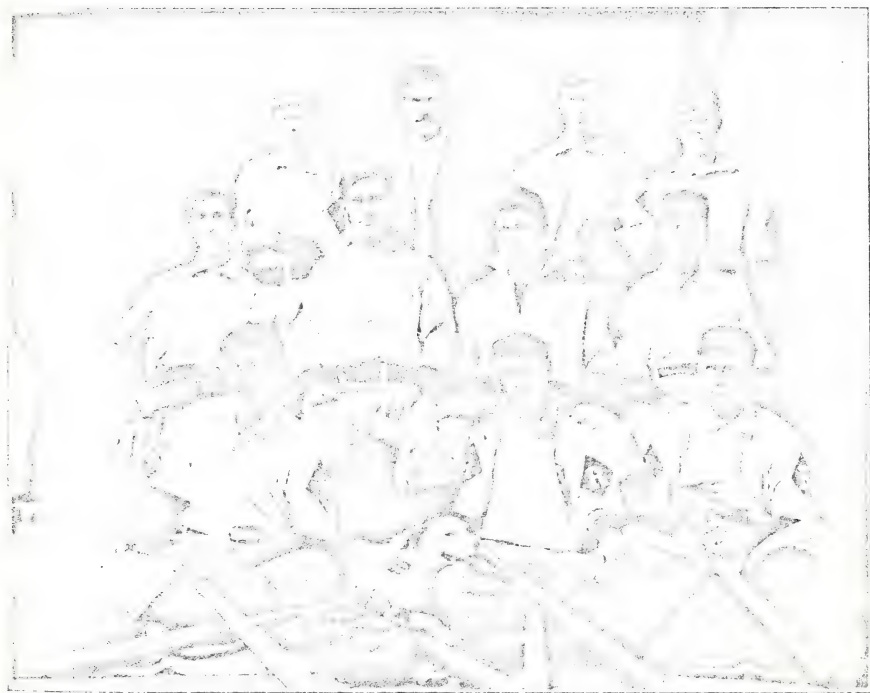
The 100th year of the settlement of Rushford, N. Y., was celebrated by its citizens in a manner worthy of such an important event. Its program covered August 16-21, 1908, taking the form of an Old Home Coming Week and consisted of a series of appropriate exercises commemorating the various phases—industrial, educational, religious—of the people's life in the century just ended. There were no dull days in this continued festival. The numerous public exercises bringing out from a century's treasury relics, and also records rehearsed in speeches and essays on features historical and biographical, enlivened by story, song and instrumental music, occupied the hours not otherwise given to renewing acquaintances of friends separated by many years. The street parade was a living, moving panorama of what had been rehearsed on the platform, showing the industrial life in varied phases contrasted with new inventions, giving also former social customs. The whole was so realistic as, seemingly, to transport the spectator back to an earlier era, and, for the while, he imagined himself to be living in a former age.

Old Home Week at Rushford.

MARY SHERWOOD.

Among the pleasures of the year
That woke my heart and gave it cheer,
Not one to me that was so dear
As Old Home Week at Rushford.

Arriving on Centennial Day,
I saw the streets in fine array,
And everything so bright and gay
For Old Home Week in Rushford.



THE RUSHFORD BASEBALL TEAM

LEFT TO RIGHT

BACK ROW: ABRAM P. BENJAMIN, DR. WM. W. BUSH, MANAGER, GREYDON DAVIS,
HOMER BROOKS. MIDDLE ROW: ERNEST VAN DUSEN, ROBERT WARREN, WM. G.
HICE, CAPT.; GEORGE VAN DUSEN. FRONT ROW: R. J. WILSON, BARTON TARBELL,
CHARLES VAN DUSEN.

But really it was best of all,
 The decorations of the hall,
 And glorious ever to recall
 Of Old Home Week at Rushford.

And on the rostrum as they read
 Of ancestors among the dead,
 Almost I saw and heard their tread
 Along the streets of Rushford.

Year after year they toiled along,
 And cheered their toil by hymn and song,
 To be recalled by future throng,
 Centennial year at Rushford.

Their histories were all well told;
 The phases of their lives unrolled,
 But little dross among the gold,
 In the pioneers of Rushford.

School Day opened by parade—
 The memory of which will never fade,
 Of young and old, and how arrayed
 The pupils were of Rushford.

Float after float glided along,
 Yell after yell, both shrill and strong,
 Awaking laughter from the throng
 That filled the streets of Rushford.

Friday was G. A. R. Day,
 The last is always best, they say,
 And in the mind will longer stay,
 And it was so at Rushford.

For the parade was—yes—just grand!
 For those therein had all the sand
 To act their parts with heart and hand,
 To enliven the streets of Rushford.

The veterans of course were there,
 And first of all they had their share
 Of honor, which they well might bear,
 The veterans of Rushford.

Now, it would take many a day
 To all I saw or heard portray
 And weave into this roundelay
 Of Old Home Week at Rushford.

So I will quickly speed along,
 Skip speeches, only mention song,
 That I may feel not in the wrong,
 About the time at Rushford.

"Home Sweet Home" and "Home Again,"
 And "Annie Laurie's" sweet refrain,
 "Auld Lang Syne," like summer rain,
 Refreshed our hearts at Rushford.

And oft were wafted by the strain
 Of orchestra or band again,
 To youthful days all void of pain,
 Of youthful days at Rushford.

But I must not forget the door
 I opened oft, and o'er and o'er
 I viewed the relics there in store,
 The curios of Rushford.

In vain to give their meed of praise,
 How well preserved from ancient days,
 How plain to show in many ways
 The old time week of Rushford.

But now a word I long to say,
 The greatest pleasure of each day,
 Was greeting friends from far away
 Who were gathered there at Rushford.

Although we ne'er again may meet,
 To clasp the hand and kindly greet,
 The memory ever will be sweet
 Of Old Home Week at Rushford.

History of the Free Methodist Church.

MILLIE C. METCALF.

This being the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the town of Rushford, it has been deemed fitting that at this time each church take a glance at its past history and consider for a moment a few points of interest in its course.

The Free Methodist Church cannot boast of this as its hundredth anniversary, for it is but forty-eight years the coming October, since its birth in this town. Two years previous to this, however, the work had started and was well on foot which resulted in the organization in 1860.

In October, 1860, The Genesee Conference of the Free Methodist Church was organized at Rushford, Alle. Co., N. Y., by B. T. Roberts, its founder. Five preachers were received into full connection, and among the number, J. W. Reddy, who was appointed pastor of the Rushford circuit. Soon after the close of the conference, he organized a Society consisting of the following: Elijah Metcalf, Wilson Gordon, Sophronia Gordon, Charles English, Robert English, Frances English, Maria Benjamin, Rufus Adams, George Worthington, Harry Howe, Elvira Howe, Harris Gilbert, Levanche Van Dusen, Ophelia Van Dusen, Salome Metcalf, Cornelia Metcalf, Levi Metcalf.

Of the original members, Cornelia Metcalf, Charles English and George Worthington remain living. May their lives yet be spared many years.

The first trustees of the church here were Harry Howe, Wilson Gordon, Robert English, Harris Gilbert, Levi Metcalf.

Classes were soon organized at Gowanda, Belfast, Caseville, Caneadea, Cadwells, and other points. These together with the Rushford class composed the Rushford circuit.

The first Free Methodist meetings in this place were held in the old Methodist Episcopal Church which, upon the erection of the new church building was moved to the present site of Myron Claus' harness shop. This building, having been bought for the purpose, was used as a house of worship about two years, when it was destroyed by fire. The Free Methodist Society then secured the rental of the Presbyterian Church, in which house they worshipped until the present one was purchased. This was bought of the Universalists in 1873, when T. B. Catton was pastor. Soon afterward the church was remodeled. The pulpit which had formerly stood between the two doors, was moved to the opposite side of the room, and the seats arranged accordingly.

Since the first Genesee Conference in 1860, three annual conferences have convened here, the first in 1882, during A. H. Bennett's pastorate, the second in 1898, when G. D. Mark was pastor, and the last in 1904, when N. B. Martin was pastor.

During the 48 years since its organization, the Rushford circuit has had 26 pastors. I will mention their names in order, and with the term each served:

J. W. Reddy, 2 years; Wm. Manning, 2 years; A. F. Curry, 2 years; F. J. Ewell and A. B. Mathewson, 1 year; O. O. Bacon, 2 years; Wm. Jackson, 2 years; Wm. Jones, 1 year; I. C. White, 2 years; T. B. Catton, 2 years; M. H. Monroe (supply), 1 year; John Robinson, 1 year; A. A. Burgess, 2 years; A. H. Bennett, 2 years; M. C. Burritt, 2 years; L. D. Perkins, 1 year; C. C. Eggleston, 2 years; M. E. Brown, 2 years; T. S. Slocum, 2 years; N. Palmer, 2 years; H. W. Rowley, 2 years; G. D. Mark, 3 years (last year supply); J. H. Wheeler, 3 years (term changed); J. E. Tiffany, 1 year; N. B. Martin, 3 years; J. H. Harman, 2 years; C. L. Wright.

The former Rushford and Rockville circuit was divided in 1907, so each point now has a separate preacher.

The Rushford Society is now composed of 58 members; 48 in full connection, 10 on probation.

In view of the progress which has been made both in numbers, and we trust in spirituality, we have reason to take courage; and believing still in the same principles that made us a church, we are endeavoring to "walk by the same rule and mind the same things." As we continue in so doing, we may expect the blessing of the Lord to attend us.

The Remodeling of the M. E. Church at Rushford.

We've been up to the M. E. Church,
We've climbed its stairs once more;
But we stopped and gazed in wonder,
As we stepped within the door.

For lo! some skilled magicians,
With true decorative art,
Have given the dear old structure
A complete "change of heart."

The pews are rich and ornate,
Placed in semi-circular style;
And all the faithful pilgrims
Wear a sort of—circular smile.

For they've labored long and patient
To perfect and re-arrange
Their modest place of worship;
And they glory in the change.

You can claim no more the backache
As excuse to stay away,
With all those high-backed settles,
Just inviting you to stay.

Now all the little boys and girls
 Must mind their "p's" and "q's,"
 And do just as they're told to do
 While sitting in such pews.

The walls and frescoed ceilings
 Are so restful to the eye;
 Small wonder if some members
 Wer'nt caught napping on the sly.

We never s'posed we'd live to see
 This change, so grandly wrought;
 The plain, old-fashioned church for us
 Was good enough, we thought.

But now, we find that modern ways
 Are well to emulate;
 'Tis best to have our churches
 Kept quite strictly up to date.

Yes,—they've held a grand old rally,
 And old pastors far and near
 Came to praise the earnest workers,
 And bring to all God's cheer.

They put soul into their sermons
 With an eloquence pure and high;
 Pictured life as not all of living,
 Nor, is it "all of death to die."

For we know there is a heaven
 Which begins down here below;
 Where love to God and all mankind
 Straight from the heart doth flow.

There's a "gateway," too,—man can't improve,
 Although it's oft been tried;
 Great men have pondered over it,
 And studied till they died.

It shines undimmed by ages,
 Like gold refined from dross;
 'Tis the "way" to the Kingdom of Heaven
 By the SYMPHONY of the Cross.



THE BAPTIST CHURCH, MAIN STREET



METHODIST CHURCH

Rushford M. E. Church Semi-Centennial.

J. G. BENJAMIN.

HISTORY OF EARLY METHODISM IN RUSHFORD.

One of the first Methodist ministers on the west side of the Genesee river was Elijah Metcalf, a circuit preacher. Rev. Metcalf at that time resided in Salisbury, Herkimer County. His circuit commenced at what is now Batavia and extended south through Genesee, Wyoming and Allegany counties into Pennsylvania, thence west through Cattaraugus and Chautauqua counties.

He traveled mostly on horseback, fording streams, stopping where night overtook him, receiving such hospitality as one always found among the early settlers of this section of country.

During one of these circuits the first class in the town of Rushford was formed at the home of Daniel Woods, father of D. C. Woods. The members of this class were Daniel Woods and Joshua Wilson and wives. The time of the formation of this class cannot be definitely stated, but was sometime between 1810 and 1816. During this period his home was at Salisbury.

In 1816 Rev. Metcalf organized the first M. E. church in Rushford with ten members—Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon, Mrs. and Mrs. Tarbell Gordon.

About that time Wm. Gordon was licensed to preach. He was an acceptable, earnest, local preacher until his death in April, 1870, aged 83 years. To him remains a debt of gratitude from church and people which can never be discharged, or fully known and comprehended until the redeemed of the Lamb shall gather around the throne of our Heavenly Father.

His generous contributions to the church, and cheering, encouraging exhortations will be remembered. His timely help to the struggling unfortunates will then be made manifest to all. To show the interest he had in the welfare of the church and to uphold its integrity, he at one time, when the preacher was about to go to conference with his salary unpaid, sold the last cow he had and out of the amount paid the preacher in full. It was a common saying that no needy or hungry one ever went from his door. A man having nothing to help himself with but his tools went to Brother Gordon to borrow \$300 to purchase some land to build him a home, and Brother Gordon let him have the money without any security but his word. The whole amount was paid in three and one-half years in installments from fifteen cents to \$30.

This church at first held their meetings from house to house, later in school houses, in order to increase its membership and influence. In 1826 and 1827 a church was built on West Main street. Their membership increased so rapidly that the little church could not accommodate them and others who were inclined to attend the meetings.

Elijah Metcalf was admitted in full connection into the Genesee Conference in 1811.

In 1832 Rev. Elijah Metcalf moved his family here, and in 1833 Robert English and family came and joined the little church. In 1835 the trustees purchased a part of the lot now occupied by this church and in 1837 built a more commodious and imposing church. This second church was about 38 x 50 feet, with a gallery on two sides and the north end. The entrance was from the north end into a vestibule, with stairs to the right and left into the gallery. The choir sat in the south end of the gallery. The audience room below was entered by two doors, one at the right

and the other at the left; the pulpit was between the doors. In entering the church the congregation was facing you, so they did not have to turn around when the door opened to see who was coming in. The stoves were in the right and left corners of the audience room as you entered, with seats on three sides of them. Here they worshipped until 1852, when at an official meeting the following preamble and resolutions were adopted. The following named persons were present: Rev. C. L. Cheney, John Lamberson, Israel Thompson, Robert Morrow, Amos Peck, R. S. Goff, Levi Metcalf, Rufus Adams, C. A. Wilson, A. Washburn.

"WHEREAS, by the blessing and favor of Almighty God, the members of our church and congregation has become quite too large to be accommodated in our present house of worship; and

"WHEREAS, under the smiles of beneficent Providence our members and friends generally have enjoyed temporal prosperity; therefore,

"RESOLVED, that it has become our sacred and impressive duty to use our best endeavors for the erection of a house of suitable dimensions for the accommodation of all who may desire to meet with us in the worship of God.

"RESOLVED, that Wm. Gordon and Rev. C. L. Cheney be appointed a committee to draft and circulate a subscription paper, collect funds and solicit contributions for the above named purpose."

Although Brother Cheney did not stay here long enough to complete what he had commenced, Brother Sanford Hunt took the matter in hand where Brother Cheney had left it, and with the help of others carried it on to completion.

On January 10, 1855, the church was dedicated.

The services were: Singing by the choir; reading scripture by Rev. C. D. Burlingham; sermon

by Rev. Smith, of Buffalo; anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me let us go into the House of the Lord," by the choir; benediction by Rev. Simpson.

The church was not large enough to contain the people who came to attend the services. In the evening Rev. McNeil, of Warsaw, preached to another large congregation.

In my mind's eye to-night I see the many saints who have transferred their membership from the church militant to the church triumphant. Over in the south-east corner, at that time called the "Amen Corner," were Wm. Gordon, R. S. Goff, John Worthington, Levi Metcalf, Elijah Metcalf, Isaac Stone, Aaron Rice, Ely Woods, E. S. Nobles, John Boise, John Lamberson and Robert Morrow, and in the back seat behind them were Frank Warren, Frank E. Woods, Warren Persons, Samuel Persons and Wilson Gordon, and in the body of the church were Israel Thompson and family, John, Alonzo and Hosea Persons with their wives, J. B. Gordon and family, A. W. E. Damon and family, A. H. Damon and family, and Mr. Smith and wife. So many I remember well, and many others have passed away whom I do not now recall.

The first record of trustees that I find is dated November 5, 1850. At this time there was one trustee, S. Y. Hammond. A resolution was passed to have six trustees. S. Y. Hammond was re-elected, and the others were A. Washburn, John Lamberson, Ely Woods, Amos Peck and William Gordon. Also in the records of the meeting I find the following resolution: "Resolved that the trustees be instructed to pay R. S. Goff \$25, for which sum said Goff is to furnish wood and candles, sweep the house, build the fires and see that the house is kept sufficiently warm during the ordinary services of the church, light the house for evening meetings, also find wood for singing

school in case there should be one, for one year commencing Nov. 7, 1850. Signed by Ely Wood, chairman, and A. Washburn, secretary."

The next trustee meeting was November 7, 1851. S. Y. Hammond resigned as trustee and A. W. E. Damon was elected in his place, and Samuel Hopkins was hired to care for the church and furnish the same as the year before, six months for \$21, commencing November 7, 1851.

November 15, 1853, the number of trustees was increased to seven and divided into three classes, as follows: One year, A. K. Allen, Ely Woods, Israel Thompson; two years, A. Washburn, Wm. Gordon; three years, Isaac Stone, R. S. Goff.

The next elections were in 1855; 1858; November 16, 1864. At that time a motion was carried to have nine trustees. During the year, Brother A. Washburn moved away, and Charles Benjamin was elected to his place; E. S. Nobles died, and D. H. Woods was elected in his place. The names of the other trustees are not in the record.

December 1, 1866, a full board of nine trustees was elected: A. H. Damon, D. H. Woods, Clark Rice, W. F. Griffin, Spencer Packard, A. W. E. Damon, D. C. Woods, Israel Thompson, Charles Benjamin, none of whom but D. C. Woods, survives; he has been a trustee ever since.

Beginning with 1835 there have been but four recording stewards—A. Washburn, 1835-1864; A. W. E. Damon, 1864-1867; W. F. Woods, 1867-1872; J. G. Benjamin, 1872 to the present time.

The first parsonage was built in 1840 on the ground now owned by the Masons between their home and the creek, and was first occupied by Rev. Albert Terry. The next parsonage was the present one, purchased in 1865. The first minister to occupy it was Rev. M. H. Rice, and through him and his estimable wife there was the largest

and most successful revival since this church was built. By their efforts was established the society of the officers and teachers of the Sabbath School which was continued until 1896.

Through their efforts the S. S. at that time was the largest in the history of the church.

In 1865 there were 140 pupils; 1866, 200 pupils, 23 officers and teachers; 32 infant class.

The following persons have been licensed as preachers and exhorters: S. Y. Hammond, John Delamatyr, Gilbert Delamatyr, Walter Delamatyr, R. S. Goff, John Worthington, Samuel Hopkins, J. C. Nobles, Wm. H. Kellogg, Levi Metcalf, Marlin Lyon, Walter Gordon, D. B. Worthington, M. C. Dean, J. F. Warren, A. K. Damon, F. E. Woods, Lowell Farwell, Warren Persons, A. C. Burr, R. S. Hurd, N. W. Warren, Chas. Dailey, H. C. Woods, Luther Jennison, C. M. Damon, N. McIntyre, L. A. Stevens, S. Y. Renwick, Fletcher Wells and Thomas Atwell.

Those present at the dedication and also present at the 50th anniversary were: D. C. Woods, Mrs. Levi Metcalf, Ellen Gordon, Mary Thompson Gordon, Jas. G. Benjamin and Ella Claus.

Following are the names of the representatives at the fiftieth anniversary of five families who were the original members of the M. E. Church in Rushford: Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Woods, represented by Clark Woods, his children; Jennie Gordon, Ella Claus, Will D. Woods, Grant Woods, Jason Woods, William Gordon, Fred and Ellen Gordon; Wilson Gordon by Newell and Genevieve McCall; James Gordon by Jas. G. Benjamin.

The Rushford Circuit was formed in 1820. The name Rushford District was changed to Olean District in 1851.

The Genesee Conference has been held in Rushford twice, the first time September 25th to October 2nd, 1850. Bishop Waugh presided;

Rev. J. M. Fuller, Secretary; Rev. Charles Shelling, Pastor.

The Second Conference was held October 1st to October 6th, 1863. Bishop Matthew Simpson presided; Rev. A. D. Wilbor, Secretary; Rev. John Meen, Pastor.

NAMES OF PASTORS.

Cyrus Story, 1820-21; James Hazen, Philetus Parkus, 1822; John P. Kent, Jonathan E. Davis, 1823; John Arnold, John P. Kent, 1824; Daniel Shepardson, Menzer Doud, 1825; Daniel Shepardson, Mifflin Harker, 1826; Elijah Boardman, Mifflin Harker, 1827.

RUSHFORD AND FRIENDSHIP.

John Wiley, Ira Bronson, Sheldon Doolittle, 1828.

RUSHFORD.

John Wiley, Daniel Anderson, 1829; John Cosart, John Stainton, 1830; John Cosart, Philo E. Brown, 1831.

PIKE AND RUSHFORD.

Reeder Smith, Samuel Wooster, William D. Buck, 1832; Samuel Wooster, Daniel Anderson, Carlos Gould, Fuller Atchinson, 1833.

RUSHFORD AND FRIENDSHIP.

Fuller Atchinson, Abram F. Waller, 1834; Augustine Anderson, Francis Strang, 1835.

RUSHFORD.

Horatio N. Seaver, Carlos Gould, 1836; Abram C. Dubois, John M. Bell, 1837; Abram C. Dubois, 1838; Orrin F. Comfort, 1839-40; David Nichols, 1841-42; Nathan Fellows, 1843-44; Charles D. Burlingham, 1845-46; Chauncey S. Baker, 1847; John McEwen, 1848-49; Charles Shelling, 1850; Benjamin T. Roberts, 1851; C. L. Cheney,

supply, 1852; Sandford Hunt, 1853-54; Milo Scott, 1855-56; Jason G. Miller, 1857-58; George W. Terry, 1859; William S. Tuttle, 1860-61; John McEwen, 1862; George G. Lyon, John McEwen, 1863; Milton H. Rice, 1864-66; Edward A. Rice, 1867-68; William Blake, 1869; E. Lansing Newman, 1870-71 (Appointed P. E. April 17, 1872, Carlton C. Wilbor, supply); Zenas Hurd, 1872-73; Roswell K. Pierce, 1874-75; Otis M. Leggett, 1876-77; Charles S. Daley, 1878; William McGavern, 1879-80; William B. Wagoner, 1881-83; Asa H. Johnson, 1884-86; R. C. Grames, 1887-88; James E. Wallace, 1889-90 (Withdrew from conference July, 1891, J. A. Gardner, supply).

MRS. E. B. ELDRIDGE ON THE GLORIOUS OLD TIMES OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

I was at the dedication, and a beautiful service we had, and a crowded house, full to overflowing. Brother Edward Pratt remarked that it would probably never be so full again. The friend he was addressing said "Oh, it will be perhaps, when some noted and worthy man dies." And sure enough it was, when in a few weeks, Brother Pratt himself was taken so suddenly from us, but our loss was his gain. As we came down from the audience room, Mrs. Boardman said she would like to know who would be the first to be buried from the church, and sure enough, it was her own self. How strange!

Fifty years ago it was an honorable thing to be a resident of Rushford. We were a religious people and served the Lord in spirit and in truth.

Fifty years ago Uncle William Gordon was the main spoke in the wheel, and he told me once that he was not a successful business man until after he was converted. This statement verifies the Bible verse "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall

be added unto you." His money helped build many, many churches. Scotch blood, with religion, works miracles.

Fifty years ago the class meeting was a great success, with Brother John Worthington to invite people in. The Holy Spirit, it seems to me, was always there and love prevailed. Faces were lit by Heavenly light. Brother Goff would commence and sing his pet verse:

"Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer
Hither by Thy help I come,
And I hope by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home."

He has already arrived in the home prepared for him and his sainted wife, Sophia. You remember he always in love feast said the last quarter had been the best in his life.

When I think of the church 50 years ago, Brother Israel Thompson, our staid Standard Bearer, is foremost in the picture. Brother Washburn in class would sing with fervor, "My Days are Gliding Swiftly By," but he is still spared, wonderfully spared, and no doubt can still sing the same song.

Fifty years ago we had exhorters and they used to wake us up. They held meetings in school houses. Father loved to sing "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wistful eye to Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie," and once Father Metcalf said to him in class meeting, "When I die I want Brother Woods to sing that at my funeral," and he did.

But I need not write more. We old ones can see Brother Stone with tears filling his eyes as he related his experience and referred to his sweet wife as the one under God who assisted him into the Kingdom. Mother's especial gift was in prayer. Her prayers, to me, seemed to reach the very throne. Rushford church sent out some able ministers. Some died in prison and died triumphantly and went home to Glory.

REV. F. E. WOODS.

I remember the days of the building of this church. We were very fortunate in our pastor, Dr. Sanford Hunt. He was a financier and a builder. In the winter of 1852 and 1853, just fairly settled in the parsonage, he, with Elder William Gordon, our most liberal and well-to-do member of the official board, were driving about through the snow drifts, getting subscriptions for the new church. The enterprise was pushed. The minister watched the progress of the work and with his coat off assisted the workmen. Such an all round preacher, scholar and financier is seldom seen. No accident marred the work, but when the tower was being erected a beam slid from its height and just missed our dear brother, Clark Woods, who, working below, was spared to fill out a long life of usefulness. In about a year from the undertaking the edifice was completed. I recall the dedication. It was a great day. Henry Ryan Smith, D.D., a member of our conference, preached the dedicatory sermon from the text in II Samuel VI, XI, "And the ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obed-Edom, the Gittite, three months: and the Lord blessed Obed-Edom and all of his household." It was a remarkable sermon showing how the blessing of the Lord abides with nations and individuals. The church, I believe, was dedicated practically free from debt. The choir, led by Avery Washburn and Milton Woods, had been practicing for several weeks and rendered anthems to the delight of the large audience. Let it not be forgotten that these people labored also to upbuild the spiritual temple of the Lord of Hosts. They prayed, they exhorted, they labored with sinners to give their hearts to God, not only in church meetings, but in their daily intercourse with the world.

There once was an "Amen Corner" in the audi-

ence room, and when the sermon dwelt on practical Christian experience, there were responses of a hearty "Amen" from some of those who had had glorious realization of the things the preacher was talking about. May the "Amen Corner" never be abolished from our beloved denomination. The fathers, where are they? They have gone to their reward. A generation of their children have mostly also gone, but the influence of the spiritual life which shone in them has lightened many a heart in distant realms and will forever shine. May we be able with them to say as did the psalmist, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thine House and the place where Thine Honor dwelleth." What can better express the record of these noble souls than the familiar hymn:

"Servants of God, well done!
Your glorious warfare past.
The battle's fought,
The victory won,
And ye are crowned at last."

FROM REV. H. C. WOODS.

A boy of ten years then, was just old enough to leave at home with the stock, the fires and his sister, all one cold day in mid-winter, while the family went to the dedication of the new church.

The old church was moved down where the brick block now stands to be used for a Musical Institute by Professor Vickery. Afterward it became a church again to be used by the Free Methodists until it burned.

In the old meeting house when the love feasts were held the door was locked at nine A. M. I can never forget seeing Mrs. Joseph Weaver and my mother weeping together by the closed door outside, but I believe they found an abundant entrance into heaven.

The men sat on the east side and the women on the west side. Little boys had to go along with their mothers and sit on "the women's

side," which was humiliating. When a lad was big enough to sit on "the men's side" he was "quite some." This order of things was changed with the new church, and it came to be a very aristocratic and fashionable affair for a gentleman to sit with the ladies, although the old custom has not entirely faded out. Look over there by the north-east entrance to-day and see if there are not the young men and the old bachelors and that every one has a twist in his neck toward the west and south-west where are no men at all. Another strange innovation for those days was the furnace for heating the new church. It was the topic of talk among the boys at school in all the surrounding regions, from Rush Creek, Honeyville, Podonque and Fairview to Grant's and even over to Henpeck. Nobody could quite see through that plan of heating the church until they saw it in operation. The original plan of two tin covered affairs never worked well and were finally thrown aside for one brick furnace which was well heated by the ever faithful Mr. Allen. Whether he had the house warm or not, however, almost any boy would go to church to see the sexton's beautiful daughter with her pretty curls and ladylike manners. Miss Sophie Smith's curls were darker and a little more curly, but then she went to the Baptist church.

People were very denominational in those days. Several families who lived in sweet accord at home six days in the week, suddenly agreed to disagree on the seventh and worshipped at different places. For example, Israel Thompson and his good wife came up Main street together and at the top of the hill he, with daughters Mary and Aurora, would enter the Methodist church, while she with daughters Julia and Emma went across to the Congregational. Eliab Benjamin sang in the choir at the Baptist church while Maria, his wife, was at the head of the alto row in the M. E. church. Newell McCall was also faithfully in his

place down street, while Jerusha and all the rest of the three-seated-wagonful were up where they belonged. The same with our old St. Paul, local preacher Goff, who waited for the other church to close before he could go home, because his faithful wife, another McCall, was a Baptist, and Mrs. Putney still another, and so on.

In those days Rushford people "went to meeting." Four churches were regularly open for services—Methodist, Baptist, Congregational and Universalist. All came from New England, bringing their convictions and creeds with them, except the Methodists, who were mostly made such after coming west. The Universalists ran fairly well until Spiritualism came and took its victims mostly from that society, so that the edifice came to be often used for their meetings, lectures and séances, which would naturally divide the flock. But from these scattering thoughts we return to our own church, which in the great revival of 1857-58 had a new and large edifice two years old and had a preacher full of revival spirit—Jason G. Miller. Full of electric energy and enthusiasm, his tow-colored hair usually stood up all over his big head, and he himself stood four-square to every wind that blew. And if they did not happen to blow he could raise a breeze himself, and often did. Whoever heard his one discourse on the mode of baptism, given in reply to four by the pastor down the street, will never forget it, especially those who came from the other church to hear it.

In the great revival months and for about a year before the sad division, this pastoral captain had a force of a dozen exhorters and local preachers who surrounded the town every Sunday evening with school-house meetings. The church services were at 10:30 A. M. and 1:00 P. M., with Sunday School and class meetings, two of the latter, in between services. So the evening of Sundays witnessed the drill of embryo preachers. Among

them we can recall, beside the veteran, Father Goff, his near neighbor, John Worthington, a veritable Boanerges, a flame of eloquence when at his best, and Levi Metcalf, who began low and rose higher. These two last named always shook my little hand in their large ones and said kind words. God bless their memories and raise up their like many times.

Lowell Farwell was another local preacher, and among younger men were M. C. Dean, only retired at the last session of conference; Albert Damon and Warren B. Persons, both of whom died for their country, as those who "died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off and were persuaded of them and embraced them." They have "a better country, that is an heavenly, for God hath prepared for them a city." L. A. Stevens, Frank Warren, Allen Burr and F. E. Woods were also in the list, and doubtless others not known to a boy of thirteen who lived three miles out on a hillside farm, where few teams passed in a day. Grandfather and Grandmother Woods said that over twenty men had been sent out of Rushford charge into the ministry. Those I remember are Wm. H. Kellog, DeBias Worthington, Samuel Hopkins, Walter Gordon and Gilbert DeLaMater.

The new church was yet barely six years old when the war of the Rebellion came and took some of the bravest sons of the town into its wild maelstrom to become an atonement for the terrible national crime. Not until the Judgment Day reveals it will ever be known how many precious promises of salvation taught in the pulpit and Sunday School of this church stood by those boys on the field of battle, in the hospital, and especially in prison, when all alone with the God of their fathers, and especially their mothers, they surrendered back to the earth their dust, and their spirits unto God who gave them.

Of course everybody knows that the chorister for many years was Milton Woods, of the matchless tenor voice. When he was absent it fell either to Clark or Avery Washburn to bite the steel tuning fork and quickly jerk it to the ear before the tone cooled off and so tell the rest of us where in the "Do, mi, sol, do, sol, mi, do," to find our respective notes to begin on. Then, with hymn book in one hand and tune book in another, the singers made melody. It may be that they sang from the green covered "Psalter," the straw colored "Boston Academy," or the "Carmina Sacra," early, but in our own day there came the "Olive Branch," with easy tunes and pretty anthems.

Until the Academy brought strangers with new ways, the audience turned about and faced the choir, then in the rear, in the time of singing, but after a while we all faced the other way and gave up our Vermontish habits.

With all their quaint manners, however, those ancestors were stalwart heroes in their way, and for myself, I record a prayer of gratitude to God for such a royal training in such a church, whose people knew God and knew how to lead us to Him. May we find them all again in the Better Country.

EDWARD H. FRARY.

I was boarding with Deacon Bethuel Freeman and attending school in the Chas. Benjamin district, Frank Woods, teacher. He and I used to attend the meetings at the village nearly every night. We also attended some of those held at the Podonque school house, where was a glorious revival that winter. I think it was there and then that H. C. first faced toward the light.

I remember a story current that winter in which Father Goff was a factor. He with several others, including J. Worthington, had been to a meeting at East Rushford where they had a glorious meet-

ing, Father Goff being especially full of the spirit of witnessing for Christ. He had come with Mr. Worthington, then walked to his home a little north of the corner. The next morning he was in the barn when he hurried into the house, saying to his wife, "Mother whom did you lend Dolly to last night?" She answered "No one." He said, "Then some one has stolen her." His wife inquired, "Did you bring her back from the meeting?" Father Goff, raising his hands, said "Poor Dolly, it has been a hard long night for you, I must go right off after you," and did before he had his breakfast, walking down to East Rushford and finding Old Dolly under the mill shed where he had left her the night before.

REMINISCENCES OF A PASTOR'S WIFE—

MRS. M. H. RICE.

My stay in Rushford is one of the bright chapters in my life. How well I recall that dear old church and its loyal membership. Ely Woods and Uncle Goff had gone home before we came, but the other names published in the paper are like household words to me.

I speak advisedly when I say that for principle, loyalty to duty, and love for God and humanity, the Rushford church had not its superior in the Genesee Conference when we identified ourselves with it. Brothers Stone and John Worthington were promoted during Mr. Rice's pastorate. How well I remember an incident which occurred at a ministerial conference held in Rushford. A paper was read on the "Harmony between the Mosaic account of Creation and Modern Geology," followed by a discussion. Brother Worthington was called upon and said in part: "Some people know one thing and some know two, as for me, I know little of the strata of the rocks, but this one thing I do know, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' and on this rock I stand." In the weekly prayer meeting the places of Israel

Thompson, Warren Damon, Clark Woods and Mr. Kingsbury were seldom vacant.

Mr. Rice organized a Normal class for the study of the Bible, which was among the first in the conference. We fitted up one of the rooms in the basement for our Sunday School teachers' meeting and Normal drill. We had a noble band of workers in our school: Lucian and James Benjamin, Desalvo and Charles Damon and sister, Mesdames Laning, White, Woods, Benjamin and Julia Thompson, Olivia Stebbins, Ellen Gordon, Imogene Kingsbury, Miss Benjamin and many, many more whose names I have not time to mention. I was proud of my own class of more than twenty, now scattered. James Bell was promoted before we left Rushford. Grover Pratt and wife are in Rochester; Hattie Stebbins in Friendship, N. Y.; Mrs. Mattie Stebbins Leet in Batavia, N. Y.; Emma Claus Woods in Macedon, N. Y.; and Helen Nobles, Miss Morrow, Mary Gordon, Clara Woods, Miss Farwell, Mary Pratt and Mary Gordon, sister to Ellen, where are they? And Echo answers where? There were many noble men who helped maintain the church and took a lively interest in its welfare, always present at the preaching service, but who did not identify themselves with the Sunday School, class and prayer meetings. I said many times that the Rushford church could maintain itself for a year or two without a pastor, such was its strength and loyalty to God.

During our last year we were greatly helped by the uplifting influence of Mrs. Hattie Griffin. She was a Methodist of the old school, and had rare tact in interesting the young people and children in Bible history through song and object lessons. How I would like to attend an old-time Rushford class and prayer meeting. In the thirty-seven years since we left, the fathers and mothers and many who were then in middle age have passed "over the river."

REV. R. C. GRAMES.

I was pastor at Rushford for two years. Rev. A. Cone was the excellent Christian brother across the way, pastor of the Presbyterian church, and by the way a father to me all the while, and Rev. Munger was the beloved pastor of the Baptist church. We were very fast friends and as you (some of you) remember were often together in union services. It was Brother Cone who tapped the maple trees across the way, and in about two hours the sides were all wet, clear to the ground and no sap in the pails. Romain Benjamin came along and said, "Well, Elder, what's the matter with your sugar bush?" "Don't know," replies Brother Cone. "Why, here you have the spiles in wrong end to." Didn't I dodge into the parsonage and laugh! For Brother Cone was a great farmer—book farmer. He acted on Brother Benjamin's suggestion, pulled out the spiles and changed ends and got lots of sap, so we all had a taste of molasses.

On Monday I was at Charles Benjamin's on the Centerville road, in the woods, and shot four black squirrels. I had seen one on the fence Sunday as I was going up there to preach, and so I went up Monday. I met Chas. Benjamin coming from town. He said, "Hello, Elder, have you been up to our house?" "No," I said, and at the same time held up a string of squirrels, and he said "Well, I didn't know that you could shoot like that."

I also remember Brother Brown, who was the faithful pastor of the Free Methodist society, and a brotherly man, and also Brother A. H. Johnson, who always had a word of cheer whenever there, and I was always glad when he came to visit his children. Brother Macklin gave at our conference a splendid memoir of Brother Johnson and I could say, "Amen" to every word of it. "His memory is blessed."

I have most pleasant memories of the friends in Rushford. I remember a rule which I found worked very well for the first three months in Rushford and surrounding country. By the way, Rev. Henry C. Woods, ex-presiding elder, said to me, "I have 140 cousins in Rushford," and I found more than that, for my rule was to call every fourth person "Woods," and you would strike the right name usually, and if there was any deviation from that call them Gordon or Claus and you would hit it right every time. Benjamins, by the way, were not scarce. Rushford was a great town! You never could talk about anybody behind their back, for everybody is related to everybody, married and intermarried. So I told the next preacher not to say a word until he found out "who is who."

It was at Rushford I found men and women intelligent enough to write and read a paper, to make splendid addresses, help make laws, as Hon. A. W. Litchard; Grover Pratt to go into a city and take the head of one of the largest wholesale dry goods departments outside of New York City.

Many most excellent and competent school teachers and professional men and women; and it is Rushford who rightly claims Frank W. Higgins, whose face for the last four months has been seen in the windows of city and country homes, business places, offices, etc., and who now has been honored in the election as Governor of the Empire State. And, by the way, it might be of interest to state that for once in a lifetime I turned aside from a straight Prohibition vote, and for personal, public, and other reasons growing out of a knowledge of the man, both in his boyhood home, Rushford, and in his present home in Olean, N. Y., I deemed it my duty, as well as privilege, to help elect such a man to govern this great state, as I believe he will, in fidelity, integrity and for the best interest of all the people.

Well, you know who was pastor when the church was built—Dr. Sanford Hunt—afterward member of the Methodist Book Concern and one of the leaders in World Wide Methodism. I do not know as I ever entered the building but I thought of Dr. Hunt.

I sincerely hope and pray that the blessing of God, who has so marvelously wrought in this church in the last fifty years, may abide with you, making the future even more glorious unto the coming again of our Lord Jesus Christ.

REMINISCENCES BY REV. T. W. CHANDLER.

You ask me for some reminiscences of my Rushford pastorate. It was in the closing hour of our conference at Dansville, October 6, 1891, when every ear was attent to catch the name of place and pastor as Bishop Andrews deliberately read the appointments that I heard this announcement, deeply impressive to me: "Rushford—T. W. Chandler." On the following Saturday I left Smethport, Pa., for my new appointment. Leaving the train at Caneadea, I asked for the Rushford stage. A good, honest faced man, looking me over with an inquisitive eye, answered: "I suppose you are our new preacher, that we are looking for to-day." I confessed to the indictment and took a seat with him, for it was none other than Brother Clark Rice, who at that time drove the stage. I had never been in Rushford previous to this. Every preacher remembers the feelings experienced in going to a new charge, as he looks the town over, being often very conscious that he himself is as thoroughly being looked over by the people. I was driven to the home of Brother Grover Pratt, where I was very kindly entertained and the warm hospitality accorded me by the family soon drove away all thoughts of my being a stranger, and almost convinced me that I had always known them.

The Sabbath congregation was large, not an unusual thing on the opening day of a new preacher, and attentive, and my four years in Rushford only deepened the impressions of that first Sabbath, that I had an unusually intelligent and attentive audience before me. The choir had always had the reputation of being far above the average of church choirs in its ability and in its harmony. How else could it be with its fine personnel and under the leadership of that prince of choir leaders, Brother Milton Woods? They were equally fortunate in an organist, Clara Claus, always faithful and in her place, sunshine and storm, until one dark, gloomy Sabbath, in October, 1893, when her place was vacant and it was whispered through the audience as they assembled for worship, "She is dying!" The hymns were sung that day without the organ. Our last number was "Guide Me, Oh Thou Great Jehovah." It was learned afterward that the time of her death was almost exactly coincident with the singing of the last stanza:

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.
 Songs of praises,
 I will ever give to thee."

One short week and that dreaded scourge of diseases, diphtheria, had done its work and her pure, sweet life went out, leaving only its rare fragrance in the sad and desolate home. Her successor, Lena Hall, was faithful and efficient. Just six months after entering on her service she, too, with equal suddenness, though not by the same malady, was summoned from her earthly life and friends. Again the organ was draped, in love and grief for the absent one. Mrs. Prof. Walters very kindly consented to act as organist

the remainder of the year and rendered most acceptable service.

The Sabbath School was, during my entire pastorate, under the wise and efficient superintendency of Brother A. W. Litchard. It was a strong right arm to the church. How could it be otherwise with such a corps of teachers as Mrs. John Persons, Mrs. J. B. Gordon, Mrs. Laning, Mrs. Helen Gilbert, Ellen Gordon, Mrs. W. W. Merrill, Misses Jennie Gordon, Flora Lyon, Miss Hyde, since become Mrs. A. M. Tarbell, Dr. Wells and others?

The 6 o'clock Sunday evening meetings, as well as the Thursday evening meetings, were well attended and seasons of great profit, while the love feasts and quarterly meetings were unusual seasons of blessing. The Ladies' Aid Society was well organized and a very helpful factor in church work. Among its presidents I recall Ellen Gordon and Mrs. Arlie Ives. The Rushford Quarterly Conference often elicited from the Presiding Elders the remark of its being a strong official boon. Of its deliberations, Brother James Benjamin has for a long time been its careful recorder. Flora Lyon entered upon her work as a deaconess and her larger life of usefulness during the four years. About the same time Dr. Wells united with the Genesee Conference.

My relations with Pastors Smith and Spencer of the Baptist Church were of the most fraternal character. I recall with great pleasure the principals of the High School, Profs. Maguire, White and Walters, with their assistant teachers. I always admired the pride which the Rushford people took in their school, and its prosperity. After noting the large number it has sent out and the impress of intelligence and refinement it has left on the community they have good reasons for being proud of its history,

One morning shortly after my coming to Rush-

ford, I met down street a bright little fellow striding along with a wooden gun on his shoulder. "Good morning, Sir!" was my salutation, "What are you going to shoot now?" His prompt reply was, "I'm hunting for bears!" How he came out with the bears, I never heard, but he certainly has shot ahead successfully, for one of the numbers on the semi-centennial program was a fine address by Allan Gilbert, the president of the Epworth League.

The first year I held services almost every Sabbath afternoon at Hardy's Corners. The second year Caneadea was united to Rushford and has remained so ever since. A sad thought to me, as I suppose it was with all of the former pastors present, was the memory of the absent ones, the faces once so familiar but never again to be seen in this world. It comes to me like the minor chord in the joyous strains of an anthem. How their faces come back to me! Milton Woods and wife, John Persons and wife, Hosea and Alonzo Persons, Mrs. Myra Ann Farwell, Daniel Woods and that warm friend of the church, J. B. Gordon, Clark Rice, Brother John Beaumont, Mrs. Griffith, Mrs. Chas. Benjamin, Grandma Swift, Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. Marietta Kellogg, Mrs. Morrow and others whose names are written in heaven. And while thinking of these I cannot forget the living and the homes with which are linked so many pleasant memories.

REMINISCENCES BY REV. MARK KELLEY.

I think that I am hardly old enough yet to write interesting reminiscences. Nevertheless, I have very pleasant memories indeed of the three years we spent in Rushford. I can scarcely conceive how three years could have been made pleasanter for a young pastor than were those made to me by the good people, both inside and outside of the church.

Under the leadership of Sister Laning it was our good fortune to be in at the beginning of the transformation of the parsonage which has since been completed. And how much better it looks and is. And how much better the Epworth League room did look after the young folks were through with it. Nor have we forgotten the lawn mower for which W. H. Benson raised the money on condition that we keep the lawn mowed.

I recall also the fact that now excites more wonder than it did then, that we found a teachers' meeting of something like thirty years' standing. By some strange freak of memory, one meeting held at the home of Sister Orra Gordon is indelibly stamped upon my mind. I wonder why and cannot tell. It was at the home of Sister Nancy Persons that we held our first Bible study. Heaven was certainly enriched when she went home. Not only now as I write but very often there rises before me the picture of Sister Kate White speaking in prayer or class meeting. More than once did she "overcome by the word of her testimony," and, in my soul at least, "She being dead, yet speaketh." I do not forget either that series of class meeting studies and talks which Brother Claus gave us on the Ten Commandments. Ah, but that is the kind of religion to have, the kind that loves the commandments of God just as truly as His promises. I enjoyed those meetings greatly. The memory of class meetings, prayer meetings and love feasts helps me to-day. I am a better man for them.

May God both bless you and make you a blessing.

RECOLLECTIONS OF REV. DR. SANDFORD HUNT OF
NEW YORK.

The congregation at Rushford was one of the most intelligent I ever had. Wm. Gordon, an old local preacher, was well posted on questions of

theology, and a stalwart friend of the Methodist church and its pastors. One of the most remarkable families I ever knew was the Woods family from which Rev. H. C. Woods sprang. His grandmother was a woman of wonderful power in prayer, and although the family lived a mile and a half or more from the church, they were always on hand. Mr. Thompson, one of whose daughters was a teacher at Lima, was a man of great intelligence and good sense. My whole recollections of Rushford are very pleasant indeed, and I should be exceedingly glad to spend a Sabbath with the people there.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A. WASHBURN, TOPEKA, KAN.

The name of the pastor of the M. E. church in Rushford in 1840, was Comfort, next Nichols, then Fellows, followed by Burlingham, Shelling, Roberts and perhaps one or two more before Sanford Hunt, who engineered the erection of the building of the present M. E. church edifice. He was a great worker and a right good pastor. Some incidents connected with the raising of the frame of the church may be of interest. Copeland Gordon was up on the top of the frame of the belfry, prying with an iron bar, when the bar slipped and Cope fell, and had it not been for a rope hanging down near by, which he caught in his fall, no Copeland Hotel would now grace Kansas Ave. in the City of Topeka.

Another incident—the iron bar or a stick of timber dropped from above and struck within a few inches, I think, of Clark Woods, and had it hit him on his head, I am quite sure there would have been a less number of children in Rushford by the name Woods than there has been.

“HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.”

In every successful organization there is one watchful eye at the helm—sometimes several—some one must guide the ship along the safe waters.

In the long period that developed notable success, there was one person who as a pilot for over thirty years seemed never to take his eye off the vessel's course. He was from an Eastern State, taught a select school in Rushford for a while and then went into manufacturing. He was a careful, accurate and painstaking official of the church, and for most of the time mentioned was chorister, Sunday school superintendent, financial and district steward and a sort of general all-around director, holding most of these offices at the same time, looking carefully to everything without seeming to be officious. Others did nobly, he especially so; and when business took him to another state, his loss was greatly felt. This man was Avery Washburn. Rarely amid wide experience in many churches have I met one serving in so many capacities so long, proficiently, so honorably. I write this, feeling that it would seem a serious neglect and want of appreciation if such valuable service did not have particular mention in the historic notes. His esteemed helpmeet also shares the honors that crown ripe years and pleasant memories of deeds well done.

Most of those who contributed reminiscences were not familiar with the first half of the fifty years.

It is very pertinent to add that a promising successor, Lucien Benjamin, was for a short time filling well the place vacated, but departed to his heavenly reward. Two of his mottoes are worth remembering; they were: "Say little and work," "Think of rest and work on."

Yours truly,

ONE WHO WAS BENEFITED.

EXTRACTS FROM EARLY MINUTES OF GENESEE
CONFERENCE.

"Rushford circuit in 1832 embraced New Hudson, Rushford, Centerville, Belfast, Caneadea,

Hume, Pike, Eagle, Gainesville and Castile. Rev. Nathan Fellows was pastor of Rushford circuit in 1845. The salary was \$240 per year. For his table expenses he was allowed \$122 and for traveling expenses \$5. There were 215 members in the Rushford church at that time.

In 1847 Rev. C. D. Burlingham was pastor. He received \$400 a year.

Resolutions were passed in the conference that young people should study the science of music; also that the singers should all sit together and have the use of an instrument if it was thought best.

It was a rule of the church at that time that those members who did not pay their salary that their names should be read out. Everyone knew then who was true to the vows of the church."

NOTE.—The articles concerning the Methodist Church were nearly all printed in the *Rushford Spectator*.

Recollections of My Younger Days.

MRS. CORNELIA METCALF.

As my mind runs back seventy or more years, clear is the picture of the old Methodist Church, where I was accustomed to go with my father's family to worship.

The building, which stood on the present site of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was of simple structure. The interior consisted of an audience room below, with a gallery on three sides. The pulpit, between the two doors entering the audience room, was at least six feet in height, to accommodate hearers both above and below. Above the entry to the Church was a room for prayer and class meetings.

The first minister whom I can easily recall was Rev. Hemmenway. As I remember, he was a large, kindly looking man, with a smooth shaved face, as were all Methodist ministers in those days. His face wore the expression of a devoted,

earnest man of God. His dress, like that of all Methodist ministers of his time, consisted of a clerical coat buttoned to the neck, and a vest likewise, a white kerchief about the neck, and a white hat. A methodist preacher was known as far as he could be seen.

Next to my mind comes the name of Nathan Fellows, of precious memory to me, for it was through his labors that I, with many others, was brought to Christ, and from his hand received the ordinance of baptism. Also, during the affliction which came to our family in the illness and death of my eldest sister, he was in attendance often at our home, and preached her funeral sermon from the text, still fresh in my memory: "The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth forever."

In these early times there were two services on the Sabbath, one in the forenoon about eleven o'clock and one in the afternoon about one o'clock. The hour between was used for class meeting, Sunday School and luncheon.

The Sabbath services were especially well attended. There seemed to be a general inclination to attend church. On Sabbath morning, farmers, for several miles around, could be seen with horses and lumber wagon, or oxen and cart, with entire family, wending their way to the house of worship.

The preaching was thorough and earnest, and the people were held to experimental and practical religion. The "Amens" and other responses were frequent and hearty, and came without restraint. After the sermon it was a common thing for one and sometimes more, without invitation, but as the spirit of the sermon prompted, to speak of their own experience or exhort others to come to Christ—an occasion which seldom failed to melt the audience to tears.

The singing was wholly congregational. The

first leader whom I recall was Daniel Woods. Frequently the verses to the hymns were lined—two lines being read, then sung, and so on until the end of the hymn was reached. To me the singing seemed “in the Spirit and with the understanding also.”

The class meeting at the noon hour was well attended. Each member was expected to tell present experience or how he had prospered during the past week. The leaders were very searching. Such questions as the following were frequently asked:

Have you indulged in speaking evil of any person during the past week?

Have you engaged in foolish conversation, jesting or joking, which is contrary to the word of God?

Have you given way to unholy tempers?

If so, have you repented and sought forgiveness?

No person was allowed in the class more than three times unless he or she expressed a desire to become a member.

The love-feasts in those days were held with closed doors, those being excluded who had on their persons superfluous adornment of any kind. Those allowed to enter were provided with tickets for admittance. This means of Grace seemed to be especially owned of God. Well do I remember times when wave after wave of God's presence was felt and manifested in a marked degree.

Weekly prayer and experience meetings were held around in nearly every school district, as well as at the church, especially during the winter season. When the minister was not able to take charge, there were always plenty of local preachers or exhorters to take his place. These meetings were well attended, nearly every family in the neighborhood being represented. The prayers in those days were earnest and loud. It was a frequent saying—that they could be heard for

half a mile. I recall, however, but few lengthy prayers. A revival spirit seemed always prevalent. It was a common thing for sinners to break down and plead for mercy right in the midst of a warm testimony or exhortation.

Many incidents come to my mind, which my father Metcalf, one of the pioneers of Methodism in these parts, has related to me of his own conversion over a hundred years ago, and of his travels and labors on the three hundred mile circuit through this section of country.

A Rushford Quarterly Meeting of Fifty Years Ago.

C. M. DAMON.

The earlier custom of admitting to love feast by presentation of quarterly tickets at the guarded door had gone out of use. But there was much interest in the visits of the Presiding Elder, with a preaching service on Friday evening, at times at least, the Quarterly Conference Saturday afternoon, the Elder's sermon Saturday evening, the nine o'clock love feast Sabbath morning, followed by the Elder's sermon, the collection and the sacrament, and another sermon in the evening. Probably the Pastor preached on one of these occasions.

The great occasion of interest was the Love Feast. This was regarded as a sort of joyous family gathering, where it was in order to speak very freely of present and past experiences, of special love for the Methodist Church, as such, with reminiscences of conversion, attachment to the brethren, hopes of the future, etc. It was not a meeting for "outsiders" to criticize this glorying in Methodism as an evidence of bigotry. Those so inclined should not have been there. This was our own meeting, where precisely these things were in order. Those who had been pulled out of a pit by these very brethren, or by

Pastors and members removed years ago, or long since in heaven, were not to be construed as speaking against others, if in this private family meeting, the halo of the early history of the Church, excelling romance for heroism, hardship and achievement, rendered them enthusiastic. Others doubtless felt the same in their specially denominational meetings.

After the new church was built the Love Feast was on the first floor, in the room sometimes called the Lecture Room. The Pastor and Presiding Elder occupied the pulpit, and after Scripture reading, song and prayer, made some remarks suitable to opening; then called the Stewards forward, and gave them the plates and bowls to pass the bread and water as a substitute for the family meal of the early Church, and as a token of Christian love and fellowship. Probably Clark Woods or Brother Washburn struck up another hymn, in which the congregation, some of whom had come four or five miles in lumber wagons, joined "lustily." The early rising, the rapid choring on the farm and the glad anticipation prepared them for hearty worship.

This through, the meeting was thrown open for testimony. It was the prerogative of those up in the left-hand corner, by the side of the pulpit, to lead off. Perhaps the first would be Rev. William Gordon—no, "Uncle Bill"—respected both as retired minister and loyal friend of the Church, and as a business man. Then old Father Goff, tall, spare, bald, full of fervor, full of love, and rejoicing in the Lord and in the Church, would follow and generally tell of his near anticipation of heaven and having more friends on the other side than here. It was now high time for more enthusiastic singing, and we all began to feel good and "get blessed." Possibly Brother Washburn and one or two more in that corner would speak before Aunt Nancy Woods came in with her ster-

ling testimony, weighty with the confidence all had in her. By this time the coast was clear for brethren and sisters in all parts of the room. Thus the meeting would run on for its appointed time, one here, one there, or several rising at once, the tide rising as voluntary singing was interspersed. Those who remember Uncle John Worthington's fiery exhortations in the great revival of 1857-8, as he swung back and forth across the width of the church in front of the altar; the fervent testimonies of Levi Metcalf; the earnestness of Elijah, after he was reclaimed from years of backsliding; the peculiar intonations of Warren Persons, as he said, "I do not consider that I am to keep my religion, but that my religion is to keep me"; the cool, deliberate testimony of Allen Burr, standing, on one foot, with his crutch; Sister Kingsbury's firm purpose to be true to God and His truth, "regardless of consequences"; Jenny Jagers' fiery and vehement eloquence; Uncle Ely Woods, "getting on his high heeled shoes to day"; A. W. E. Damon, with husky voice, choking with emotion, and the multitude of others, old and young, will know what to imagine when all gathered in the Love Feast. Isaac Stone would sit down and shake his great portly body with subdued laughter, the joy of the Spirit. Brother Thompson, grandson of the eccentric and fiery Benjamin Abbott of early Methodism, was himself staid and reverent. Sister Stone, speaking tenderly of "the lambs of the flock"; Pluma Persons and the excellent wife of Watson Woods; Arminda Peck and Eleanor Blanchard; Cornelia Metcalf and her brother Charles, both earnest and spiritual, added much interest. But time would fail to tell particularly of Lowell Farwell, saying, "Bruthren, I wish I was a better man"; of E. S. Noble and wife; of Samuel Thompson's daughter Mary, praying to be cleansed "from the last and least remains of sin"; of Frank Warren, fervent and zealous,

ready to "preach before a Bishop"; of Aaron Rice and Spencer Packard and families; of all the Gordons, Persons, Pecks, Benjamins, of Sister Lyon and Mary, and many others.

With the quarterly report of membership and finances by the Pastor, the meeting was brought to a close. No wonder there was a general shaking of hands throughout the room, and a feeling universal, "It is good to be here."

We were now ready for the service upstairs.

History of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Africanist Church of Rushford, N. Y.

ELLEN E. GORDON.

October 26th, 1881, a few lady members and friends of the M. E. Church met at the home of Mrs. P. A. Worden to consider the question of organizing a ladies' aid society in connection with the work of the church, the object of which should be to aid in every way possible the church, financially and spiritually, for the promotion of the Gospel, to raise funds by proper and Christian means, and to appropriate the same to such purposes as the society should deem best.

November 9th the ladies met at the home of Mrs. G. M. Pratt. The constitution and by-laws which were framed at the meeting at Mrs. Worden's two weeks before were adopted; the following offices were chosen:

Pres., Mrs. Helen Laning.

1st Director, Mrs. J. B. Gordon.

2nd Director, Mrs. P. A. Worden.

Sec., Mrs. G. M. Pratt.

Treas., Mrs. Ida M. Leavens.

The board of managers consisted of the regular elected officers, also Mrs. Wagoner and Miss M. E. O'Conner.

Committee on fancy work, Miss Emma Claus, Erna Wier, Mary Pratt.

The amount raised at this meeting amounted to \$5.97.

The first year the Society numbered 78 members. Of the original 78 members there are 37 living.

The whole amount raised the first year amounted to \$124.07.

At the suggestion of Rev. W. B. Wagoner, the Pastor, the society assumed the debt of \$600 remaining unpaid upon the pipe organ.

November 23rd, 1887, the constitution was amended; the Board of Managers since then constitute the present acting officers, and the ex-presidents.

In 1888, while Rev. R. C. Grames was Pastor, and Mrs. A. J. Lyon President of the Society, the Church was repaired to the amount of \$600; of this amount the ladies furnished \$557.

The windows were the gift of Miss Electa Lamberson, costing \$300.

The lettering upon the organ was the work of Rev. R. C. Grames.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Lyon, the reflector was purchased. Clouds and darkness hung around the closing days of the month of August. On the 28th, while all were trying their best to be ready for the re-opening of the church, a higher Power bade us pause. "My ways are not your ways, saith the Lord." Truly we felt they were not; how could we be parted from our beloved President, who had been an inspiration to us all through the year. Pleasantly and eagerly did she devise ways and means to have every member interested in doing her share of church work.

To us her life mission seemed incomplete; to the Father, doubtless, her mission was as complete as though she had lived her three score and ten years.

November 5th, 1902. Mrs. Myra Griffith was chosen President for the second time. Again clouds and darkness hung over us. March 17th, we

were left without a President. The Lord said of Mrs. Griffith, after working hard and faithfully for the good of the society, "Thy work is done, come up higher."

In 1905, while Rev. David White was Pastor, Miss Ellen E. Gordon was chosen President for the fourth term.

This year a thorough repair of the church was made to the amount of \$2,831.75, including the gift of the seats by Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ives, also the choir chairs given by Mr. W. F. Benjamin, and \$75 from the company from whom the bell was purchased. The ladies gave \$300 towards the repairs of the church at this time.

November 21st, 1907, while Rev. F. A. Johnson was Pastor, Mrs. W. H. Leavens was chosen President. Since the society was organized in 1881, there have been 17 different presidents, of that number 11 are still living.

The society has raised during the 28 years \$3,210.53.

Without boasting, as a society we count it a success, spiritually, socially and financially, and trust it will be kept alive as long as the church remains, and that it may receive the approbation of the Lord.

May His blessing rest upon it in the future as in the past.

The present officers are :

Pres., Mrs. W. H. Leavens ; 1st Vice, Mrs. N. M. Woods ; 2nd Vice, Mrs. J. S. McMurry ; 3rd Vice, Mrs. A. E. White ; 4th Vice, Mrs. W. H. Thomas ; Sec., Mrs. C. H. Ives ; Treas., Miss. E. E. Gordon.

The Presbyterian Church of Rushford.

AURORA THOMPSON GREEN.

Seventy years ago, August 16th, 1838, the Presbyterian Church of Rushford was organized in "the west school house," with nineteen mem-

bers, viz: Eneas Gary, Esther Gary, Earle Baird, Ruth Baird, Joel Griffin, Clarissa Griffin, Submit Griffin, Sarah McDonald, Warren McKinney, Betsy McKinney, Alvin Congdon, Roana Congdon, Lyman Congdon, Fanny Morrison, Rosina McCall, Alfred Bell, Juliette Bell, Huldah McCall and Electa McKinney. Alfred Bell was chosen Clerk. Earle Baird, Joel Griffin and Lyman Congdon were elected Elders. At the beginning, by a strong resolution unanimously adopted, the little Church declared itself in favor of temperance.

Though financially unable to support a settled Pastor, it planned for occasional services. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered at stated periods. While the date cannot be fixed definitely, the first settled Pastor, Rev. C. W. Gillam, began his work and was ordained in 1840 or 1841. Soon after a church edifice was planned, funds raised, and the building completed in 1842. The dedication occurred on August 20th of the same year, which, says one of the very few surviving members of the forties, was a notable occasion, not only for the little church, but for the town as well. The building was crowded. Pastors of churches of near-by towns were present, taking part in the services. The dedication sermon by the Rev. Mr. Conkling, of Pike, was regarded as one of the ablest of its kind.

During the winter following occurred a revival, perhaps the largest and most interesting in the history of the Church.

As the result of this religious awakening many members were added, especially among the young people, who contributed largely to its life and usefulness. Some of these young men and women in after years sought homes elsewhere, and became prominent members in the church and community. Very few of the members in the forties are now living.

The Pastor, Rev. C. W. Gillam, was a man of fine presence, a good preacher, active and earnest in his pastoral work; he especially endeared himself to the young—his influence over them was most salutary. After some four years of service he accepted a call to a larger pastorate, much to the regret of a large portion of his parishioners. During the pastorate of Rev. C. W. Gillam, and for many years after, the church was favored with members of sterling religious worth, faithful to duty, and earnest in every good cause. Among them may be named Father Hammond, of blessed memory. Although entirely deaf, he was always at church on the Sabbath. Usually he could catch the meaning of the text by watching the Pastor's lips as he read it. This occupied his thoughts during the sermon, after which it was given him to read at his home. His place at the weekly prayer meeting was seldom vacant. His earnest, powerful petitions impressed one as the out-breathing of a heart in close touch with the Heavenly Father, yet so humble, so conscious of his unworthiness, he was wont to express a fear that he was not "one of the elect," that at last he might fail to receive the plaudit of the Master, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

The prayer meetings of the first and perhaps the second decade were, though the church was Presbyterian, somewhat informal in character. The sisters as well as the brothers spoke, prayed and sang as the spirit moved. Uncle Joel, as he was called by the young folks, never failed to "do his duty." In his weak, though not unpleasant voice, either at the beginning or close of the meeting, he never failed to sing the hymn: "Whate'er of life or earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies," etc.

It would be interesting to write of many of the members long since passed away—of the McKinnys, the Beechers, of Father Thomas and his son David, of Mr. Galpin, Archibald Adams and

others, of "the elect women *not* a few," but the church record is wanting, and those who might give us information have passed to the Eternal Home.

In 1853 the church united with the Congregationalists. In 1867 it returned to the Presbyterian fold. The second Pastor was the Rev. I. Rawson, who with his wife were graduates of Oberlin College. Sixty-five years ago, even less, for a woman to be a college graduate was so unusual, that Mrs. Rawson was regarded as almost a marvel. Indeed, she was a real help-meet to her husband, who was a good Pastor, a sincere and earnest preacher of the Word.

The Rev. Mr. Doolittle was his successor. He was a serious, dignified man—an old time Presbyterian. He was averse to women taking an active part in the meetings of the church, whereupon the sisters refrained from lifting up their voices in prayer and testimony. However, the Pastor was quite willing for them at the meetings "in tuneful lays to sing the Master's praise."

The record of Pastors who succeeded Mr. Doolittle is missing—only their names have been preserved. They are as follows: Revs. Miller, Henry, Johnson, Lane, Frost, Ballard, Cofrin, Spencer, Ward, Watkins and Cone. Some of these served the church three years or more—others but a brief time, the last Pastor, the Rev. Mr. Cone, from 1888 to 1890. From this date the church, by death and removal, lost so many of its members, and was so unequal to the support of a Pastor that the Presbytery, which had the supervision of it, decided to sell the building. An old time member, Philinda T. Brooks, to whom from childhood this "church home" had been dear and an object of interest, became the purchaser in 1898. Some years ago it was sold, and is now a rallying place for the farmers and all citizens who are interested in agricultural and labor problems. The name given to it is "Agricultural Hall."

History of the Universalist Church.

ELLEN GREEN NYE.

The first I remember of the Universalist Church was attending a meeting with my mother and father in the old school house, which stood opposite my present residence, on West Main Street. I could't have been more than three years old, but it was made very impressive on account of being taken home and punished for pointing at the big bass viol and talking; probably I had never seen one before. It is the only time I remember going there to church. It must have been in 1846. I think Elder Hunt was then the pastor; the parsonage was in William Beaumont's house. Soon after this a church edifice was erected, and a society organized. They had good congregations, and did good work.

The early preachers were Revs. Nathaniel Stacy, William Gowdy, I. B. Sharp, J. B. Sax (brother of Asa), J. J. Brayton and J. Whitney. Elder Whitney built the house that Mrs. Mason now owns and a daguerrean shop on the same lot, which was moved off and used by Edward Brooks as a shoe shop. Those who were most prominent in building up the church were Isaiah Lathrop, James Green, Alpheus Howser, Samuel White, Luther Woodworth, Emerson Kendall, Oliver Benjamin, Holton Colborn, Charles Colborn, E. P. Richards, Madison Richards, David Board, Ira Bishop, Daniel Leavens, Grover Leavens, John Merrifield, Pliny and Roderick Bannister, Jonathan Charles and many more whom I do not recall.

They took great pride in their choir; it was called the best in town at one time. Barnes Blanchard played the bass viol, Grover Leavens the violin, some one the flute, and Marion Angel the melodeon. Later players on the melodeon were George Woodworth, Ellen Lathrop and Albert Bishop. Hollister Chapin led the choir. Instru-

mental music was not very popular in some of the churches at that time, and they thought the Universalists were going to be lost sure.

The Sunday School was held in the gallery over the pulpit. The only superintendent I remember was Galucia Leavens. His wife and Mrs. Howser were teachers, and were greatly beloved by the scholars. They had a fine library; I don't remember ever taking out a book that was not interesting. We each had a little testament, and learned chapter after chapter just as it was printed. I sometimes thought it was a good deal of work.

I am indebted to Miss Gratie Colborn for this description: On Christmas eve, about the year 1850, there was an entertainment given that would hold an honorable place with those of to-day. The church was trimmed with green, and there was a row of lighted tallow candles through the center of each window. A snow-white dove, with spread wings, about to alight upon the altar, was invisibly suspended. In the distance among the green was the star that led the shepherds across the plain. Heavily loaded, the branches of the conventional tree hung low over the orchestra rail—a pleasing sight to the eyes of children. Music, recitations and interchange of friendly greetings made the evening one long to be remembered.

The Sewing Society was well attended. There were men in town at that time learning trades, who, being away from home, would hire the members of the Sewing Society to do their sewing. The proceeds were used for church work. The socials and donations were very pleasant and largely attended.

They would hold the Association here occasionally. Ministers and delegates coming from other towns made the meetings interesting and profitable. They met with opposition from the other churches,

and the spirit affected the children. When they were angry with us, they would say, "You are old Universalists, you believe everyone is going to be saved, and you will go to the bad place and *burn* and *burn forever*." It was well they had confidence in their parents, or their lives would have been sad. We would go home and tell our parents, and they would say, "Don't worry about the "forever," God will take care of that; you must look out for the *bad places here*." There wasn't so much said about the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man" as now, but when times of great emergency or trouble came they forgot all about creed or sect, and arose as one man and worked in the spirit of Christ, as they have always done.

The questions of Woman's Rights and Spiritualism came up. They were not very popular in those days, and caused a division in the church. Developed on right lines, they have since brought a great deal of happiness to mankind. The Universalists had services occasionally after this; William Gowdy was the last who served them. He organized a church (it had always been a society before), but they were so depleted by disagreements, death and removals that they were obliged to disband, and the church was sold to the Free Methodists in 1875.

Address at the Christmas Tree for the United
Sunday-Schools, December 25th, 1869.

LUCIEN BENJAMIN.

Parents and friends, we give you hearty greeting. Another annual circle is complete. Another year is added to the past, and again we are assembled at our anniversary, teachers, scholars, parents, all. No, not all. The dead year bears away many an angel face that will smile upon us

no more. He has crushed our hopes and swept our idols from us. Teachers, scholars, parents, brothers, sisters, dear ones, have passed away. Some sleep in graves near their own quiet homes; some sleep in unknown graves, in distant Southern climes. Some died at home with fond ones around them to catch their last whispers, to anticipate their wants. Others fell when not a friend was near, where no kindly aid could come, and none to bear a parting blessing to the dear ones far away.

But it is not fitting that we should call to mind our afflictions only, though they were meant for our profit. Has the past year not brought us royal gifts? What heart has not thrilled with joy and throbbed with a quicker impulse as God's blessings have dropped into it one by one like dew from Heaven? Yes, there have been blessings all through the vanished year scattered broadcast. Bright garlands have been twined, and mellow songs have burst from lips overflowing with life and gladness. The never-forgetting Father has not dealt His bounty to one of us with a miserly or reluctant hand. Human friendships, too, have blossomed along our pathway, yielding odors more fragrant than were the roses of June—perfumes whose breath lingers on our winter air unwasting and priceless.

How they come crowding up—the twelve months' procession of kind words, friendly greetings, neighborly favors; and dearer than all, the little nameless unremembered acts of love, in which we have lived and breathed as in an atmosphere.

Nature, too, has toiled for us. The blind servants of a Love and Wisdom all Divine have wrought together to make this place of our mortal habitation a scene of comfort and beauty. The seasons have come and gone, each clad in its robe

of peculiar glory, each bearing in its hand the love token of the Creator.

So many hundreds of times have the day and night walked in their stately round; so many hundreds of times has He, the God of all bounty, trailed his robe of golden light along our horizon, and caused the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice us. His smile has lighted up the firmament that we might perform all daily duty with cheerful heart. His wing of love has been folded over our midnight rest. Let us then think kindly of the dead old year and embalm sacredly in our hearts the beautiful memories He has left us.

But why are so many happy children gathered here, so many bright-eyed little ones, who are generally slumbering at this hour? Certainly, I need not tell you why after you have seen this beautiful tree, so richly laden with Christmas gifts.

Parents and friends, happy indeed are we to know that you so eagerly manifest an interest in our Sunday-Schools. We thank you for these tokens of love and affection, and earnestly pray that the next twelve months may bring to you hours freighted with blessings from a kind and generous Father.

Dear Teachers and Officers of the Sunday-School, our little hearts are full of gratitude toward you for your constant and untiring efforts in our behalf, for the interest you are ever manifesting, the many sacrifices you have made. We will try to remember all the good lessons you have brought to us in the past, that we may be largely benefited by them in the future, and may God keep you, bless you in your labors of love and give you a happy home at last.

Celebration, Semi-Centennial.

The Celebration of the Fiftieth Year of the settlement of the Town of Rushford will take place on the First Day of January, 1859, by the Oldest Inhabitants; at the Academy Hall, at 10 o'clock A. M.

PROGRAMME.

- 1st. Introductory Remarks by A. J. Lyon.
- 2d. Martial Music.
- 3d. Introductory Address, by Rev. T. L. Pratt.
- 4th. Music.
- 5th. Historical Address, by Dr. S. F. Dickinson.
- 6th. Music.
- 7th. Anecdotes, by L. Peet, Esq.
- 8th. Music.
- 9th. Remarks by the Oldest Settlers generally.
- 10th. Closing Scene—Exhibition of Relics.

DINNER AT THE TOWN HALL.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

J. G. Osborn, E. P. Lyon, S. Hardy, J. Bell, L. C. Kimball, W. White, S. Root, B. T. Hapgood, W. C. Young, I. Lathrop, J. T. Wier, J. Holmes, J. Griffin, A. K. Allen.

President,—A. J. Lyon.

Vice Presidents.—S. White, A. Rose, Wm. L. Gary, E. Perry, L. Benjamin.

S. White, Corresponding Secretary.

“Ben Franklin” Printing Office, Rushford, N. Y.

A Leaf from My Journal.

CYNTHIA WOODWORTH.

January 1st, 1859, was celebrated at Rushford as being the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement thereof. Speeches, martial music, and feasting were the order of the day.

All Hail! thou joy inspiring morn; All Hail!
 Auspicious day; whose heralding has been
 The deep, wild din of rattling porcelain,
 The quick, fierce clash of cutlery and tin,
 The very mention of those near approach
 Has proved acknowledged signal to all
 Turkeys and fat hens, to lay their heads
 Upon the block—nor take them up again;
 And e'en the stubborn, contra swine, with grunt
 Defiant, yielded his life at last for
 A "Thank Offering," and all in vain essayed
 "To save his bacon." Savors, smelling sweet,
 Arose from household altars (vulgarly called
 Ovens), until our neighbors, far and near,
 Exultingly have snuffed the breeze of thy
 Forthcoming—and join with us to bid thee
 Hail! Most welcome day of kindly cheer.

Assembled now; that is to say, we're packed,
 And jammed, and crammed in just no space at all,
 Regardless all of crinoline, or hoops
 (That everybody knows will break); we list
 With mouth agape and ears unstopped, to all
 The incidents, the accidents they please
 To tell. And sure, this is a joyous time.
 The heightened radiance of all eyes betray
 The gathering tear; but smiles dispel the
 Dimming mist, and hearty, deafening cheers
 Succeed for "Auld Lang Syne." And well I know
 All hearts are young and kindlier grown, for
 This day's festive cheer. And now, in place of
 Highest honor, I behold the gray haired
 Pioneer, whose glittering axe, and arms,

"Young strength," the mighty forests have subdued,
 And who has lived to see his chosen home
 The pride and glory of his sons. And here
 Are men of middle age, whose opening gaze
 Upon their "Mother Earth" took in her deep,
 Dark wilds, her "vast mountain steeps," whose
 Evening lullaby the hoarse wild wolves took
 Leave to join, but who have found among old
 Allegany's stumps and steeps, space to grow
 Stately and tall, and who have never blessed
 Another clime, or soil, with the dear name
 Of Home. The young I see, to whom all things
 Seem as they were at the beginning,
 And on whose wondering ear the story
 Of their grandsires' suffered toil, fall like
 Some fairy tale, that scarce may be believed;
 And toddling babes are here, who know not that
 They live at all, but pull and whine with all
Sang froid, who deem the occasion quite
 Befit to prove that infant lungs are not
 Degenerate, nor infant appetites appeased
 With speeches fine, or sight of sausage of
 Whatever length or weight. In short, they are
 The only "things" (excuse me, mothers, if
 I call them "things"; it best doth suit the
 Measure of my verse). As I have said,
 They are the only things the touch of time
 Or chance has left unchanged, and all admit
 They are most perfect counterparts of
 Babes fifty years ago—
 But Hark! the welcome sound, "to dinner now,"
 Befogs my brain. Report me "absent," Muse.

Reminiscences.

H. B. ACKERLY.

Rushford has been noted for its dairy interests
 from an early date and for its first farm dairies. It
 was considered a banner town in dairying early in
 its settlement. I will give the names of some of

the men who owned farms: Allen Taylor, Ozial Taylor, Charles Benjamin, Almond Benjamin, Robert Morrow, Newel McCall, Isaac Stone, William Ackerly & Sons, Aaron Rice, Alonzo Farwell, Lemuel Farwell, Claus & Sons, Nelson Tarbell, Abel Tarbell, Emerson Kendal, Adaniram Colburn, Wilson Gordon, Thomas Gordon, Ezekiel Gillett, Benjamin Tarbell, Ely Woods, Riley Woods, Lebet Woods, Alonzo Damon and many others not named here. About fifty years ago a pineapple cheese factory was started by Robert Norton and run by Charles Elmer. About forty-four years ago they made a part factory round hoop, and others square which were shipped in square boxes. Later all round factory cheese was made by C. Elmer, who bought Norton's interests and still continues the business.

In 1864 A. J. and H. B. Ackerly started the second factory on the Simpson farm, at McGrawville. Squire Clark was associated with H. B. Ackerly in selling and handling the cheese. In 1866 A. J. and H. B. Ackerly built a cheese factory on the farm which they now own, two and a half miles from Rushford. Mr. D. B. Sill and Warren Damon were salesmen and A. J. Ackerly was treasurer. In 1870, D. B. Sill, A. J. and H. B. Ackerly formed a partnership to handle cheese, and connected themselves with C. S. Brown & Co. of New York City on joint account, and were with them for thirteen years. The cheese then was mostly exported. As high as fifty thousand boxes a year were sent abroad. Later we commenced shipping to the home market, which has grown to use the most of the cheese. Canada now largely supplies the foreign market. The members of our old firm in New York are all dead. The Ackerly Sill Company are still doing business together in Cuba. Their relationship in business has been pleasant, and I believe they have the good will of the people in this State

with whom they have been associated so long. W. B. Ackerly and A. O. Renwick have become partners now in the firm and are paid a salary for doing the business of the Company.

Charles Elmer was a prominent cheese buyer for a number of years in this section, but retired as a buyer a number of years ago. In about 1870, A. J. and H. B. Ackerly, with D. B. Sill, had interests with the late O. T. Higgins in Cattaraugus County, this State, in Carrollton and Great Valley Townships. Two steam saw mills were stocked for a number of years and timber lands purchased in Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. There was a lumber yard in Olean and thirteen dwellings in which they were interested. With O. T. Higgins' ability as a business man and our experience in lumbering, we did well for all. He was a noble Christian man. He showed this in all of his dealings and walks in life. How many trips west I have made with him and visited Sunday Schools in school houses, where there was no church near. I have known him to shake hands with the superintendent of the Sunday School and leave a bill in his hand to help his work along. In our travels in the back settlements amongst the poor people, where provisions were scarce, we would stop and get a meal, consisting perhaps only of salt and potatoes, bread and poor butter and a cup of tea. He would leave the hostess happy, telling her how much we had enjoyed our meal, and we did, as we were very hungry. He did so many good deeds in his lifetime, I remember when Houghton was called "Jockey Street". It was said they ran horses and traded on Sunday and that it was a drunken place. Willard Houghton experienced religion and started a Sunday School in their school house. O. T. Higgins gave him five dollars to buy such helps as he needed in this and continued to advance money for years to help him

on in the work for others. Mr. Willard Houghton after a time was impressed to start a Wesleyan High School and Church, such as they have there now. He traveled over different States amongst his people to solicit subscriptions for the cause. They have many buildings and I understand they have an endowment for its support. It shows how a little help accumulates in doing wondrous works for good. Mr. Higgins was very quiet in giving, as well as in his business transactions. My acquaintance with him was long and we were thrown closely together in the western forests. I deeply mourned his loss.

After his death I became better acquainted with his son, Governor Higgins. He was also a noble man, honest and reliable. His grandparents, Deacon Hapgood and Dr. Higgins, were very good people. Now when I go to Olean I feel lonesome, as I cannot stop in to visit with them.

We had other business men of note, William Gordon & Sons, Luther & James Gordon. Before the railroad they drove cattle to New Jersey for market. Isaac Stone and son Amos did lumbering south of Cuba, and many others. Charles Colburn and Sons and numerous other people lumbered on a smaller scale.

Reminiscences.

MARIA BENJAMIN.

I came to Rushford, Allegany County, in 1814. My father, James Gordon, came in 1811 from Vermont. In 1810 some of the Gordons came. They cut down trees and made some log cabins. In the winter of 1810-1811 Tarbell Gordon went back to Vermont, returning to Rushford that same winter with the rest of the Gordons, except their father. He came in 1816. Mr. Morgan came in 1811 when the Gordons came. He made his home north of Cuba.

In 1817 my mother and hired girl and one little child besides myself were going through the woods from Bowen Gordon's farm to the old Metcalf farm, then the Daniel Ely farm. A fox crossed the path a little way from us. That was the first fox that I ever saw.

In August, 1817, I had a little brother die. He was the first dead person I had ever seen. I thought he was asleep and wondered that mother did not put him on the bed.

For a few years we had a great variety of music, not on the organ, but in the woods. In the evening we would stand at the door and hear, south of the house, an oriole sing who, who, who, who-o-o-o; then, north of the house, the chorus hah, hah, hah, hah, ah-ah, ah-ah. The oriole south of the house sang soprano and the one north alto. Next a fox would bark a little way from the barn. A little further off the wolves would howl. Sometimes they would make a horrid noise. I think the wolves sang bass, while the foxes sang tenor.

November 11th, 1820, father went out to the barn in the morning and found two sheep the wolves had killed in the night. I think that was all he lost by them. In 1821 father sent me through the woods to one of the neighbors. I had gone part way through the woods when I heard a little noise and turned my head to see what it was. Well, about three rods from the road there were three wolves looking at me. Then they went one way, and I went on my way where I had started. When I came back I did not see them. I was not afraid of them, as I had never heard of their hurting any one. Bears were not very plenty here in those days, but one day I was standing out doors a little way from the house, and I saw an old bear come out of the woods and walk across a little pasture to another piece of woods. That was the only wild bear that

I ever saw. Deer were very plenty then. They would come into the pasture and eat grass with the cows. One day father went out to the edge of the woods and found an old deer dead and a little fawn standing by her. When it saw him it lay down by its mother. He took it up and brought it to the house and taught it to drink milk. It grew to be a large deer. Then father sold it; it was so full of mischief.

In 1817 a Methodist minister came to Rushford. He came to my father's house. His name was Story. He was the first minister I ever saw. I think he was a missionary. Then in 1821 he came here to preach. His first name was Cyrus. He had a camp meeting that summer. It must have been near where Mrs. Elbert Hardy's house now stands. At that time, from the corner where Mr. Taylor's store stands up to near the Baptist parsonage, was a swamp. Logs were cut and laid down for a bridge for teams to cross on. Then north of this were logs laid the other way for people to walk on. What a change! In the place of log bridges, iron bridges; in the place of forests, churches and school-houses; all this because the people had a mind to work.

Years ago we did not hear little girls say, "Oh, I am so tired I don't know what to do." Never until I was over thirty-five years old did I hear a woman say, "I am so nervous I can't work."

I have some pieces of a dress and apron, that I wore to school when I was a little girl, that was made from flax that grew on Bowen Gordon's farm. Mother spun and colored it.

I remember the first murder that was committed in Allegany County, but I don't remember the date. My father was going to see Howe hung. He got most ready to go, then thought he could not see a man hung by the neck till he was dead, so he stayed at home.

In 1832 there were six cases of typhus fever in Rushford. One little girl died of it.

In 1825 Cyrus Eaton was killed in the Pine Woods by a tree. They were cutting pine trees for lumber. The tree struck another tree that threw the butt around. It struck him on the head, killing him instantly. I have always remembered the text that was used at the funeral. It was, "Be ye also ready, for in such hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

One little incident which occurred when I was eight or nine years old, which I had forgotten till four years ago as I was thinking over my early life in the woods, came to my mind. It was this: My father was coming down town to Thursday night prayer-meeting. I asked him if I could go with him. He said yes, if I wanted to. It was light when we went down. There was no moon, so it was dark when we came back; the wolves howling in different directions, but we were not afraid of their noise. When we were near a quarter of a mile from home we had to turn from the road and walk through the woods by a little foot-path. Father said to me, "I don't know whether we can follow the path." I stepped in front of him and said, "I can." I had been through there several times. I had learned the shape of the openings in the tops of the trees; one place one-half of one tree top was broken off. There was no moon to give light; all the light came through these little openings. If I had looked down I could not have followed the path. As long as I looked up I was all right. I thought then that father meant what he said. I think now he did it to see what I would do or say. When Noah was in the Ark he could see no light, only when he looked up. That is the way to get the true light.

In the year 1841 we had a very early spring, snow gone, roads dry. The month of April was like summer—thunder showers and very warm,

trees leaved out. I think it was about the tenth, or twelfth of May we had a snowstorm, then a freeze that killed all the leaves on the trees. Then they had to leave out the second time.

July 11th, 1848, Rev. Harris's little boy died. Four o'clock the same morning Mrs. Nancy Rowley died. Both of them were carried to the church at the same time, the only time I ever saw two caskets in the church at the same time.

I think those old settlers were a more neighborly class of people than the people of the present day. Then if one were sick the others would turn out and help. Now if one is sick, perhaps the next door neighbors won't see them for weeks; but One said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Memories.

M. B. D.

The memories of my childhood passed in Rushford are very pleasant—the riding with my father on his business trips to the various towns, riding on loads of hay, and the school days. One noon all the school went to the creek to slide and skate and were all late. I shall never forget the line across the room when the teacher strapped our hands. As I was one of the smaller ones, I thought he would be tired before he came to me. Lewellen Chamberlin told me a few years ago in Kalamazoo, Mich., that I broke his sled that day and he had always wanted to tell my mother. One time the Sunday-School went down to D. B. Sill's on a sleighride. A chicken pie was served for the children and a dove flew out when it was cut.

My sister and I enjoyed driving all over the hills in an old buggy and the music of the wheels

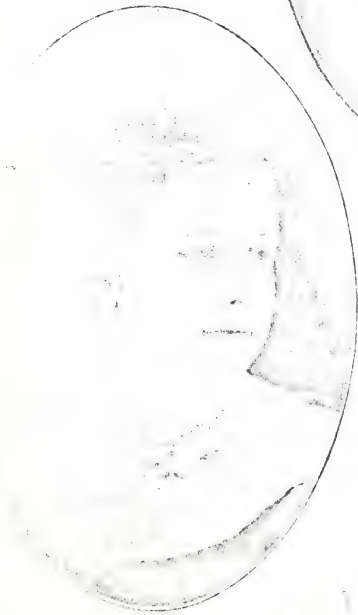
was so painful to us that it was a great pleasure when we were permitted the use of a better one.

Barnum's Circus came to Canadea, and of course the parents must take the children to see the animals, so we all went. Lucia Green, Allie Lathrop and I think Frank Higgins, was one of the boys who was with us that day.

When I was twelve years old, I went with my parents to Goffstown, N. H., to the farm where my father was born. Our trip on the cars and the boat from New York City were wonderful to me. I went up the stairs to go to our state-room and saw 63 on the door and walked into a large mirror. I looked around to see if anyone saw me and there stood my father laughing at me. I afterwards found out he had just done the same thing. We visited the cemetery where my grandfather was buried, and copied this epitaph from his tombstone: "Jonathan Bell, June 10, 1844. Age 89. He was at the battle of Bunker Hill and afterwards served in the army of the Revolution."

Another one of my pleasant memories was the annual visit to the Bells in New Hudson. There was a crowd of cousins who gathered at Thanksgiving or Christmas to a dinner which Aunt Rebecca knew so well how to prepare and which was much enjoyed after a ride over the hills. I remember Nellie came home one day and said they went to New Hudson, but New Hudson wasn't at home, so they went to Charles. We were at Uncle Rodney's when a peddler brought the news of Lincoln's assassination, and we went home and found it was not yet known in Rushford, as the stage had not yet arrived.

Another of our pleasures was the singing school, where our dreams of singing in the choir, as our mothers had, were encouraged by H. R. Palmer.



A GROUP OF RUSHFORD GIRLS IN THE SEVENTIES

Then the never-to-be-forgotten day we girls all went to Portage Falls. There was a joke that one of our drivers had been told by a phrenologist that if all the girls left town he would want to go too, and I think nearly all went that day. I remember James Benjamin took the "Adams girls," Allie Lathrop, my sister, myself and one or two others. We had our luncheon at the Lower Falls, then came up to Glen Iris and across the wooden bridge—that was so wonderful—to the hotel, where we had our dinner and then arrived home in the early morning.

I believe the memories of my childhood and friends in Rushford are the most precious to me.

Personal Recollections.

C. M. DAMON.

My recollections of Rushford, name ever dear during forty years of wanderings, go back to from fifty to just sixty years ago, when first I "saw the elephant" come down from Colonel Hardy's, past Joseph Bell's (where years later "Jimmie" was so sadly mangled and killed by an explosion of the boiler in the tannery) to the corner now occupied by the Tarbell house. "Uncle" Lucius Kimball, the old Town Clerk, worked at chair making for Mr. Root. Aunt Lavinia Kimball took me across the street to the second floor of "the Tavern" to see the circus come into town, about as near as I ever was to one. I was born on Israel Thompson's place, about eighty rods toward Rushford from Hardy's Corners, and from two to twelve I lived a half mile south of the Corners. Going to town, we passed Enoch Richardson's, Alpheus Wiltsey's, Kingbury Howe's, William Kingsbury's, Warren's, Benham's, Armstrong's, Chamberlain's (earlier Grimard's), Robert English's, Belknap's, Robert Morrow's, Judge Lyon's, Rev. Thomas Pratt's (Uncle

Tom's), and William Gordon's (Uncle Bill's). We generally took the "Lower street," past Dolan's shoe shop, whose sign read,

"I work for those who pay the best,
And when I've time, I'll serve the rest.
I've trusted many to my sorrow;
Pay to-day, I'll trust to-morrow."

Turning up street from the corner in town, we passed our staid Methodist blacksmith Thompson on the right, and How's blacksmith shop on the left, and then the most familiar places to my recollection were the Churches, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian.

Once a year, in childhood, we used to take the road from William Kingsbury's, past "Uncle Johnnie Moore's," Kimber Smith's and his father's, to visit N. C. Kimball, our mother's father. The next day we would go east past Nahum Ames', down past Norman Beecher's, and cross-lots to Uncle Alonzo Damon's, on "the Creek road," then home through the village. It was a fine walk for young boys. In Uncle Alonzo's neighborhood were John Hill, Columbus Ely, Elijah Lyman and Alonzo Farwell. From near Farwell's a road went to "Old Father Metcalf's" and Levi's. Toward the village were Eliab Benjamin and his boys, Lucian and James,—our intimate friends.

When Elder Simpson, the energetic Pastor of the Baptist Church, came around on horseback raising a subscription to build the Academy, father subscribed according to his limited ability, and worked it out with his team. In later years, after Professor Sayles had gone, just before the fiftieth year celebration of the settlement of the town, he traded farms with Robert Morrow, that we might more conveniently get the benefit of the school. Those were the days when Professor Buck, who seemed literally to "know everything," was in charge, and Professors Bean and Alby

were teachers. No reminiscences of the Academy can separate it from the old Philomathean Lyceum, with the Bonds, Morgan, Latham Higgins, Hiram Coats and other famous orators and debaters of that day. I have a program of a later Public debate, when I drove a considerable distance to get Will Crawford to come to beat me in the same debate. It was honor enough to be defeated by such as he.

Among the most prominent memories of those days are the funerals of Grandfather Kimball, Judge McCall, other prominent citizens, church members and the children of our own neighborhood.

The Methodist Pastors were McEwen, Shelling, Roberts, Cheney, Hunt, Scott and Miller. The great revival held by the latter in 1857-8 stirred the town and surrounding country profoundly, and added large numbers to the church and to a steadfast religious life. There were ten or twelve local preachers and exhorters, regularly traveling a circuit of outlying school houses for many miles around.

There is one dark feature in the recollections of my childhood. Despite the great growth of the power and influence of the liquor traffic, I doubt not the state of things in Rushford has greatly improved in half a century. In our immediate school district, or adjoining it so closely as to pass through going to and from the village, were several who were dead drunk or foolishly so often—and I think there were several others accustomed to drink more or less. When we moved nearer the village, a team used to go by on a dead run, regularly and often, with the owner practically dead drunk in the wagon. This was a sad and shameful example to be placed before the young. The Sabbath schools and annual celebrations, however, by the churches in union, were fruitful in impressions in favor of piety and Sabbath ob-

servance, and against drinking habits, the use of tobacco and profane language.

Elder Simpson aroused some prejudice and animosity against himself by his determined and radical efforts to prevent Church members attending the circus. This I think he counted a badge of honor.

The course of lectures one winter were delivered by Horace Greeley, the great editor; Horace Mann, father of American education, and Fred Douglass, the marvelous colored orator. They made powerful addresses; and at other times Prof. Sayles shed the light of his learning on the mysteries of science, or entertained us with travels and history. These are pleasant memories. Rushford did much for our instruction and pleasure those days.

Then came distracting times of discord and turmoil in church when, as in other days and on varied occasions in the history of the religious world, some sought to bear witness to their faith by bold rebuke of sin and suffering of reproach; and the strife of Civil War in the nation, calling for patriotic sacrifice and martyrdom for the liberty of the slave and the unity of the nation. Rushford bore her part of the burden. What a record would be made were the full history of the boys who went from among us written! Why does not my old classmate, the Rev. H. C. Woods, undertake the work? A few, perhaps, came home sound in body, but ah, how many with wounds and disease! How many fell in battle or died in hospital; or still worse, perished like Warren Persons by slow starvation amid the dreadful horrors of a Southern prison pen!

If the history of Rushford is truly written, there will be a wonderful and inspiring record of heroic men and deeds in private life, from fifty to one hundred years ago, deeds of able and devoted ministers along down the generations, triumphs of scholars, statesmen and publicists raised up there,

or educated in her public schools. And the list of the departed, who shall make it? And what a record it will be!

Space fails to speak of the strong men who lived in the village, north toward Centerville on both roads, on Taylor Hill, in East Rushford, and beyond; and to recall the teachers of common schools, Amanda Squires (Mrs. M. A. Rood), Esther Woods, Lydia and Nathan Lyman, the Williams girls; County Superintendents like Robert Norton, L. L. Benjamin; Sabbath School Superintendents, of whom greatest and best was Avery Washburn. Then of the names of classmates and Academy students,

With one suggestion I close. Those who received birth, education and character training in a place like Rushford, if blessed with means to do it, owe it to themselves in point of gratitude and honor, like D. L. Moody, to remember the home of their childhood and youth with substantial gifts—their own monument, and instruments of material, educational and religious blessing to the generations which shall be born.

Mitchell, South Dakota.

Reminiscences of Podonque.

MRS. ESTHER B. ELDRIDGE.

In early times Podonque was called the "Woods Settlement" and the cemetery the "Woods Cemetery." The French language was quite popular about that time, and H. C. Woods says that some persons wanted to spell it Peaudonque, but finally it was decided to make it a little more like English, and it was written Podonque. The name Podonque was given by a debating club, of which Watson Woods, Daniel Leavens, Nehemiah Horton and, I think, Horace Babbitt and Dodge Persons were members, with other young men of their age, between the years

